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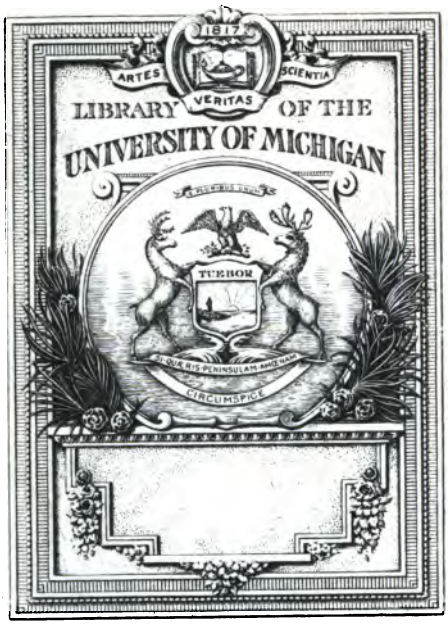
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MORTON'S HOPE:

OR

THE MEMOIRS OF A PROVINCIAL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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MORTON'S HOPE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PROFESSOR'S SUPPER.

CONTRARY to my expectations, I do not find that I have preserved any thing remarkable concerning the supper at Poodleberg's. I should have passed it over without a comment, if it had not been necessary to show the beginning of a plot of Pappenheim's, which was frustrated. This plot, in conjunction with another undertaken about the same time by Trump Von Toggenburg, led mainly to a singular event, which I shall soon have occasion to detail, and with which it is my purpose to conclude this portion of my biography.

I arrived with Lackland at the house of the professor at about nine o'clock. This establishment was on a decidedly more extensive scale than Frau Von Rumplestern's. A servant in a porter's gala dress presented himself at the door on our arrival, and I immediately recognised by his voice, my acquaintance, Diedrich. We were announced in due form, and on ascending to the drawing-room, found the company already assembled.

His "Magnificence," the Pro-Rector, Professor, Counsellor, and Baron Von Poodleberg, advanced in a dignified manner to receive us. I found it very difficult to

address him with the elaborate accuracy which etiquette demanded. I mingled his "excellency" and his "magnificence," in a very incongruous manner. The one was his by virtue of his title, the other by that of his temporary office; but the former I believe ought to have taken precedence.

No where, in fact, are such fine distinctions in the forms of address observed as in Germany. The system is complicated, and extends from the lowest to the highest grades of society. If you write, for example, to a shoe-maker or a tailor, you address the "well-born" tailor Schneiderff, or his "well-born-ship" the shoe-maker Braun; but if to a gentleman, whose name has the magical prefix, *Von*, you style him the "highly-well-born," Mr. Von Katzenjammer. A count of the empire is "high-born;" a prince is not born at all, but is addressed as His Serenity, or (literally) His Transparency, (Durchlaucht;) a minister of state, or an ambassador, is His Excellency; but the pro-rector of a university is His Magnificence.

Of course His Magnificence was too great a man to recollect our names, so I introduced Lackland, and then Lackland introduced me. After this we were permitted to pay our respects to his daughter, Fräulein Ida.

She blushed excessively as I approached her, and I at once deduced the conclusion that Pappenheim had found time, even in this short interval, to give her a key to the mysterious events of the preceding evening. I was able, however, only to exchange with her a few common-place observations, for the approach of other persons prevented any confidential communication. Accordingly, after a very short colloquy, I turned from her, and surveyed the company.

The first person I noticed was Pappenheim. His dress was so totally different from mine, that the resemblance between us was hardly striking, and I could hardly believe it possible that so decided a mistake could have been made. He begged to speak a few words with me after supper, as he had something of importance to communicate, and then left me to enjoy a hurried intercourse with Ida.

The next person whom I observed, was little Popp, the librarian. He seemed overjoyed to meet me, and earnestly requested my opinion of the great works of the great Mr. Von Poodleberg, which, as the reader may recollect, he had sent me. I was ashamed to confess that I had not even looked at the title page of any of them, and so thought myself safe in bestowing unlimited and unqualified praise upon every line of them.

"And the work of Professor Noodleberg?" asked Popp. "You have found time to master that also?"

"Why;—why, no,—to say the truth, I have not entirely finished that," I replied.

"I knew it—I knew it," cried Popp, rubbing his hands triumphantly. "I knew you would be entirely absorbed with my great patron, the great Baron Von Poodleberg. Psha! how ridiculous to make any comparison between the genius of Poodleberg and Noodleberg!"

"Yes; how very ridiculous!" I replied, glad to get out of the scrape on any terms.

I passed from the humble toady of the great Poodleberg, to pay my respects to a really great man, the Professor and Historian Harlem. He was a plain, demure-looking little man, with silver hair, and a placid and benevolent cast of features. His age was at that time at

least eighty, and yet the temperate and regular habits, peculiar to the literati of Germany, had preserved his constitution, and enabled him to retain the hale and robust appearance of a healthy sexagenarian. His lectures,—which, in the midst of my idleness and dissipation, I never neglected regularly to attend, were still full of youthful fire and enthusiasm, and the collection of his printed works, which he was just about completing, had filled a vacuum in the historical world, which had existed for many centuries,—centuries unable to produce a man equal to the gigantic task which this simple-looking and simple-minded man had accomplished. His conversation was vivacious, and almost child-like in its earnestness and its simplicity. His modesty was so perfect, that you were apt yourself, for an instant, to forget that you were conversing with so distinguished a historian; and his justice and his liberality were so great, that he had even found something to praise in the treatises of Professor Poodleberg.

Besides these, there were present two or three painters, a sculptor, half a dozen professors, and a nose-making doctor. There were no ladies but Ida, and no young men but Pappenheim, Lackland, and myself.

Supper was now announced, and the Professor, leaning on the trusty Popp, led the way to the next room. The rest followed, helter-skelter, and Pappenheim remained for a few seconds tête-à-tête with Ida, who I found, to my infinite disappointment, was not to make one at the supper-table. On entering the room, we found the table covered with silver, and a bottle of Rhenish to each plate.

Two or three servants in the Poodleberg livery (which was crimson and orange turned up with scarlet, with a

poodle rampant on the button) were in attendance, and the clatter of knives and forks soon began.

Whatever had been my opinion of the Professor's literary achievements, I could not help paying profound reverence to the excellence of his cook. It was among the few instances in which I had found the German cuisine (which in general is only a caricature of the French) to my taste, and the Rhenish was certainly magnificent.

"I am glad you approve of this Marcobrunner," said Poodleberg to Pappenheim. "It was a present from my particular friend, the elector of Hesse Cassel."

"It is worthy of the Emperor's table," said Pappenheim, with enthusiasm.

"Why, it is a fair wine —very fair Hock—very fair," said Poodleberg pompously. "Nothing, however, to compare with some in my cellar—that which I reserve for guests of distinction.— Is it Popp?" said he, appealing to his toady.

"Oh! no comparison, your excellency," said the deputy-librarian.

"This is a good Rüdesheimer, Mr. Lackland," passing him a bottle of splendid Rhenish of that denomination. "It is also a present. It was sent me last Wednesday by the Archbischop of Brandenburg."

"Yes, yes," said Lackland, after tasting it carelessly, "A fair wine—very fair Hock—very fair."

The Professor looked annoyed — for it was his finest wine; but Lackland was fond of mortifying people of the Professor's character. It was a long time, however, before he received another invitation from Baron Poodleberg.

The conversation was aesthetic, as may be supposed

The pictures of Vetsch and Brandermier were discussed, as also the poems of Offendorf, and the great tragedy of Professor Funk. In short, the conversation was pretty nearly on the same topics, and discussed in nearly the same manner, as at the conversaziones of Madame de Rumplestern.

I happened to sit near the Professor, and amused myself for a few minutes in admiring his dress. His hair was frizzed and powdered in an elaborate manner, and he wore a voluminous cravat of the finest cambric, together with ostentatious ruffles, apparently from the manufactory of my friend the coffin-maker. His coat was of velvet, and he wore at least a dozen orders on his left breast. I asked him, very imprudently, as I soon discovered, the order of which a large diamond star, the most conspicuous of his decorations, was the symbol, and "upon that hint he spake."

"That star, Mr. Morton, is the sign of a Knight Grand Cross of the Three-tailed Tiger, of the first class — an order, Sir, which is worn almost exclusively by crowned heads, and which, in fact, has only been bestowed on three subjects in Europe, of which I have the honour to be one. It was presented to me exactly six years and nine months ago by the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, on the publication of my treatise on the 'Comparative Anatomy of Philology.'

"This smaller cross, Sir," he continued, holding it up in his thumb and finger, "is the emblem of the order of the Polar Bear, presented to me on the same occasion by the Emperor of all the Russias. This next is the 'Golden Jackass,' an order bestowed exclusively on literati; and this is the great double-headed ostrich, third class, which I have just receive from the Emperor of

Austria. Besides these, you perceive I have many others; but I will not fatigue you at present with their history."

"Thank God, you have some conscience," thought I, as I expressed my gratitude for his condescension.

In the mean time, Professor Harlem had slipped off, as well as several other of the guests, among whom was Lackland.

At a moment when the Professor was engaged in a pompous explanation of a certain disputed chapter in his last treatise to Popp and half-a-dozen others of his warmest admirers, Pappenheim made me a sign, and together we made our escape.

"Wait for me an instant in the street," said he, when he had shut the door. "I wish to exchange half-a-dozen words with Ida, and then, as our way home is the same, I can tell you what I wish."

"I went down stairs, and stepped into the porter's room, where I had left my cloak. On pretence of looking for a stick, which I had not brought with me, I took a survey of the inmates of the room — Diedrich, namely, and his wife, Gretel.

"You keep the Baron pretty safe, Master Diedrich," said I, taking up the ponderous house-key. No fear of housebreakers, I suppose, in this peaceful city."

"Ah! Herr Jesus!" said the porter's wife. Not as peaceful as you may suppose, Sir."

"Why, how so?" said I.

"This house, Sir," resumed Gretel solemnly, was broken open yesterday night."

"Ah! indeed!" "No damage done, I hope."

"None Sir; but all owing to the valour of my husband Diedrich. Twelve men, Sir, if you will believe me assaulted the house. The gate was broken open, and one

rushed rapidly up the stairs; before any of the rest had found time to follow him, my husband, Diedrich, sprang from this room, and disputed the passage. After overthrowing seven, he was at last set upon and discomfited by the rest, who immediately decamped carrying with them all the silver spoons. We followed them, but could not come up with them; and on our return we found half-a dozen more, who had secreted themselves in the passage during our absence. These my husband Diedrich succeeded in thrusting out, after incredible exertions, just as the Professor's carriage came up to the door."

I presented her husband Diedrich with a gulden, in recompense for his broken head the night before, and herself with another, for her ingenious version of the story, and then I left the house.

As I stood waiting for Pappenheim, in the shadow of the house, two figures passed me, engaged in earnest conversation. They were muffled in cloaks; but I recognized in them the Jew Potiphar, and Skamp the coffin-maker.

Directly afterwards Pappenheim joined me, and we took our way homewards.

"You will not be surprised," said he, "considering the singular circumstances of our acquaintance, if I admit you at once to my confidence, particularly as accident has already almost taken the task off my hands."

"Well," thought I, "here I am, a confidant, for the third time; and it is a little odd that I should be the chosen depositary of the secrets of three such different persons as Rabenmark, Trump, and Pappenheim."

"We have not time," he continued, "to enter into particulars. All that is necessary for you to know, however, till to-morrow, I can say in three words. My pur-

pose is to marry Ida Von Poodleberg. Her father will not consent, because I am poor, and dependent on my uncle, who he thinks is also poor. It is a mistake, however, for he is rich. My uncle, however, will not consent, for Poodleberg is a plebeian—a baronized butcher's boy, (his original trade) whose muddy blood should never flow in the pure veins of the Pappenheims. The consequence is, we are determined to elope, and gain the consent of the other parties afterwards.

"To do this, however, is no easy matter, and I very much desire the assistance of one trusty friend.—Will you be that friend?"

"With pleasure."

"Thank you. It will, perhaps, afford you some amusement to know that our principal colleague in the enterprise is your friend Popp, the librarian. Here is my room—it is too late, I suppose, to invite you in. Will you try to come here punctually at ten to-morrow night?"

"Yes—good-night."

"Sleep well," said Pappenheim.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PLOT.

"HALLO, Mein Herr Morton!" said Trump Von Toggenburg, out of his window to me, as I passed down the Weender Strasse the next morning. "Hallo—I wish

to consult with you on matters of importance. Come up and smoke a pipe with me—I have some kanaster tobacco, just sent to me by my cousin Prince Trump Von Toggenburg-Hohenstaufer-Hapsburg—you shall have a pipe of it—come."

I went up stairs, and found the "Count of the Holy Roman Empire" stretched on his sofa, with a cup of coffee and the ("Geschichte der Gräflichen Familien Deutschlands,") the history of the "count families" of Germany, on the table before him.

He was dressed in a tawdry smoking-cap, a rather seedy dressing-gown, and a pair of Russian slipper-boots, and was smoking with great diligence a handsome meerschaum.

"This is the best tobacco to colour a meerschaum," said he, as I entered. "You see how beautifully I am managing this pipe. My cousin, who sent me this tobacco, is a great connoisseur in meerschaums—all my cousins are—all our family are—all German noblemen are. My cousin, the prince, has one hundred and twenty-five meerschaums, all of which he has smoked into the most exquisite colour. Wait, Caspar shall fill you a pipe."

He rang the bell, and an ancient and whimsical-looking servant, in a shabby livery, presented himself.

"Fill a pipe for Mr. Morton, Caspar."

"Shall I take your usual tobacco at two groschen the pound, your excellency?" asked Caspar.

"No, you booby!" said Trump, reddening at this exposition of his economy; "take the petit kanaster I received yesterday from my cousin, Prince Von Toggenburg-Hohenstaufer."

"Yes, your excellency;" and Caspar filled me the pipe, and brought another coffee-cup, and departed.

"I have ordered a new livery for Caspar, but the confounded tailor is so dilatory, that he has got to look very shabby. The difficulty is in finding the exact shade of colours necessary. The coat is sky-blue, and the collar and cuffs should be of a very peculiar shade of green—very difficult to be found; and you know it would not do for a servant of the house of Toggenburg to wear a coat whose colours were not of the exact shade of the heraldic colours of the family. However, the tailor has sent to Brunswick, and I have no doubt that Caspar will soon be fitted out. In the meantime, it must be confessed, he looks a little shabby. Take another cup of coffee."

"Are you going to the ball to-morrow night at the commandant's?" I asked.

"Yes. I have just procured Judith and her father an invitation. To think, after all the trouble I am at in patronising her plebeian of a father, that the Hebrew blackguard still refuses his consent to our union. However, I have determined to out-do him, and Judith has promised to run away with me. After the marriage, I am convinced he will give his consent. Will you assist me?"

"Oh, most willingly."

"Thank you. This was the important matter I wished to consult you upon. We have not yet fixed upon our plan. I hope to consult upon the whole affair to-morrow, with Judith. In the meantime, if you should happen to think of any plausible method, I hope you will let me know."

"Leave it all to me, 'Trump," said I, "for the pre-

sent at least. I think I shall be able to devise a plan in the course of the next twenty-four hours, that will suit your purpose. In the meantime I am hurried, and must bid you good morning."

About ten the same evening I directed my steps to Pappenheim's. He lived in a house in the Vorstadt. There was a garden around it, and it was close to the rampart. I inquired of an old woman at the door, if Baron Pappenheim lodged there, and was told to ascend two flights. I did so. It was pitch-dark in the passage, but I was directed by the sound of a piano. I knocked, and received no answer. Without further notice, I opened the door, and walked in. The room was partially lighted by the moon, and partly by a shaded lamp in one cornice. There was no one but Pappenheim in the room. He sat at the piano—his head stretched backwards in an ecstacy, and playing a wild sort of measure, in a violent, but masterly manner.

"Hush—hush!" said he, without looking around; "don't interrupt me. I am composing. Sit down, and be quiet."

"Very civil," thought I—particularly as I am here at your own bidding, and on your own business. However, my double seems to be a humourist. I will observe him."

Pappenheim continued to play. He touched the instrument with the hand of a master, and a strain of a wild and most unearthly melody resounded through the room. Presently he began to sing a rambling sort of ballad, changing the metre according to the changing measure, which was about as uncouth and unmeaning as the music.

"Words and music are both your own composition," said I, as he concluded, and turned round for applause.

"Oh, yes:—I am a great composer,—I have a passion for music and for drawing; a little touch of anatomy, too, as you see,"—pointing to the skeleton and the head; "however, there is a little hypocrisy in that. My uncle in Prague is a great naturalist,—full of chemistry, botany, and more especially anatomy; and the only way for me to keep on the right side of him, is by appearing excessively interested in his favourite pursuits. There's a little of the grand science of diplomacy in that, you see? That head, by the way, is a present from our mutual friend, the skinner; and I am going to send it by the baggage-wagon to my uncle in Prague. It is the head of Hanswurst the house-breaker, who was executed the other day, you know."

"Yes:—Gottlob told me about him, with his regrets at not superintending the operation."

"Well,—well;—we have no time to lose.—Let me tell you my plot."

"Stay a moment," said I; "you know of Trump Von Toggenburg's amour with Miss Potiphar!"

"Yes."

"How should you like to have him associated in your enterprise?"

"Trump is a crazy mountebank; but is an honourable and brave fellow. I have no objection:—but what good will he do?"

"Trump has the same virtuous intentions with regard to Miss Potiphar," said I, "as you with the Fräulein Ida. Now, by making a common job of it, I should think you might mutually assist each other. How did you propose managing your elopement?"

"In this way," answered Pappenheim; "you know Popp, the librarian, is a most trusty and confidential adherent of old Poodleberg?"

"Yes."

"Well; the Professor has a married sister living in Brunswick;—Ida is to pay a visit to her:—she is to depart the day after the ball at Wallenstein's, in a post-chaise:—Popp is to be her escort:—there will be no one else in the carriage, but Ida's old woman-servant."

"Madame Meerschaum?" said I.

"How the deuce did you know her name?"—Ah! I forgot: — a-hem,—well,—no matter:—Ida has told me all about it, and about the presents she gave you, without intending it:—no matter!—

"Well, then: Popp and Madame Meerschaum are to be the escorts,—two foes who are not very formidable. Now, I propose, that you and I should put on masks; attack the carriage, in the guise of robbers; knock down the postillions; empty out Mother Meerschaum and the deputy librarian; and mount the horses ourselves, and drive to Eckendorf, a town only fifteen miles from here. There shall be a parson in waiting, and every thing shall be done in the most orthodox and romantic manner."

"Well:—let me suggest a change in your plan. Do you and Trump contrive to get the postillions drunk, and take their places on starting. Miss Potiphar must be disguised as a lady's maid, and smuggled into the carriage. Popp's permission to this will be easily obtained on some plausible pretext. Then I will myself ride forward on horseback; and Lackland, who is always ready for a lark, will accompany me. A few miles from Einbeck, we will put on our masks, and attack the

carriage. You, of course, as postillions, will be frightened to death, and stop. I shall open the carriage, and insist on all the passengers alighting. We will then secure Popp, and mother Meerschaum, and then you have the coast clear, and may go when and where you please."

"Excellent!—this will do very well: but, of course, we must have a consultation with Trump?"

"Certainly. He is now occupied in concocting some plan of his own in his own wise head; but as I have begged him to defer all definite measures, till he hears from us, there is no doubt that he will agree to it all."

"Very well:—we will settle all the preliminaries tomorrow, and the plan shall be carried into execution on the day after the commandant's ball."

CHAPTER XV.

A THÉ DANSANT.

THE Commandant Von Wallenstein gave his periodical ball. He was, as I have said, a stern, grave man, and interested himself but little in matters of society. His position, however, rendered it necessary for him to entertain occasionally, and he therefore had been in the habit of setting aside a certain evening, in each half-year, when the whole of Göttingen were invited.

This party was called a "dancing-tea," (or *thé dansant*," in the French, which was of course affected by

the fashionables there, as every where,) because they drank tea, and danced; in opposition to the "aesthetic tea" of Frau Von Rumplestern, and others, where they drank tea, and talked aesthetics.

And they did dance with a vengeance! I hardly know why people have a fancy for calling the Germans dull! Certainly, as far as my experience goes, they are all, high and low, rich and poor, noble and simple, among the gayest, the most enthusiastic, and the most mercurial of the nations of earth. As for dancing, it always seems to me that no other people dance at all.

A German ball, in a provincial town, is the only party I have ever seen, where people apparently meet for the sake of dancing, and for that alone.

I went at six in the evening, being determined to see the whole ceremony, and found a large company already assembled. The guests were received by the Commandant, and his daughter, the Countess Bertha, in a small boudoir, which communicated with a dancing-saloon of noble dimensions, into which they were immediately afterwards ushered.

Bertha was beautiful that night;—she was a perfect incarnation of Germany,—the blonde, blue-eyed, fair-haired Germany. She was in white; but a dark chaplet of oak-leaves, and red ivy berries, contrasted finely with her sunny tresses, and with the exquisite whiteness of her skin.

Her father was in full uniform, with a bunch of orders dangling at his breast.

I made my bow to her on entering, and her wandering eyes lighted up with an emotion of pleasure. "I am so glad to see you," she cried, "for I know you are an intimate friend of —" and here she blushed and fal-

tered a little,—"of my father's," concluded she, with a laugh, and turning me over to the Commandant.

"Otto will be here soon," I whispered; "I left him an hour ago."

"I am afraid to ask you how he was employed,—at little of good, I fear. Alas, poor Otto!—why must his glorious genius, his bravery, his wit, his accomplishments, be thus thrown away?—why must the materials of a hero thus prematurely evaporate into the vapid and uncertain smoke, which is a student's existence?"

"These very metaphysical questions, gracious Fräulein," I replied, "have but one answer. I would make that answer,—but here comes one more qualified." And as Otto Von Rabenmark made his bow, I made my exit into the dancing-room.

There was an immense circle of dancers, which reached entirely round the saloon;—nearly all the company present were upon the floor. A few remained on the seats that were ranged round the wall, but they were apparently the lame, the halt, and the blind. All the able-bodied, from sixteen to ninety-six, were divided into couples, and standing at their posts.

A band of music was stationed in the gallery, and a glorious overture of Mozart's rose and floated through the vaulted saloon. Ah! Germany is indeed the Paradise of Music, and with that luxury in unbounded and endless profusion, what other earthly dainty is there that we may not forego? I felt the influence of those god-like strains upon every fibre of my soul. All present felt it, and were happy, they knew not why. Those glorious harmonies swept like a south wind of music over every human bosom, and caused the hearts of all to dance and flutter, and vibrate and sigh, like linden-leaves in the passing breeze.

'Twas finished!—those sweet and solemn strains were hushed; and ere the last dying cadence had melted in the air, the music of a mirthful and bewildering waltz whirled from its fainting echoes, and circled round the room in rapid eddies of heart-inspiring melody. All were drawn at once into the vortex, and glided round the hall, responsive to the merry measure.

What music is so gladdening, so intoxicating, as a German waltz played by a German band? My heels flew up incontinently, and I looked round for a partner. They were all engaged, except a woman with one leg, and another who was blind. Madame de Rumpelstern was there, to be sure; but as I knew she was eighty, she was, of course, not to be thought of. I went up to her, however, to beg her advice and influence in securing a partner, when suddenly a tall student danced out of the crowd, and flung his arms round her waist. The amiable octagenarian, nothing loth, abandoned herself to his guidance, and after waiting a few seconds for an opening in the whirlpool, away they span, "like two cockchafers spitted on one pin."

After this I could not deny that Germany was the land of dancing as well as of music, and I determined to ask the lady with the cork leg. She was afraid to venture, however with a partner she was not used to; and as I found the blind woman was deaf into the bargain, and could not hear a word of my invitation, I gave up the point altogether.

I wandered into an adjoining room and found several old gentlemen playing whist. Poodleberg was there explaining his orders; Harlem was eating an ice, and the Commandant and Professor Noodleberg were playing ecarté. There was nothing for me to do but be a spectator.

Luckily, as I returned into the dancing saloon, I found Trump and Pappenheim, who were both dancing with their mistresses. In accordance with a convenient German custom, (called *hospitiren*,) I borrowed Miss Potiphar for a round or two, and after a slight repose, I requested the loan of Ida Poodleberg for a few minutes of her lover. This was, of course, granted. Ida danced exquisitely. In the course of the waltz she found time to thank me in the warmest manner for the interest I had taken and was to take in her affairs, and after I had promised that we would all have a consultation together next day respecting the grand plan for to-morrow, I resigned her into the arms of her lover Pappenheim.

With a few exceptions, I saw no conversation between the gentlemen and ladies. This was partly, to be sure, to be accounted for by the slight intercourse and consequently slight acquaintance, which had previously existed between them. The beaux were the officers of the regiment stationed there, and as many students as were sufficiently sober that evening to attend, and of course there were not likely to be many topics of sympathetic interest between the mass of these latter and the ladies.

Accordingly, when not actually dancing, they stood together in couples,

> "Like greyhounds in the slips,
> Straining upon the start,"

and patiently and silently waiting till it was their turn to spin round the room.

There were some exceptions, however, of course; and I saw a few cases of flirtation and love-making in the old-fashioned way. I was amused also in watching the diligent manner in which Trump payed his court to

Miss Potiphar. I happened to be standing near them as he brought up to her a stiff-looking gentleman in white moustachios.

"Let me introduce to you, Miss Judith," he said, "my cousin, the Prince Trump Von Toggenburg-Hohenstaufer-Hapsburg. I wish you to be acquainted with as many of my family as possible. Very extensive, however, are the connections of our house. Perhaps one of the most interesting exhibitions I have beheld lately was a tea-party at Count Von Toggenburg's, in Dresden. There were fifty individuals present, and it so happened that they were all Toggenburgs. Let me see—there were Count and Countess Toggenburg-Hapsburg; Baron, Baroness, and the seven little Barons Toggenburg-Puffendorf; the Prince Toggenburg-Hohenstaufer, with his Princess, and various others. How very interesting! was it not, dearest Judith?"

"Oh, delightful!" and the Jewess's long black eyes flashed with joy at the splendid family connection she was about to make.

After they had waltzed from six till midnight, eight persons executed a quadrille, called here a *francaise*, and then they retired to their seats, while the supper-tables were brought in.

Long plain wooden tables were arranged through the whole length of the saloon, and the various component parts of the supper were expeditiously laid upon them. An immense tureen of broth, always the main refreshment at a German ball, towered conspicuous above the whole. The banquet-table was surrounded by a bevy of matrons and maids, who were heated, exhausted, and panting for the homœopathic refreshment.—Their coiffures had been totally destroyed by their exercise—their curls had all vanished, and with their long hair drooping

over their necks and shoulders, and their faces haggard with fatigue, they reminded me, as they dropped impatiently around the steaming soup-tureen, of the witches of Macbeth dancing round their infernal cauldron.

The supper was despatched—the tables cleared away like magic—and again the music sounded—and again the waltz began. I waited till the gray tints of morning began to extinguish the candles; and although the ball did not break up till much later, (from six P. M. to six A. M. is a usual allowance for a *thé dansant*,) I then found myself exhausted and took myself off.

CHAPTER XVI.

TWO ELOPEMENTS.

"AND so you think the plan feasible?" said I to Trump, after detailing to him the Pappenheim plot.

"Perfectly so. You may rely upon me. How did you think Judith looked last night?"

"As beautiful as Jezebel, and worthy of king Solomon," said I.

"Spare me, my good fellow, those Hebrew allusions, and look upon her only as a Countess Von Toggenburg, and a future mother of a race of Toggenburgs.",

"Very well—I am off for Popp. Where do you think I shall find him?"

"Most probably at his own house, packing up his portmanteau for Paris."

"Well—perhaps I may borrow half-a-dozen shirts of him, for the use of Mr.———— what's his travelling name, Trump?"

"Wildheim—it is a name collaterally connected with my own."

"Very well—you will give Mr. Von Wildheim the necessary instructions then, and hold yourself in readiness."

"Yes. Good morning."

I went down the street, and had not advanced twenty paces, before I met Popp. He was toddling along, with his nose in the air, and thinking, I suppose, of Paris and Professor Poodleberg.

"Good morning, Mr. Deputy, Sub-Deputy, and the rest of it, Popp!"

"Ah, my Cherokee friend, Mr. Morton,—good morning, Mein Herr—good morning. Is it really true, then, that you are a sachem and emperor in your own country? Baron Poodleberg says it is a fact; and if Baron Poodle——"

"Yes, yes—all true—all true; but we have not time for that just now. I have a particular request for your ear, Mr. Deputy, Sub-Deputy, &c. &c. Popp."

"Plain Popp—plain Popp, among friends. It is only on formal occasions that the etiquette of society requires the whole of our German titles."

"Well then, plain Popp, I am sure your generous heart will not deny me——"

"Proceed, Mein Herr Morton. I am sure that I shall be proud to gratify you. There is no person I have a more profound respect for than yourself. Baron Poodleberg says your pronunciation of the Chickasaw and Squantabago is perfect. When I get to Paris, whither I

am going directly after having conveyed the charming daughter of Baron Poodleberg to Brunswick, I shall certainly mention your——"

"Very well, very well—my obligations will be great—my request touches your immediate journey. There is a young friend of mine, Baron Wildheim, who is proceeding to Brunswick, on a matter of——"

"To Brunswick! my mission is also thither. The great Baron Poo——"

"D—n the great Baron Poodleberg! Mr. Popp, do have the kindness to listen to me an instant;" and so Mr. Popp, struck perfectly aghast at the idea of any one, not even excepting a Cherokee chieftain, presuming to d—n Baron Poodleberg, at last was silenced, and listened with tolerable composure. I represented to him that Mr. Wildheim was a young gentleman in the diplomatic line, the bearer of important despatches; that he was in a hurry to get to Brunswick—that his carriage had broken down, his servant fallen sick, and a parcel of rigmarole, concluding with my express conviction that the peace of Europe would infallibly be endangered if the young gentleman's journey were delayed twenty-four hours longer; and that the only possible means of avoiding that catastrophe, was his obtaining the spare seat in Popp's carriage.

Finding that he should have a general war on his conscience, if he did not accede, and a little pleased too, it may be, with the prospect of having so important a travelling companion, Popp, after a little hesitation, complied.

"Of course you understand it is to be a profound secret," said I. "Not a word to the great Baron Poodleberg."

"Very well—good bye, Mr. Morton—perhaps we shall meet in Paris."

"We shall meet a little sooner than that, Mr. Popp," thought I, as I hastened to Pappenheim.

I told him of my success with Popp, and that the journey was fixed for that evening. They were to start at eight.

"You must take care to execute your designs on the postillions."

"Oh, apropos of that. Your friend Lackland has suggested a plan for that part of the business, which, by the way, seemed to me, on reflection, not a little difficult."

"Yes—to be sure. A German postillion is not so easily vanquished, even by a German student. What is Lackland's plan?"

"We were talking it over, and almost despairing, when he luckily thought of 'crooked Skamp,' the coffin-maker—he can do any thing. He can drink the ocean dry. Besides, there are certain drugs for possets, which no one understands better than he."

"Excellent!—but has Lackland seen him?"

"Yes, and has already given him a retaining fee, and admitted him to our confidence. He promises to settle the whole matter in the most expeditious manner."

"Very well. I will go to Lackland's; and do you settle every thing with Fräulein Ida."

Some hours after this, I found myself on horse-back, with a silk mask over my face, in company with Lackland and the respectable Skamp, who had insisted on accompanying us, and whom we found a most trusty ally.

There was a thick wood which extended to a con-

siderable distance on the right-hand side of the road. We had placed ourselves under its shadow, and were waiting impatiently for the approach of the carriage.

"Allow me, your excellencies," said the coffin-maker, "to be the first to accost the carriage. Much may be done by civility on these occasions, and much is to be gained by experience."

"By experience, Mr. Skamp," I exclaimed; "then this seems not to be the first time you have been engaged on expeditions of the same meritorious character?"

"Why,—a-hem,—why, you see I have served in the cavalry,—and—a-hem,—but hark! I think I hear the carriage-wheels."

We listened. The carriage was evidently approaching. It was no time to deliberate; but I at once settled that my amiable companion, had at times, united the functions of highwayman to his other multifarious professions.

"The postillions are——"

"Count Toggenburg and Mr. Von Pappenheim. I left Messieurs Schmidt and Schnobb, who were to have officiated, sound asleep at the 'swine.' They will hardly be awake this day-week."

"Very well!—here they come,—now for it, old Skamp!" whispered Lackland.

It was a bright moonlight night. We discerned the carriage in the distance approaching us rapidly. Presently the psuedo-postillions seemed to recognise us, and began to slacken their pace. When they reached us, the horses were trotting very slowly.

As agreed upon, Lackland and I galloped forward, and seized the heads of the horses. The postillions remonstrated, and after a sham fight of a few moments, allowed themselves to be tumbled from their saddles.

The ladies shrieked, of course; but it was easy enough for the initiated to distinguish the fictitious cries of Ida from the genuine and terrified screams of Mother Meerschaum.

Skamp advanced in his mask to the carriage-window, which had already been let down, and addressed the company in the blandest manner.

"Gentlemen and ladies; we have no intention of robbing or incommoding you. We are weary wayfarers, and have performed a long journey. We are desirous for reasons of importance to reach Brunswick to-night. We are therefore obliged, however much we may regret it, to request the loan of your carriage for a few hours. Be assured, that the obligation will be gratefully acknowledged, and the carriage faithfully restored."

The civil manner of the supposed highwayman inspired Popp with a little courage. He had been previously lying back in the carriage, in a paroxysm of fear. He now began to bluster. "Perhaps you are not aware," said he, "that this carriage belongs to the great Baron Poodleberg, and that I am the deputy, subdeputy, &c. Popp, who am proceeding as the especial escort of the Fräulein Ida Poodleberg, on her journey to her aunt in Brunswick. After the journey is accomplished, I shall probably proceed to Par—"

It was Popp's fate to be interrupted on this, as on every other occasion. As there was no time to be lost, the coffin-maker thought proper to thrust the barrel of a particularly long horse-pistol under the nose of the refractory librarian.

"I am very sorry indeed," said Skamp, still in the most gentle and subdued voice. "I am very sorry to put so respectable a personage to a temporary inconve-

nience; but circumstances are pressing. It is fortunate, however, that you mentioned the Baron Poodleberg's name. The Baron is a particular friend of mine, and I am happy that I shall soon have an opportunity of expressing to him my obligations. Have the goodness to alight."

Popp, whose courage had completely evaporated under the influence of Skamp's last argument, got out. He was very obedient, but very sulky.

"Allow me to bind this cloth round your eyes," said Skamp to Popp.

"Very well, sir; very well; I say nothing; but Baron Poodleberg shall hear of it, I warrant you," said Popp to Skamp.

"I hope this does not at all inconvenience you," said the coffin-maker. "By the way, I shall be obliged to fasten you to this tree, for the present. You do not object, I hope, to bivouacking occasionally in the open air. It is a fine night, sir,—remarkably fine," continued he, gravely, while he was securing him to a tree. "I never saw brighter moonlight. I have no doubt you will be perfectly comfortable. But I beg pardon, I am neglecting my duty to the fair sex most shamefully. Excuse me for a moment, Mr. Librarian." And with this he left Popp, securely tied to the tree, his eyes bound fast with a thick handkerchief, and again directed his steps to the carriage.

Madame Meerschaum had screamed herself into hysterics, and was now lying more dead than alive, in the corner of the seat.

"Madame," said Skamp, taking off his hat in the politest manner, "I am very sorry to incommode so charming a young lady; but really I must beg you to

alight. Your friend, Mr. Popp, already finds himself quite at ease, and is impatient that you should join him. Shall I assist you out?"

The old lady aroused herself, and suffered herself to be taken out of the carriage The same process was quickly administered to her, in the most expeditious manner, by the accomplished Skamp Her eyes were gently but securely bandaged, and she was placed back to back to Popp, and fastened to the same tree.

"There now!' said Skamp, "what can be more pleasant? You look quite sociable and happy! I never saw a more perfect picture of connubial happiness and friendship! Quite like two turtle-doves in one nest! What a beautiful night too! What a charming time you will have! Good night, Madame Meerschaum! Good night, dear Mr. Popp! By the way, you hardly need to know the passing hours to-night, your time will pass so pleasantly, that you will not need your watch.' And so he concluded by helping himself to a huge silver watch which dangled by a brass chain from Popp's capacious fob.

A hurried whisper from Lackland, however, who represented to him how utterly they would be compromised by such conduct, caused him to relinquish it.

"On second thoughts, however, it may be of use to you, and it seems valuable," said he, returning it with a sigh, to the owner's pocket; "I had wished to retain some memorial of our delightful acquaintance; but on the whole, it is unnecessary. But it is past one,—time presses,—once more, good night, my dear, dear friends."

Upon this, Ida and Judith were packed into the carriage,—Lackland and I took took the vacant seats of Popp and Madame Meerschaum, and the postillions re-

mounted. The coffin-maker, having received the immense gratuity which had been promised him, galloped off to his virtuous home, while the carriage rattled on towards Brunswick.

What befel us before we arrived there, will be related in another chapter.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PLOT DISCOVERED.

"HORSES directly—four horses! We have no time for delay," said Lackland, as we drove up to the post-house at Wolfenbüttel.

"Alas, Sir!" said the landlord, "I am afraid you must be put to a little inconvenience—the horses are all gone out, and it may be three hours before any arrive."

"We have nothing for it then," said I, to Lackland, "but to go into the house quietly, and wait. I am not sorry myself, for I had an indifferent dinner, and I see no reason why you and I, who are not lovers, should not have our supper and a bottle of Rhenish."

"None in the world, my dear fellow; but these false postillions must take care to smuggle themselves into the room, and change their dresses. It would seem a little extraordinary to the landlord if the gentlemen and ladies were found supping with the postillions who brought them."

An idle pair of boys was discovered, who engaged for a gratuity to take our horses back to the last post-town

Trump and Pappenheim then slipped into the house and having exchanged their postillion's dress for their usual habiliments, which they had brought with them, joined the rest of us in a private parlour of the inn. Lackland engaged the very first set of horses that should come in, and in the mean time ordered supper.

"How delightful it is!" said Ida. What a romantic adventure! I never enjoyed myself more. I think I should like to be run away with every day. How funny Madame Meerschaum looked, tied to old Popp. What would papa say?"

Judith Potiphar looked superbly in her masquerade. Her dress, which was fanciful, and which would have created astonishment in any other quarter of the world, hardly attracted notice here. The habits of the German students, and particularly their dress, are to this day so grotesque, that any masking habiliments, however bizarre or fanciful, would be hardly so likely to be commented upon, as would an ordinary and common-place array. Judith had been accordingly left at liberty to decorate herself in the most becoming manner, and aided by a rich wardrobe and a tolerable taste in costume, she had succeeded admirably.

"How do I look in this pretty dress?" said she, addressing her lover.

"Divinely! By the way, dearest Judith, do you know that in that cap and waistcoat you are so like my great-grandfather," answered Trump.

"Oh, what a compliment! those horrid grandfathers of yours," said she despondingly.

"My dearest, I mean a beautiful picture by Hans Holbein, which hangs in the castle at Toggenburg, representing my great ancestor at the age of seventeen, in a walking dress."

"Very well," said Judith, "but did you see how fierce I looked when the carriage was attacked? I swore twice at the robbers. Did you hear me swear? How did I look swearing?"

"How could I possibly see you, when I was being knocked down in my character of postillion? But here comes the landlord and the supper after him, I suppose."

The supper-table was laid, and when operations commenced, it was found that the events of the evening had served to sharpen the appetites of all. Even the ladies were prevailed upon to eat with more good-will than might be thought becoming on so interesting an occasion.

When we had half finished our repast, the landlord came in. He observed that there were a couple of strangers who had stopped there for the night. All his parlours were engaged but that one, and as we only intended to stop for fresh horses, he must beg us to allow the stranger gentlemen to share our room.

We had nothing for it but to be civil, and Trump, who was very good natured just then, and thought no harm, desired the landlord to invite the gentlemen in, and help finish our supper with us.

The landlord accordingly departed with this polite request, and presently after the door was again opened. Trump, who was letting off a bottle of Champagne at the moment, accidentally held the cork in the direction of the door As our expected guests entered, it flew from the bottle like a shot, and hit one of the strangers full on the nose.

"Holy father Abraham!" exclaimed the wounded party. "What a concussion!—the bridge of my nose is fractured!"

It was too late to retreat—the whole truth stood re-

vealed, and our confusion may easily be conceived, beholding, in the two strangers, the Jew Potiphar and Mr. Steinmann, the uncle of Ida Poodleberg, and the very person she was going to Brunswick to visit.

I shall not attempt to detail the scenes which occurred. Of course the disguise of Judith was easily discovered by her crafty father; and Ida could not fail to be at once recognized by her relation. Of course, the ladies were each separately seized by their respective legal proprietors, and the crest-fallen lovers, together with their respectable coadjutors Lackland and myself returned to Göttingen.

The presence of Potiphar and Steinmann, so inopportunely at that time and place, was purely accidental. Steinmann, who was a man of low extraction, and who had amassed a considerable sum of money on about the same plan, and with about as few scruples, as Potiphar, engaged with the Jew in various speculations. I have already hinted at the contraband nature of some of these transactions, and of his connections with our worthy ally, Mr. Skamp. The nature of such mercantile proceedings necessarily required much secresy, and it was on an expedition of peculiar urgency and secresy that Potiphar had clandestinely left his home to meet his partner at Wolfenbüttel, on the very night of his daughter's elopement.

Although the details of this particular transaction, as well as of several others, were subsequently revealed to me, I do not think it worth while to fatigue the reader with a recital of them. All that is necessary for him to know at present I have already mentioned. The concurrence of the two events was one of those annoying coincidences which are perfectly natural, and therefore not worthy further detailing upon.

Miss Ida was, of course, taken carefully off to Brunswick, and the Jew and his "backsliding daughter" returned to Göttingen.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A LANDESVATER.

After this adventure, which, as may be supposed, it was for the interest of all parties concerned to keep sedulously secret, the course of life of my companions and myself became utterly reckless. A partial restraint had been put upon the conduct of Trump and Pappenheim by their intended plans, and they had mingled more freely in the society of the place than they would have otherwise found consistent with their inclinations. As for me, I had become sick of literary balls and aesthetic tea-parties. The unhappy circumstances which had created such a change in my career, and such a revolution in my character, again recurred to my memory. I was subject, as it were, to intermittent fits of insanity, and I flew to scenes of the maddest excitement, the wildest and most unbounded revelry, for distraction and relief.

It was the sole end and aim of my existence at this period, to drag myself out of myself—to escape from my own consciousness; to annihilate, as it were, my identity. My memory was a charnel-house,—and was it strange that I should flee from it, and seek relief abroad?

I seemed to be walking as in a dream. I laughed and revelled, and interested myself forcibly in the affairs of others, and seemed a gay and indifferent man. But there were moments when my heart would be alone; no matter how many forms and faces surrounded me; and it was then that I was indeed a wretch. There were moments when memory would seize her torch, and light up the inmost recesses of my soul, till, in its deadly glare, those misfortunes which had begun to yield to the influence of time, again presented themselves to my eyes, in all their original hideousness, and I fled shrieking from myself.

It is only for this, that I can force myself to palliate any part of my conduct; and, although I do not mean to dwell much upon the details of the lawless and abandoned career to which a few companions and myself devoted ourselves at this time, yet it is necessary for the elucidation of the great moral which it is the purpose of this work to convey, that I should at least offer this passing comment upon an eventful, but most wasted portion of my life.

I have already said enough for my purpose; and the few scenes with which I shall conclude this book, I have preserved, partly because they contain adventures peculiar to the country in which I then was, (some of which it was, perhaps, never the lot of any of my countrymen to know,) and partly, and principally, because they contain the sequel of those episodes in which I sought to interest myself, and which I hope may have created some corresponding sympathy in my readers.

The Pommeranian club were to hold their semi-annual "commerz" This ancient and hereditary festival is peculiar to the German university. It is simply a pro-

cession concluding with a debauch. The procession is only more whimsical than most processions, and the debauch more furious and more protracted than most debauches.

At half-past five o'clock in the afternoon of a lovely day in October, the Pommeranians, to the number of one hundred and fifty, together with their invited guests, assembled in the court-yard of a house in the Weender-Strasse. A band of music was playing martial and spirit-stirring airs from the balcony, and a silk flag, with the heraldic devices of the society splendidly emblazoned upon it, was waving in the midst of the throng. Each member wore a coat without collar or buttons, and loose trowsers thrust for the nonce into horseman's boots. Each wore a loose bag-cap of green and gold, (the colours of the club) and a broad scarf, embroidered of the same colours, which passed across the right shoulder, and was knotted at the left side to the basket-hilt of the duelling-sword. Each wore long hair, hanging in elf-locks about the face and ears, and each wore all the moustachios and beard that Heaven had blessed him withal. Lastly, each member was provided with a powerful-looking horse, arrayed in trappings corresponding with those of the riders, and each stood with one foot in the stirrup, waiting the signal to start.

Presently the trumpet blew a stirring blast, and each Pommeranian sprang to his seat—another, and the whole company formed themselves into two lines, leaving a space between—a third, and a knight in complete armour, with his lance in rest, and the green-and-gold pennon waiving from its point, suddenly appeared, galloped through the alley formed by the double lines, and took his station at the head of the assembly. This was

the senior of the club. Next followed, on foot, the band of music, arrayed in military uniform of green and gold, marching in cadence to slow and solemn measures. Next came two buffoons, in chequered clothes, with fools-caps on their heads, and bells on their heels. They danced along the lines, mouthing and grimacing, and uttering gibes and jests on the spectators. Next came a standard bearer, with a herald's coat, and bearing a splendid flag. He was followed by the con-senior of the club, in a suit of silver armour, followed by two pursuivants on horseback. After these came the Pommeranians, riding slowly along, two by two, and followed and surrounded, when they had passed out from the court-yard, by a rabble rout of boys, and curs, and beggars.

The procession moved slowly through the principal streets of the town, and after having displayed their finery to their hearts' content, proceeded with all due pomp and regularity to the "German Emperor," the inn where they were to sup, and conclude the day's entertainment.

We entered an immense hall, where the tables had already been laid. The band was stationed in the gallery immediately above the supper table. Another room of tolerable dimensions communicated with the hall. I looked in, and found the floor entirely covered with straw, as if it was intended for a stable.

"What is the meaning of that room?" I asked, of Rabenmark, with whom I was associated in the procession, and next whom I was of course seated at supper.

"That is the 'Todtenkammer,' (the chamber of the dead,)" said he.

"And what is the use of the Todtenkammer?"

"It is a receptacle for the dead, of course,—that is to

say, for the dead-drunk. As soon as any one of the company drops from his chair, he is rolled into that chamber, and left till he recovers."

"Ah! a very excellent and wholesale way of doing business. Have the kindness to favour me with a kick, if you find me in need of it."

"Certainly; with the greatest pleasure."

The senior and con-senior took their seats at each end of the table, and the company attacked an excellent supper without further ceremony. The eating part of the business lasted about an hour; the band all the while inspiring the appetites of the club by a series of enlivening airs.

As soon as the cloth was cleared, and a few preliminary glasses had been drunk, the peculiar ceremony of the Landesvater commenced.

This is a ceremony which is peculiar to the German University, and in which, for the life of me, I never could discover any meaning or moral.

The president rapped on the table for attention, and then he and his next neighbour drew their swords and laid them cross-wise on the table. The con-senior and his neighbour did the same at the other end of the table. All were silent. The music played the prelude of a peculiar and most exquisite air. The faces of all present became enthusiastic The music was repeated. All arose. The senior again rapped on the table. The music ceased. The members resumed their seats. All was again silent.

"Are you all ready?" asked the senior, solemnly.

"All ready," repeated the con-senior, with equal solemnity.

The senior nodded solemnly to the leader of the or-

chestra,—the leader of the orchestra solemnly reciprocated the signal. The music again sounded, and a wild and singular song resounded through the hall.

During the time when the first stanza was being sung by all the company present, the senior and con-senior of the club, rose gravely from their seats, and advanced towards each other till they met in the centre of the hall. On meeting, they turned about, and hand in hand advanced to the senior's place. The first stanza was concluded. The senior stationed himself behind the person who sat immediately next him, at the end of the table. The con-senior stationed himself behind the member who sat opposite the first student. He likewise rose. The senior and con-senior laid their swords cross-wise on the heads of the students. The second stanza was then sung.

While this was singing, the senior and con-senior each placed his sword in each student's left hand. Obedient to the precepts of the oracular ballad, each took his cap from his right hand, placed it on the top of the schläger, and forced the blade through the cap entirely to the hilt. All four then remained in the same position while the third stanza was sung.

During the singing of this strophe, the two students seized each an enormous goblet of Rhenish already prepared, rang them against each other, swallowed them at a draught, and turned them triumphantly on their nails; the two dignitaries all the while holding the schlägers over their heads. At the conclusion, the two kissed each other affectionately, restored the swords with their caps sticking upon them to the senior and con-senior, and then resumed their seats. The chorus was then sung.

As soon as this was finished, and the prelude was again played by the orchestra, the two presidents then stationed themselves behind the two next in succession; and the first, second, and third stanzas with their accompanying mummery were repeated.

The schlägers passed by loaded with caps, and becoming heavier at each step in their progress.

When it came to my turn, the sword that was presented to me, was so encumbered that it was a difficult matter for me to execute my share in the ceremony. The blade was stuck over with caps, jammed tightly together, and reaching from hilt to point. I put as grave a face as I could on the matter, to avoid having my throat cut as the penalty,—added my cap to the pile,—gulped down my wine,—kissed my *vis-à-vis*,—restored my schläger to the president, and sat down, after having got through less clumsily than I expected. During the time the schlägers were passing down the table, those not employed in the ceremony, of course found time to empty a goodly number of bottles, and the chorus was consequently sung with increased spirit at every step.

As soon as all present had gone through the ordeal, there was a short interval, and then the second part of the ceremony commenced. The senior and con-senior retraced their steps; stationing themselves behind the last couple who had affixed their caps to the schlägers; and again placing their swords on their heads, the second part of the song was then sung in full chorus.

During this, the couple, in obedience to the oracle, received back their caps and sat down. The song was then resumed, and the next couple received their property, and so on, till the conclusion of the whole exhibition.

This was the venerable ceremony of the Landesvater, which is, I believe, regularly observed, at least once in a semester, by every club at every German university, and of which, as I before observed, I was never yet able to discover the meaning. It is traditional of course; but whether it is connected with any historical personage or event, I was never lucky enough to be informed.

After this business was finished, the conversation became of course general. A thousand uproarious songs were sung, and incredible quantities of wine were drunk. Such was the "potency at potting" of the greater number of those present, that we were far advanced in the small hours, before any serious defalcation in our numbers took place. Occasionally a student would quietly roll out of his chair, and after floundering a few minutes on the floor, would be kindly kicked by some two or three of his particular friends into the Todtenkammer, and left on the straw to sleep off the effects of his debauch. Towards four or five in the morning, I looked into that pleasing receptacle, and saw dozens sprawling about in all possible postures and directions. In one corner there would be a pile of dead heaped cross-wise and heterogeneously upon each other. Some lay motionless as the dead; some struggled and tossed about; and some snored vehemently in their uneasy slumbers.

The "chamber of the dead" was no unapt designation for the apartment. A dim lamp, which was suspended to the wall on one side, cast a feeble and ghastly light upon the carcasses. The disgusting and sepulchral appearance of the whole spectacle, reminded me forcibly of what I had once seen on looking into a public vault of the Campo Santa at Naples, where the dead bodies are cast in from above, carelessly and promiscuously,

and the decency of composing the limbs, and even closing the eyes, is entirely dispensed with. Occasionally I saw a prostrate form,—after struggling a few moments with his lethargy,—at last succeed in throwing it off, and arise from the heap of corpses, pale as a ghost, with disordered dress, matted hair, ghastly eyes, livid lips, and resembling rather a goul than a human body. As soon as his resurrection was complete, he would hurry to the scene of action, drain rapidly a half-dozen goblets to signalize his recovery, and join again in the frantic revelry under which he had once succumbed.

With the break of day there were still many who had held out. Some indeed, were sleeping on their elbows, and some were reclining in their chairs, full of wine and fatigue. But the numbers at the table were still more than half. As may be supposed, the freshest of the party were the resurrectionists, or those who had last emerged from the Todtenkammer; but all were horribly drunk.

The waiters appeared,—the shutters were opened,—the room aired; and those who were able, took advantage of the interval, to make a hurried and drunken sort of toilet.

Breakfast was then brought, consisting, of course, of the most stimulating dishes, such as oysters, caviare and herring salad; while plenty of claret and Burgundy was added to the supply of Rhenish. The morning was passed in drinking, although, of course, with diminished vigour, and in playing Landsknecht. The doors were, however, locked by universal acclamation, and no one allowed to leave the room. Dinner was served at four. The band of music again resumed their places, and after dinner the ceremony of the Landesvater was repeated,

Of course, no one present had become sober, as there had been no intermission, but only a slight and temporary diminution of the debauch since its commencement.

In Germany, the best and only remedy for having been drunk over-night, seems to be to get drunk the next morning. This is precept and practice at the universities, and on this occasion it was certainly carried out to the full.

On the termination of the Landesvater, the drinking was desperately resumed. Bocales, holding a bottle, were passed frequently round the hall, and each member obliged to drink them at a draught. Again the hall resounded with uproar and with song. Again the terrible drunkenness reached its height, and the fiend of debauch rose triumphant from his slight prostration. One after another again dropped from their places, and were kicked into the sepulchre; and one after another of the revived supplied the places of the last departed.

The second morning appeared,—the second night had been passed like the first,—and at the third dinner, almost all the original revellers, haggard, and ghastly, and drunk, resumed their original seats. The Landesvater was repeated for the third and last time. Bocales, larger than ever, went the rounds, and all seemed to make a furious effort to terminate the carousal in a manner worthy of its commencement. The quantity of wine that was drunk was truly frightful. If I should mention the quantities of bottles that I knew were emptied, my statistics would be discredited. At half-past twelve o'clock on the third night, there were but few remaining at the table. Among them were fox Rabenmark, Trump Von Toggenburg Pappenheim, Lackland, and myself. Besides these, were perhaps twenty others.

"A health to the future plenipotentiary!" cried Rabenmark to Pappenheim, draining off a large goblet.

It was answered by Pappenheim.

"I wish I had been a soldier instead of a diplomatist," said he, when he had finished his goblet.

"I would not be a soldier while there were such scoundrels in the army as I know," said Klingspohr, a young man whose brother had been broken in the army owing to the severity of some representations made by Count Wallenstein, who was a great enemy to the whole family.

"I think our army a very respectable body – I know of no scoundrels in it. Name one," said Rabenmark.

"Count Wallenstein!" said Klingspohr unhesitatingly, for he knew nothing of Rabenmark's interest in that family.

"Wallenstein—Wallenstein!" cried the fox, starting to his feet. "Retract that, Sir—retract—or by the God of Heaven"——

"Hey-day, hey-day!" interrupted Klingspohr, "what the devil do you mean, Mr. Von Rabenmark? Retract! —what? Who instituted you champion of the Commandant? Retract, indeed! I tell you that you are grown insolent since your accidental success with Kopp and Fizzelberg. You need a little wholesome correction. Retract!—psha! I tell you, Count Wallenstein is a base, cowardly, detracting, tyrannical scoundrel; and if he were here I would tell him so myself. Now, make the best you can of it, Mr. Fox Rabenmark."

Rabenmark was furious. Although he knew full well that the Commandant was no friend of his, yet an aspersion of the fame of his beloved's father was more than he could bear. Klingspohr was seated nearly opposite to him. He hardly concluded his sentence, before

the fox sprang across the table, and levelled a blow at his head. He staggered--fell but rose again immediately. He collected himself, and sat down. German gentlemen never fight without weapons. An occasional blow like that given by Rabenmark sometimes happens on great provocation; but an interchange of fisticuffs is unheard of.

"This is no common insult, Rabenmark," he said in a tone of forced calmness, "and I swear to you that it shall be avenged in no common manner. But enough for the present; we shall have time enough to-morrow."

"And I swear to you, on my word of honour," said Rabenmark, "that when we do meet one of us at least shall be carried from the place."

I have observed a praiseworthy custom among the Germans. The word of honour is never given in sport or on slight occasions. It is rarely used, and hten it is regarded as a pledge of absolute holiness and solemnity. I felt certain that before to-morrow night either Klingspohr or Rabenmark would be a corpse.

This quarrel, with one or two more that had taken place, had cast a gloom over the assembly. The merriment gradually subsided, and exhaustion and ennui succeeded

The third morning shone in upon us at last, and I think I never saw a more wretched and dissolute-looking set of youths in all my experience. All were more or less drunk, and all wearied and exhausted. Those who at the breaking up of the party were still in the Todtenkammer, were left to their fate, and the rest staggered blindly through the streets to their respective dwellings.

Lackland and I had lately taken lodgings together in the same house, whither we mutually piloted ourselves, and as soon as we reached home, we hastened to our beds to recruit our exhausted frames.

CHAPTER XIX.

THIRTEEN AT TABLE.

"You must second me," said Lackland quite cooly, when we met at breakfast about two o'clock the same day.

"Have you an affair on your hands?" I asked.

"Yes. I had a quarrel with some blackguard Pom-meranian or other, named Frosch, or Fischer, or some such name, last night. He was impertinent, and I pulled his nose very foolishly. But we are all liable to vagaries, if we will be such children as to get drunk. He has just sent me a message, and has anticipated my choice of weapons."

"Very polite of him.—Well, if Rabenmark's business comes off the same day, we shall have a gay party."

It was soon settled that the two duels should be despatched at once, and a pleasant pic-nic party was arranged to take place the next day at the ruins of the Castle Plesse, about five miles from Göttingen.

Schloss Plesse stands on a hill of no great elevation, and is completely embowered in beautiful woods which surround it, and extend far along the valley below. There are two round turrets, and large portions of the walls of the old baronial castle remaining, and the spot is one of the most sweetly sequestered and lovely places I ever saw. Altogether, a more delightful place for our pleasure party could hardly have been found.

We all breakfasted, according to agreement, at the inn of a little village at the base of the hill.

Just as we had concluded our repast, for which I confess I had not much appetite, I happened to count the number of the assembly, and a look of consternation was visible on many countenances, on observing that there was exactly thirteen.

Nowhere in the world is the prejudice against that unlucky number at table so strong as in Germany. We had not time, however, for further comments, as we wished to finish the business before the lateness of the hour exposed us to interruption.

We reached the place, and chose our ground in a little open space, just below the mound on which the castle stands.

We cast lots for priority, and it was decided that Lackland and Mr. Fischer should open the proceedings, and Klingspohr and Rabenmark finish the game.

Twelve paces were measured off, and I loaded the pistols for Lackland, while Fischer's second did the same. I threw down one of my gloves to mark my principal's position, and Fischer was placed opposite to him by his second. Lackland, who was near-sighted, although an excellent shot, was quietly eyeing Fischer through the glass that always hung round his neck.

"Poor old Fischer!" said he, "how awkwardly he holds his pistol. I dare say he never saw one before. Lucy for me that I am not obliged to try the schägers with him. I hear he is a great swordsman.—Take care of yourself, Morton, for that chap manages his weapon in such an extraordinary manner, that he is as likely to shoot you, or himself, or his second, as me."

"Are you a shot, Lackland?" I asked, just before retiring.

"Pretty well," said he; "but I shall try to let him off as easily as possible."

"It was agreed that I should count five, and that either might fire while I was counting. I began to count, and I hardly numbered one, before Fischer discharged his pistol in a great flurry. The ball flew wide of the mark, and struck among the bushes, at some distance on the left.

"He is determined not to lose his shot, at all events," said Lackland, very cooly adjusting his aim. "He is right, for I shall not give him another chance."

He fired as he spoke. The light smoke rolled away, and Fischer was seen dancing about in the most vivacious manner. He grimaced with pain, uttered the most tremendous oaths, and after skipping round for the space of a minute, like a maniac, concluded by throwing himself on the ground.

"I succeeded exactly," said Lackland, who was standing as calm as a clock, with his glass at his eye. "I once saw exactly such a case before. He is struck on the elbow. I was afraid I should not hit so exactly with those pistols. It is very painful for the moment—but his arm will only be broken, and he will be well in a few days."

The report of the surgeon confirmed what Lackland said. The wound was very slight, but very painful. As soon as he had been properly attended to, the other business came upon the carpet.

Klingspohr and Rabenmark now prepared for action. They were to fight with sabres, but there was to be no defensive armour; no caps nor neck-stocks, nor leather breeches. Each stripped off all clothing but his shirt and trowsers; each threw his cap upon the ground, and seized his sabre. The turf where we were standing was as smooth and level as a carpet, and the space was sufficient for the purpose.

Pappenheim and Affenstein were the seconds, and the everlasting Dummberg, who was always sure to be present on such occasions, was the umpire. There was, however, but little need of any assistants. There were but few formalities to be observed, for it was a deadly quarrel, and to be terminated only by the total discomfiture of one of the parties.

They advanced with their sabres to the spot, and threw themselves on guard.

"Join your blades!" said Dummberg.

"Joined they are," said the seconds.

"Los!"

The seconds retreated, and left them to themselves. The combatants eyed each other a moment, like bloodhounds, and then rushed furiously to the encounter. Each struck, and in the very first outset, each received desperate wounds. The seconds, however, remained in their places, for the duel was to continue as long as the combatants could stand. They paused an instant, eyeing each other all the while—it was but an instant, and again they flew upon each other. Rabenmark struck a succession of furious blows, right and left—tierce and quart—which Klingspohr found impossible to parry. He sunk under their violence, wounded, and bleeding desperately. He recovered himself however, in a few moments, and fastened upon his enemy for the third and last time. The conflict was deadly—all science was disregarded—neither thought of parrying: both aimed rapid and successful blows at each other, and both were already covered with blood. At last they closed and struggled with each other—both were of equal strength—neither could force the other to the earth. Again they separated, and again their meeting sabres clashed.

Klingspohr now struck a blow at Rabenmark. It was partially parried, but glanced along his shoulder. Before he could recover his guard, Rabenmark, who was always quick as a ripost, retorted with his furious "deep tierce." He struck him in the side – buried his sword's point in the wound, and then, with a tremendous exertion of strength, forced the weapon through his body, till the hilt struck against his side. Klingspohr glared wildly at him for an instant, and then fell stone dead.

CHAPTER XX.

A MARRIAGE AT THE COFFIN-MAKER'S.

"WHERE is he?"

"He is concealed, and safe for the present, Countess Bertha."

"I must see him."

"Impossible."

"If he were in his grave, I would join him even there. Can any thing keep us apart, then, if he be living?"

"He is concealed in the house of a desperado—a smuggler—a robber."

"Let us hasten thither."

"At midnight we will go. Can you absent yourself at such a time?"

"Is there any thing I cannot do when Otto is in danger?"

"But your father—— ?"

"—— Is severe; but his daughter is also a Wallenstein."

"I will meet you at your own door at a quarter-past twelve to-night, and conduct you."

"I shall not fail."

A little after midnight accordingly, I conducted Bertha Wallenstein to her lover. He had fled immediately after the fatal termination of his duel to the house of the coffin-maker. Lawless and desperate as were the manners of the university, a man's life was still held of some importance. If the slain had, moreover, powerful friends, the slayer endangered his own. Klingspohr was a noble, and his family influential. There was, moreover, a family pique between the Klingspohrs and Rabenmarks, who were all Bohemians. Rabenmark would soon then be exposed to the most active persecution which grief and revenge could dictate. The jackalls of the police were already on the track, but he was at present under the protection of one who was most crafty in evading and opposing the laws.

The lovers were left to themselves. I held a conversation with Skamp. He recommended all parties to keep themselves out of the way. Presently Rabenmark desired to speak to me. We went aside together, and he informed me of a resolution he had made. Bertha had, by the step which she had now taken, entirely compromised herself. She could not fail to be discovered. Her character, which he could not bear that the breath of detraction should even momentarily assail, would be defamed. It was probable that the commandant would never consent to their union. Still he might be induced to pardon his daughter when it was accomplished. Rabenmark was in want of friends.

His connections were powerful at his home, but in the mean time he might be cast into prison. He must flee—they must separate; but before separation they were determined that they would be united; so that it should no longer be in the power of man to hold them asunder after his immediate danger was averted. In short, they had agreed to be married that night.

Skamp, to whom all things were possible, was despatched for a priest. He engaged to bring one to the spot in half an hour. I went in search of Pappenheim, whom Rabenmark wished as a witness, in company with myself. In less than an hour all was ready.

The smuggler's house was a hovel. It was rudely constructed of stones, and had but one room, with mud walls and an earthen floor. It was lighted up by a single candle of the meanest description.

In that house, at an hour and a half past midnight, in the presence of Pappenheim, myself, and the coffin-maker, was the high-born Bertha Wallenstein united to Otto Von Rabenmark.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE COUNTER PLOT.

A WEEK or two had passed since the events recorded in the last chapter. I now found myself established in a cavern in one of the most savage and secluded forests of the Hartz. Rabenmark, Pappenheim, Trump Von Toggenburg, Lackland, and myself, with a score or two of others, whom we had persuaded to be our companions,

had made our escape from Göttingen. We had more or less violated the laws—we were all reckless and dissipated young men. All were panting for an unrestrained and lawless existence. It is exactly under such circumstances, and by such wild spirits, that a band of outlaws was not unfrequently formed in these regions. Our pioneer and principal captain was the versatile Skamp. It was not the first time that he had exercised the profession to which we now devoted ourselves. As for Pappenheim and Trump, they had both been reduced to despair by the frustration of their plans on the occasion which I have recorded, and by a rather serious quarrel which their subsequent dissolute conduct had occasioned between themselves and their mistresses.

Rabenmark had remained a day or two concealed in the town, at the imminent risk of his life. Although he had on one or two occasions miraculously escaped discovery, yet it was impossible for him to hope for such success any longer. It was necessary to separate for a time from Bertha. She was left to take the important step she had so long meditated. She returned to her father. Rabenmark hovered for a few days in the suburbs of the town. He heard nothing from her.

At last he reluctantly submitted to the solicitations of Pappenheim and myself, and together we all retired to the Hartz mountains. Very soon after this we made an incursion into a neighbouring village for the necessaries of life. We had no money to buy, and so we committed depredations. It was found such capital sport, that we commenced hostilities on all the villages for miles round. I have no intention to dilate upon adventures, which, although true, are of a hackneyed description. Suffice, that we went from one indiscretion to another.

From nightly forays against granaries and farm-houses, we proceeded to direct attacks upon passengers on the road. In a word, we became robbers. It is true, that we were faithful to the creed of all romantic highwaymen. We only robbed the rich, that we might give unto the poor. It was our chief delight to surround a parcel of peasants and poor devils, and take them off with many threats to our retreat; after which, we would present them with the total spoils of some rich hunks whom we had rifled the day before, and send them away rejoicing. We most certainly never earned a groschen by our fatiguing and hazardous profession. We were only footpads for fun. I will not, however, vouch for Skamp. He was too much of a man of business to be contented long as an amateur; but it was, of course, impossible for us to be rid of him, and he was allowed to follow his own course.

It was customary for some of us to penetrate, in disguise, into the very heart of the villages which had been the scene of our rogueries. It was amusing to join in the conversation of the peasants, and be entertained by the exaggerated accounts of our own achievements. On one occasion, Rabenmark and I had advanced far beyond the usual limit of such masquerading excursions. We were so successful, that we resolved, in spite of every thing, to effect a journey to Göttingen. He hoped to have an interview with Bertha, and thus to relieve the anguish of his mind. After a little dissuasion, I found that his purpose was not to be shaken. I agreed to accompany him. Lackland was to be associated in the enterprise.

We reached Göttingen in a few days, without much difficulty. We were all disguised as peasants. We en-

tered an obscure pot-house on the outskirts of the town. A long deal table was in the middle of the dirty-looking public room. A number of persons were seated at it. Some were drinking schnapps; some were eating an offensive kind of cheese, much beloved by the lower classes; some were smoking a filthy sort of tobacco; some were drinking beer.

We seated ourselves, and ordered portions of the villanous cheese, beer, and tobacco. We entered into conversation with the worthies who were assembled there. I recognised several of the faces. The town-crier was present. A barber's boy asked him the contents of a paper he had with him. The crier opened, and read it in a pompous voice. It was a proclamation describing the person of the Baron Otto Von Rabenmark, and offering a thousand rix dollars for his apprehension. It was signed "Wallenstein." The fox turned pale for a moment, but recovering himself suddenly, he began a colloquy with his next neighbour. It was the postillion Schnobb. Little by little, Rabenmark led him on to a description of the Robbery on Baron Poodleberg's carriage. Schnobb congratulated himself that he had been indisposed on that occasion, and that another postillion had been substituted for him.

"By whom do you think the robbery was committed?" asked Rabenmark.

"Who knows?" said Schnobb. "Perhaps by the same devil that dwells now up there in the Hartz."

"What devil?"

"Sacrament! have you not heard of the fiend of the Hartz? He has appeared in the mountains after an absence of fifty years. The cottages of the peasants, and the castles of the nobles, are all pillaged by him."

"Then the story that a gang of robbers had taken up their abode in those regions, is not true?"

"Donnerwetter,—no! I tell you it is by the Hartz devil. He has a tail more than seven yards long, and lives on the top of the Brocken."

"Truly an interesting personage. Has any one seen him?"

"Yes; there is a friend of mine who has been making a pedling expedition to Gosslar; he was met by this devil. He was, however, a religious man, and held a crucifix towards him. The devil uttered a yell, and disappeared into the earth."

"Who is your friend?"

"There he is; he is just coming into the room. It is Mr. Skamp, the coffin-maker."

All three of us gave an involuntary start. Luckily it was not observed by any of the company. We directed our eyes to the door, and the coffin-maker stood indeed before us.

He walked into the room with the utmost coolness. He had a pack on his back, and a staff in his hand.

He saluted the company, with most of whom he seemed familiarly acquainted; nodded carelessly to us, and then very quietly opened his pack, and exposed his wares to the company.

"Here, Schnobb," said he, "here is a silver mouthpiece for your bugle. I bought it for you on purpose; the price is two gulden. Buy it; the elector will never give you one for your skill in melody."

"Here, Gottlob," he continued, to the red-headed son of the executioner; "here is a pair of braces to tie up your breeches, when you get a pair; and here is a silver buckle which I bought as a present for your father,

Here is a tin trumpet for you, Mr. Crier; and here is a paper of pins that your wife told you to buy for her at the fair, Mr. Farmer."

With these last words, he tossed a package to Rabenmark, which his quick eye instantly told him was a letter.

"The price is six groschen," said he.

The fox adroitly haggled a moment about the price. He at last paid him five groschen. Soon afterwards he slipped out of the room, whispering to us that he would soon return.

In the meantime, after Skamp had disposed of most of his merchandise, he entered into conversation with the postillion.

"Well, brother-in-law!" said he, "you have not thanked me for my company on a certain evening last month. But for me on that occasion, you would have been indubitably eaten up by that Hartz devil. It was he, I have since discovered, who made the attack on Poodleberg's carriage. God alone knows what has become of the unfortunate postillions who drove that carriage!" said Skamp, piously lifting his hands and eyes to heaven.

Lackland and I left the room; we made a sign to Skamp, and in about half an hour he joined us. It was dusk. We all walked together, and conferred. We took care, however, to keep in the neighbourhood of the tavern, that we might meet Rabenmark.

"In the name of wonder, old Skamp," said Lackland, "how the devil came you here?"

"Why, your excellency, when I found that three of my most promising disciples had engaged in so hazardous an expedition, it behoved me to be watchful, and to

keep them, if possible, out of the danger into which their youth and inexperience might hurry them. I instantly assumed this disguise that I might follow you and protect you. Oh my dear children! (if your excellencies will permit me the endearing expression) you have no conception of the agitation of mind into which I was thrown. Unmindful of all dangers, I determined to watch over you as a hen over an infant brood."

"But are you not afraid of discovery?" I asked.

"Lord bless you! no. Now that I am here, I affect no disguise; every body here knows, and, I may add, respects pious Skamp the coffin-maker."

"Yes; but I have heard people speak disparagingly of a certain 'Crooked Skamp the smuggler,' and 'poaching Skamp,' and a gentleman who bears a variety of other nick-names. Is he no relation of yours?" I asked.

"Oh your excellency!" said the rogue, with a grin, "I cannot deny that I have heard of such a person, and that I take a deep interest in his welfare. But, jesting apart, I assure you I am in no sort of danger; they would as soon suspect Count Wallenstein of a share in a conspiracy as me."

"Apropos of Count Wallenstein! what has become of the fox?" said Lackland.

"Happier than any of us, I suspect," said the smuggler.

"On arriving here, I was happy enough, by the merest accident, to convey a letter from the Baron Rabenmark to the Countess Bertha. He entrusted me with it some days ago, and I promised to use all exertions to get it to her as soon as possible. I did not think, then, that I should take it to this town in person. I found this afternoon a washerwoman who was going to the

Commandant's house with a basket. She was an old gossip of mine. I gave her the letter. It was not a very sentimental method; but it proved a very efficient one, as I gave Baron Rabenmark an answer just now. But enough of this at present. Now give me all your attention. I have just formed a plan which shall be both pleasant and profitable. You know, Mr. Lackland, and I dare say you too, Mr. Morton, that I have been engaged with the Jew Potiphar in certain mercantile transactions. These were of a character which the law unfortunately does not look upon with the same indulgence that I do. I have always observed that legislators have very contracted views of life. Suffice, that if these doings of ours were revealed, and Mein Herr Potiphar brought to trial, he would suffer a certain imprisonment, to say nothing of a confiscation of the greater part of his immense property, which, of course, he would do any thing to save. I owe old Potiphar a grudge. I am, besides, particularly incensed against him for his appearance at Wolfenbüttel so inopportunely. No matter, I shall yet have my revenge. I shall also have the pleasure of serving most effectually Count Trump Von Toggenburg, in whom I take a great interest. There is, in fact, no one of my protegés in whose welfare I am more interested than in his. I have no doubt also, that if the plan, which I am about to mention to you, succeeds, he will reward me liberally. Count Trump Von Toggenburg is a generous young nobleman. Now the matter I have in hand, is this: I have just heard that Potiphar is to set out the day after to-morrow night, alone, on a journey to Hamburg. As he wishes to visit a relation in Gosslar, he must pass directly through the Hartz. His carriage must pass within a dozen miles of our retreat,

We will be prepared. We will attack him. We will drag him up into our retreat. We will threaten him with disclosures of his doings, and we will be so minute, that he shall be frightened, although we will take good care to keep ourselves disguised. We will thus force him to sign a paper, giving his consent to Count Von Trump's marriage with his daughter. The Count shall receive this paper, and hasten to his sweatheart. After that, perhaps I may induce the old gentleman to confer a small gratuity upon me."

The virtuous coffin-maker concluded. Lackland and I assured him that we gave him all due credit for his ingenuity, and would do our best to serve Trump's interest and his own.

To do this effectually, however, it was necessary to hasten our departure for our retreat. Rabenmark had not yet returned. What were we to do? After waiting as long as was prudent, we at last followed the advice of Skamp. He represented to us that we could do nothing for Rabenmark; that our waiting only endangered ourselves, without assisting him, and that the best thing we had to do, was to beat a retreat as soon as possible. He promised for his own part, to wait for Rabenmark, and to meet us all at the cavern in three days.

We were convinced by his reasoning, shook hands with him, and departed.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE JEW'S DILEMMA.

THREE days after this, we were all waiting in the cavern. Skamp appeared punctually to his appointment.

"Where is Rabenmark?" burst from a dozen mouths.

"The boy is lost!" said the smuggler, despondingly.

"I waited, as agreed upon, for a long time," continued he, addressing himself to Lackland and myself, "and still he did not come. I scoured the town. I went to the inn and slept; determining not to give him up, if I lost my life in the attempt. The first news that I heard in the morning, was, that he had been discovered and taken. I instantly resolved to repair hither, to engage a few assistants from our band, and to rescue him from his bondage."

Skamp's account was heard with dismay. The heroic determination with which he concluded, revived, however, our courage. We swore to dare every thing to liberate the "Fox."

In the meantime, a scout came in from an advanced ambush; he informed us that a carriage was approaching.

We made preparations for an attack. There was no doubt it was the Jew.

"Alas! alas! that poor Rabenmark is not with us to enjoy the frolic!" said one of the party.

"Are you sure of that?" cried a joyful voice; and presently there was a rustling in the thicket, and the fox sprang through the bushes, and stood before us.

"Welcome! welcome!" shouted a dozen voices.

"But we thought you were in prison," said Pappenheim.

"So I have been," was the answer.

"Well—tell us all about it directly."

"You must know then——" began Rabenmark.

"Stop, my children!" said the phlegmatic Skamp, "we have now no time for detail. We must act. When

we have served the Jew, (and if we are not expeditious, it will be too late,) we shall have plenty of time to hear the Baron's story. In the meantime, I hope his excellency will lead on to the attack."

The information of our spy was correct. It was, indeed, the Jew's carriage that was now rapidly ascending the pass. A systematic plan of attack had been laid down—we now hastened to execute it. A few words will tell the tale.

The carriage was surrounded—the postillions were knocked over—some of us blindfolded and gagged them. Skamp, in the meantime, amused himself with rifling the carriage. It was very pretty picking, as he afterwards informed me. There was, however, little time lost. We dragged the imploring Jew up into the remotest part of the forest. When we had arrived, we blindfolded him, and then took off our masks.

The smuggler, who was an adept in all kinds of disguise, now addressed him in a feigned voice. The Jew was tied to a tree, and we were all seated in a semi-circle around him. Skamp addressed him in a series of questions. As I am in a hurry, I shall not detail them. Suffice, that the Jew felt that he was in our power. Besides this, we frightened him to death; and his anxiety to save his skin, led him to confess more, and to promise more, than he might otherwise have done. He became aware, from the interrogations that were put to him, that his iniquitous transactions had been revealed. He offered large sums for his release, and engaged to do every thing if we would not expose his guilt to the government.

Skamp produced his paper. It was a contract of marriage between Hermann Adolphus Caspar Ulrich Count Von Trump Von Toggenburg and Miss Judith Potiphar.

It was signed by the two parties, and only required the signature of the father to make it complete.

The Jew, after a few remonstrances, signed the paper, on promise that he should be released from his bondage within twelve hours. The contract was delivered to Trump, who immediately began to caper for joy.

Skamp next read to him a second document, which was simply a note of hand, promising to pay the bearer on demand for value received, the sum of ten thousand dollars.

"Holy father Abraham!" shrieked the Jew, and nearly fainted. "I will give you two thousand," said he, at last, "on condition that I am guaranteed against all disclosures of the unhappy matters we have been conversing about."

"My dear good friend, Moses Potiphar," said Skamp, suddenly assuming his natural voice, "I have been an attentive listener during this conference. You, probably, recognize the familiar accents of my tongue, and so I say no more. You can have little doubt for whose benefit this note of hand is intended. In recompense, I can assure you that I, in whose power you will see that you are, will never divulge a syllable of all your d—d nefarious transactions—trapsactions which every virtuously disposed person, like myself, must always look upon with abhorrence and disgust. I assure you that your most iniquitous doings shall be kept secret; but in case you refuse——"

"Well, what is the alternative, my dear good friend Skamp?" tremblingly demanded the Jew.

"The alternative is, my dear good friend Moses, that if you refuse—nay, if you hesitate five minutes, I will instantly chop you into ten thousand pieces, and make sausages of your misbegotten carcase!"

The Jew, who knew better than any one, the true and desperate character of the smuggler, which was concealed under such a bland and hypocritical demeanour, nearly fell into convulsions. He eagerly demanded the paper —signed it with a trembling hand, and delivered it to Skamp.

The latter promised that he should be liberated, and sent on his way in safety by the morrow's dawn.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LOAN OF A SHROUD.

"AND now, Fox—tell us all about it."

We were all seated round a crackling fire of dried branches. The autumn evenings were chilly in those elevated regions.

"When I returned from my interview with Bertha," began Rabenmark, without any further preface, "I found that I had, naturally enough, much overstayed the appointed time. I skulked about in the neighbourhood of the 'Swine,' but could see nothing of Lackland, Morton, or the coffin-maker. I resolved to set out by myself. It was about nine o'clock, and a bright moon. I had travelled about ten miles, when I perceived that I was dogged. I reached the shadow of a tree, and sprang into a field. I had been perceived, however, and was immediately followed by my persecutors. In five minutes I was attacked by four stout men. At first, I hoped that they were robbers. I, however, soon recognized in one, an agent of the police, and presently they all addressed me

by name. I knocked one down, but the rest were, of course, too much for me. They took me prisoner, bound me, and carried me back to the nearest village.

"I was confined for the night in an upper room of a house of large dimensions. As it was dark when I went up stairs, I could not exactly understand where I was. They threw me into a room which was unfurnished, and locked and double-locked the door. They told me, on departing, that I should be, to-morrow, conducted to the common jail. They observed, that I must be grateful for one night's respite. They helped themselves to all the money I had with me, as an earnest, they said, of the thousand dollars they were to have for my apprehension. They then went away.

"I lay for a long time quiet. I was fatigued, and a little injured from the rough handling I had received. At last I shook off my torpor and arose. I found that my hands had been bound behind my back. I made a violent exertion, and snapped the cord in twain. I walked round the room: as I said, it was unfurnished, and of rather large dimensions. There was a door, communicating, apparently, with another chamber. A light streamed through the key-hole. I looked in. A corpse was laid out on a bed; candles were placed around, and there were two or three attendants present. There seemed, however, to be no mourners. From the conversation of the servants, I gathered that it was the body of a nobleman, who was a stranger in the place. It seems, that he had died suddenly; that in dying, he had made a last request to be buried at once, at the dead of night, in the most secret manner possible, and in a designated place, about a mile from one of the city gates. One of the three persons stated that he had re-

ceived a handsome bequest from the deceased, and had promised to see his dying wishes fulfilled. The proper authorities had been notified, and permission of interment obtained. The others were to assist him in his undertaking. As it wanted three quarters of an hour to midnight, they went to another room. They agreed to meet together exactly at twelve, and in the mean time went to repose.

"The corpse was left on the bed. The candles were still burning. I waited a long time. The men went away talking and laughing. I heard them in the passage. I listened till I heard their last footfall on the stairs. All became again as silent as the grave. After a few minutes a bold idea occurred to me. I hastened to put it into execution. I knew that no additional harm could result to me if I should fail. I tried the door which opened between the two rooms. It was locked. It was, however, of a slight construction. I easily kicked out a panel. I crept into the room. I drew my cloak after me.

"Without a moment's hesitation, I seized upon the dead man. I dragged him without ceremony from the bed. I tore off his shroud. I threw around him my cloak. I placed my large slouched hat upon his head. I again crept through the door, seized the corpse by the heels, and pulled him into the room after me. As I was forcing him through the door, the hat fell off. A ghastly moonbeam fell full upon his distorted features. The face assumed an unearthly grin. I felt a little frightened. I manned myself, however, and completed my task. I placed the body in a natural sleeping position in the corner of my room. I folded the cloak closely about it, and pressed the hat upon its brows. I looked

at him a moment—was satisfied with the deception, and left him as my representative. In return, I now hastened to assume his place. I borrowed and put on his grave clothes—wrapped myself in his shroud, and laid myself down on his bed of state. I waited patiently, but not without some tremors, for the issue. At last the door opened. In spite of my singular and precarious situation, I had almost fallen into a doze. The noise, of course, aroused me. The three men entered. They were vulgar-looking persons. One was smoking a pipe. They jested at the absurdity of the old fellow for insisting on so whimsical a burial. They lifted me from the bed, and placed me hastily in the coffin which they had brought with them. They had not the least suspicion of the trick I had been playing. They carried me down stairs, and placed me in a hearse. Two of them mounted the driving-seat—one of them ran on before with a spade.

"I had been careful to retain my dagger with me. With this I easily forced off the coffin-lid. Watching my opportunity, I rolled myself out of the coffin, sprang from behind upon the two men who were driving, uttered a hideous yell, and jumped upon the ground. The men had fallen out on each side. The horse had stopped. When they perceived, by the light of the moon, that the coffin had been overturned, and directly afterwards saw the dead body stalking across the road in his shroud, they were horror-struck. They fell upon their knees, and began to pray. Of course, they could not doubt that it was a ghost.

"Without more ado, I hastened to complete my escape. I tucked up my winding-sheet with one hand, as scrupulously as an ancient gentlewoman her petticoats

on a rainy day, and fled across the fields. After I had gone I should think five miles, I paused for an instant's repose. I now threw away my borrowed attire, and pursued my way more leisurely in my peasant's dress. After this, I completed my journey hither without interruption. I esteem myself peculiarly fortunate that I arrived in time to see the capture of old Potiphar, and the happiness of my friend Trump."

"A very pretty and very ingenious escape," said Skamp. "I assure you, Herr Baron, that I am proud of my disciples."

"I wonder who the old gentleman was whose place you usurped in so irregular a manner," said Lackland.

"Did I not mention his name?" said Rabenmark. I forgot then to tell you what I heard from my friends, the undertakers. It seems he was a Pommeranian gentleman, of great wealth, as reported, and a stranger in these parts. His name was Count Bernard Von Rothenberg."

"Thousand Donnerwetter!" shouted Pappenheim. "My old uncle, Rothenberg!"

"Your uncle! your uncle! What uncle?" cried a dozen voices.

"The very same rich old tyrant of an uncle," said Pappenheim, "who has always opposed my union with Ida on account of her plebeian blood. His estate was entailed upon me. He could not keep it from me after his death, so he took devilish good care to make me feel the want of it during his life. He was a miserly old tyrant. But no matter. Peace to the dead! Give me joy, my boys. I am now Count Pappenheim Von Rothenberg, with twenty thousand dollars a-year.

"Well," said Trump, "it was as well, after all, my dear Pappenheim, that our elopements miscarried. We

had the 'sport and now my business is settled satisfactorily. As for you, I suppose there is no doubt about old Poodleberg's consent to your union with his daughter in your present improved circumstances.

"Certainly not—certainly not. I shall marry her tomorrow. I might probably have done so before now, if I had chosen to demonstrate the certainty of my inheritance to the satisfaction of the Professor; but Ida was romantic, and I was obstinate, and so we determined to elope instead. No matter, it is all over now, and I bid you all to my wedding."

It may easily be believed that the happy termination of Trump and Pappenheim's amours enlivened the assembly. We had a plentiful supply of wine, and we devoted ourselves to merriment. The grey tints of morning were already visible before any of the party sought repose.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MODERN HANNIBAL.

A WEEK had passed. Our band had separated. There has never been the least suspicion thrown upon any of us. We were accordingly not liable to detection, after we had once dissolved our body. I took up my abode for a short time in Brunswick. While there I received a letter from Skamp: he informed me that there was no danger in my returning if I chose. Several of the members of our late honourable society were in Göttingen; among

the rest Trump Von Toggenburg and Pappenheim. They were both shortly to be married on the same day. They were anxious that I should be present at the ceremony. The latter part of the letter afflicted me deeply. To my horror and dismay, I was informed that Rabenmark had returned, had met his brother-in-law, Count Leopold Wallenstein, the son of the commandant, and had slain him in the streets. The rest of the history was to be related to me by word of mouth.

I hastened to Göttingen. I found the smuggler. I eagerly demanded news of Rabenmark. He told me that immediately after the murder he had surrendered himself to justice, and that he was now in prison. His trial was to take place on the morrow, and that there was no doubt he would be condemned to death.

"My poor dear disciple!" said the singular narrator, wiping a real tear from his cheek: "I took such a pride in him. He was my favourite of all of you. Alas! that he should die so prematurely."

Together, we went to visit Rabenmark. We found him chained in a dungeon. He was grown haggard. His features were sunken, and his eye like a maniac's. He informed me, in a few words, of his whole horrible history. Immediately after his last interview with Bertha, the commandant discovered their intercourse. A faithless servant betrayed their secret. The Count even believed that their intercourse had been criminal, for the infernal servant had concealed, or was ignorant of the important fact of their marriage.

Incensed at the dishonour which he believed to have been cast on his illustrious name, the iron-hearted Wallenstein summoned his daughter. Unmindful of and disbelieving her protestations of innocence, her entreaties

and her tears, he immured her in a chamber of his own house. She refused her food—she became ill. Nothing softened him. By and by, the same servant who had betrayed her to her father brought her an exaggerated history of the capture of her husband. He informed her, moreover, that the commandant had thrown him in prison, and had sworn that he should be executed the next day. The unfortunate Bertha was already, from the effects of exhaustion and agony of mind, the victim of a violent fever. She became delirious. In the course of the night her fever increased to frenzy. In a fit of insanity, she cast herself from the window, which was in the topmost story of the house. She was dashed to pieces.

"I saw her body, Morton," said the fox, when he had finished relating, in the calmest manner, this short and fearful history. "I saw her body, and the next instant I met her brother. He had ever been my enemy, more implacable than her father. I slew him on the spot. Still my vengeance is not quite complete; but the hour has almost come."

As he ended, a fearful expression passed across his features, and then he relapsed into a state of apparent apathy.

This lasted a few minutes, and presently afterward he aroused himself, and asked the jailor, who, of course, had not quitted us, what had become of the coffin-maker? The smuggler had left the cell for a moment. The jailor called him and he returned.

"I understand," said Rabenmark, looking towards the jailor, "that there is little doubt of my condemnation and immediate execution."

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"I suppose," he continued with a ghastly kind of mirth, "the authorities will not object to my bespeaking my own coffin. I wish to be buried as becomes a gentleman, although I die a felon's death. Skamp, be sure to place a silver shield upon the lid, and engrave my arms upon it. Here is my signet; you can copy from that."

As he spoke, he drew his seal-ring from his finger, and gave it to the smuggler. Skamp gave him a significant look.

Soon after this we all retired. As I took leave of him, Rabenmark threw his arms about my neck, and kissed me.

"We shall never meet again, except for a moment in the judgment-hall to-morrow," said he.

"I shall visit you afterwards," I interrupted. "I can obtain permission easily."

"Well, well—perhaps. Adieu!—Morton, adieu for ever!"

I left the place. I was suffocated with emotion. I passed a sleepless night. The next morning I hastened to the council-chamber. An early hour had been appointed for the trial.

I entered the room. The commandant and the civil government of the town were in their places. The judges wore a gloomy look. The prisoner was seated, out of respect to his rank, and perhaps in consideration of his evident bodily illness. The trial was short. No defence was made. The judge inquired if he could say nothing in extenuation of his guilt. He obstinately refused to speak. The senior judge read with due solemnity the accusation and the conviction. He concluded by passing sentence of death on the Baron Otto Von Rabenmark.

The execution was appointed for the following day but one.

The guards went forward to conduct the prisoner back to his dungeon. He motioned them away. They retired several paces. Rabenmark arose.

"My Lord Judge," he began, "you have asked me what I had to urge in extenuation of my offence. I answered nothing; for there was nothing I could urge. There is another question which I could have answered in a manner more satisfactory. I have much to say in aggravation of my offence. The catalogue of my crimes is not complete. There are two more deaths which I shall have to answer for at another tribunal than yours —if indeed there be a future judgment, as your priests inform us."

The judge made a gesture of surprise. Even the gloomy Wallenstein, who was next him, and within arm's length of Rabenmark, became attentive, and a little agitated. The secretary seized his pen to note down the new disclosures. Rabenmark resumed.

"I am the last of my race. The last of a house, which has been illustrated by the achievements of a hundred heroes, ye have condemned to die a felon's death. But ye have yet to learn that a Rabenmark will at least be no common felon. If he be crushed, his fall shall at least be signalized by no ordinary catastrophe. My bride—my true and lawful bride, the daughter of this proud man—is dead; and Leopold Wallenstein is dead; and Otto Von Rabenmark, as ye think, is in two days to lay down his head on the executioner's block;—but there is yet another victim whom you dream not of."

"Whom mean you?—Speak!" cried the judge with earnestness.

"The Count of Wallenstein!" shouted Rabenmark, and as he spoke he suddenly drew a dagger, strode forward to the commandant, and struck him to the heart.

He fell without a groan. The weapon remained, buried to the hilt, in the wound. For a moment all present seemed paralyzed. During the instant's delay, Rabenmark slipped his signet from his finger, plucked out the stone, and applied the large hollow ring to his mouth. All was done with the rapidity of thought.

The judge, recovering himself, shouted to the guard to secure the murderer.

"You are too late, my lord," said Rabenmark. "The executioner is cheated. The felon shall not die a felon's death. Bertha Wallenstein, thou art revenged!"

As the last words passed his lips, he fell a corpse.

Through the agency of the smuggler, a potent and subtle poison had been procured, and introduced into the cavity of the ring. The executioner was baulked.

BOOK III.

" *Faust.*—Was bin ich denn, wenn es nicht möglich ist
Der Menschheit Krone zu erringen,
Nach der sich alle Sinne dringen?
Mephistopheles.—Du bist am Ende—was du bist.
Setz' dir Perrücken auf von Millionen Locken,
Setz' deinen Fuss auf Ellen hohe Socken,
Du bleibst doch immer was du bist."

FAUST.

" Bohemia! said my uncle Toby—musing a long time;—what became of that story, Trim?

" We lost it, an' please your honour, somehow betwixt us; but your honour was as free from love then as I am."

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

LETTER I.

UNCAS MORTON TO SANSTERRE LACKLAND.

Prague.

You are still urgent for me to join you in Vienna.—What the deuce should I do in Vienna? You tell me of your gaiety and the beauty of the women; of your carnival frolics, and all the attractions of the gay world. I answer with Pistol, " A foutra for the world and worldlings base!" I am sick of society. I am tired and worn with travel, and I have taken refuge in this old-fashioned and most Gothic city for the sake of repose. Prague, you know, is a town which I had always a passion for, and I am glad that there has been nothing of late to prevent me from establishing myself comfortably here.

I was delighted when I first kicked off my dusty shoes in this place. Our many years of constant travel had at last disgusted me, for a time at least, with what I thought would never surfeit me,—change. I am fairly sick for the present of "the Alp and Apennine, the Pyrenean and the River Po," and desire the variety of beholding every day the same scenes and faces. To a person who has lived so long in a whirl, monotony is in itself an excitement.

I pray you, Lackland, leave me to myself for the present. You must certainly be a little weary of my society. We shall meet soon enough; but in the meantime I must be left to occupations with which you have but little sympathy. We have been long together; we have tried each other thoroughly; we shall soon meet again.

Let me see: since we left all those "courageous captains of compliments," at the University, six years ago, we have hardly been a day separated. We have drunk Tokay together in Hungary, and eaten ortolans in Florence. We have swum together in a gondola at Venice, and in a flat-bottomed scow, on the Nile. We have shot quails together in Egypt, and eaten artichokes in Jerusalem; in short, we have become "picked men of countries" in each other's society during our desultory loungings through the world; and now it is my purpose to sit quietly down and complete my education. I know you will laugh at this; but no matter. Even you, who know me so well, are not aware that instead of being too frivolous I am only too serious a person. One day you will find out your mistake, and acknowledge that the greatest fault of your friend was his gravity.

As I said before, I have a passion for Prague, and I

shall quit it with regret. It is suited to my present style of mind. I am a quiet man, and I love a quiet place. This city is as silent as a cloister. I go to the summit of the Hradschin almost every day, and spend sometimes whole mornings in drowsy meditations. It is so still and noiseless, that you may almost hear the sands of time rushing through his eternal hour-glass. I have half a mind to turn monk at once.

Another favourite resort of mine, towards sun-set, is on the old bridge, which you remember connects the old and new town. I stand almost every afternoon by the statue of St. John of Nepomuk, which is nearly in the centre of the bridge, and on the very spot where the very saintly or very hypocritical monk was kicked into the river by the choleric king Wenzel. I do not know whether you recollect the anecdote, which in brief is this. The said John of Nepomuk was ghostly confessor to her majesty of Bohemia, the spouse of Wenzel. The intercourse between the lady and the priest became at last so constant and so very intimate, that the monarch had but one of two things to suppose:—either that his wife must have an enormous burden of sins on her conscience to require such a constant closeting with the friar, which was a disagreeable supposition; or that the saint was no better, and his wife a great deal worse, than they should be. Circumstances at last convinced him that he was on the latter horn of the dilemma, and so one day, having unluckily happened to meet the clerical gentleman in the centre of the bridge, he took occasion to toss him over the parapet. The friar, of course, after this martyrdom, became a saint, and the legend goes on to say, that his body never rose to the surface till the ninth day after the catastrophe. On the evening of that day, however,

a solitary fisherman was crossing the river in his skiff. As he reached the spot where the body of the saintly John had sunk, he saw three stars rise slowly from the water and ascend to Heaven: soon afterwards he heard a slow and solemn strain of music, and then the body of the saint rose quietly to the surface. The fisherman brought it on shore, where it was of course buried with pompous obsequies, and the unfortunate monarch loaded with execrations.

There is hardly a stone in Prague that has not its legend, and every thing that meets the eye has a smack of the olden times. There are numberless traditions which are associated with this very bridge, and it is this, perhaps, which has made it so favourite a haunt of mine.

There is an ancient and uncouth-looking pillar at the entrance of the bridge on the old side, and just in front of the feudal-looking portal which opens into the Hradschin. It is said that the sword of the puissant Brunslik is concealed within its shaft, and that when the hour of the city's greatest danger has arrived, the enchanted brand will leap from its hiding place, and destroy all its enemies without mortal assistance.

I suppose there must be some heavy calamity in store for this devoted city: for there have already been troublous times in which assistance would have been acceptable; but in which the sword of the doughty giant has not thought proper to exhibit itself. One would suppose, when Fritz the Great was bombarding the town the other day, and knocking the churches and houses of the inhabitants about their ears, that the patriotism of this wonderful sword might have been excited. It was not so, however. Brunslik kept perfectly quiet, and the heroic Frederick blazed away unmolested.

The view up and down the river on a sunny afternoon is beautiful from the centre of the bridge. The city is surrounded by a splendid amphitheatre of hills which are legitimate off-shoots of the "giant mountains" so celebrated in ancient German story; and the yellow Moldau sweeps onward through the valley in a broad and rapid current. The town is built on each bank; the stone bridges which connect the old and new Stadt are of massive and ancient architecture, and the principal one is lined with a double row of colossal statues.

There are two large and beautifully wooded islands in the centre of the river, which are the favourite promenade for loungers every afternoon, and of the industrious burghers and their wives on Sundays. Ferry boats are constantly plying hither and thither between them and both shores, and you are almost certain to hear the lively strains of a full band of music, issuing, towards evening, from those island-groves. The air is always full of music in Germany, and there is not a place where you will enjoy that luxury in greater abundance than in this, not even excepting your much vaunted Vienna.

As you look up and down from the bridges, the architecture of the town reminds you every instant of the middle ages. The houses are high, many-storied and toppling; the streets narrow, the churches numerous and most interesting specimens of all kinds of gothic, and the ancient Hradschin with its cathedral and chapel, crowning the summit of the mountainous "old town," is the most imposing part of the picture.

I wander often at even-tide to the ancient cathedral on the Hradschin, and attend vespers with almost the regularity of a good Catholic. It is when I am fairly within the eternal twilight of this magnificent old

church, that the allusion which is always floating over me in Prague,—the feeling of antiquity, the presence of by-gone days.—becomes complete.

As I enter, I feel myself carried softly back into the midst of the olden time. The present century floats entirely away, and the buried ages arise from their long repose, and flit over me on noiseless wings. I feel—sensibly feel—their existence and their presence.

The dim light streams through the gorgeously painted windows, catching a thousand brilliant and fantastic hues. Those windows are adorned with legends from holy writ, quaint portraits of saints, and armonial bearings of emperors, and of prelates who were more powerful than emperors. The paintings are grotesque and faulty; but the colours are brilliant beyond all emulation of our day, for the art has not survived the artists of those times.

As I look upward towards the fretted and far distant roof, and mark the gothic and pointed arches which support and increase its height, I recognize the poetry of that invention, and feel that those arches, in obedience to the thought of their inventor, do really strive toward Heaven. The walls are hung with ancient and holy pictures,—the niches are filled with statues,—the little chapels are each ornamented with its altar and its saint, and filled with reliques, votive offerings, and Bohemian legendary wonders. In yonder time-blackened monument repose the ashes of five emperors and two kings. The numerous sarcophagi covered with rude sculpture, and quaintly wrought in dust-stained marble, which line every aisle, enclose the monuments of the ancient Ritterschaft. On each of them reposes, with his mailed hands piously folded, the figure of some valorous old German knight.

The whole of the tesselated floor is covered with half-effaced inscriptions, with ancient names and chivalrous escutcheons. The ashes of a hundred forgotten warriors are beneath your feet.

The twilight deepens,—the small bells tinkle,—the odour of frankincense is in the air. The robed priests glide towards the altars,—the solemn peals of the vast organ roll through the vaulted arches. The floor is covered with dark and prostrate forms; but no voices are heard save the chanting of the choristers, and the low and solemn accents of the priests.

I beg your pardon for all this balderdash and I hardly know how I slipped into such a rhapsodical vein; but when you speak to me of the hackneyed delights of Vienna, and exert all your eloquence to drag me from my resting place, you see what you bring upon yourself.

I have bored you long enough in all conscience, and so I shall make no apology for breaking off at once. So good night, my dear Lackland.

Your true friend,
UNCAS MORTON.

LETTER II.

SANSTERRE LACKLAND TO UNCAS MORTON.

Vienna, 1777.

FOR the present then I will leave you to yourself. You are much mistaken, however, if you think me very gay. On the contrary, I am bored, as I always am. This city, however, is as good a place to be bored in as I know.

You recollect the answer of the Englishman in Paris, to the solicitations of a friend who wished him to leave his apartment, and go out into the world. "Merci, mon ami, je m'ennuie très bien ici." This is pretty much the case with me, and with the rest of my countrymen. It seems to me that one great reason why the English, as a nation, are such victims of ennui, is, because there is so large a class who have exactly no other profession. Do not mistake me. I do not speak of men of large fortunes. I despise an opulent landholder who is, or affects to be, an ennuyé. If he be really so it argues a weakness of intellect, and there is nothing more to be said. But if he affects it, he excites my indignation, for I consider it an infringement on my own rights. The class to which I belong is a large one, and I claim for it the exclusive monopoly of ennui. It is composed of men of good birth and small fortune. Younger sons of younger brothers, and in short, of exactly that sort of people who have absolutely no niche in society, no place in the universal machine.

It is exactly this sort of people who, if they are absolutely destitute of property, seem born for nothing but to curates in unknown Welsh parishes, or to be knocked on the head in obscure East Indian campaigns; men too high born to improve their fortunes in lucrative professions, too insignificant to be worth a great man's while to push them up the ladder of promotion. And then if we have a little miserable competence, as is more particularly my own case, why so much the worse. It is then that we are obliged to adopt ennui as a trade. We cannot hold soul and body together in England on our stipend, and so we go into exile immediately. We wander through the world without aim or object; we lounge

through life doing nothing and expecting nothing, and when we die, we have not even the satisfaction of diminishing the population of our native country.

It is odd, but not unnatural, that I never yet have given you a distinct account of my life previous to our acquaintance. To tell a man your story face to face is a bore, particularly if you have nothing extraordinary to relate. It is, however, an easier matter, when it serves as a material for a dull pen to fill up a letter withal; and as you have often requested it, so here goes for a sketch in the manner of Boccaccio.

Do not, however, be alarmed at my exordium; I promise to give you my life and adventures in a dozen words.

My father was the Hon. Plantagenet Lackland, the eighth son of the Earl of Agincourt; my mother was Lady Griselda Sansterre, the youngest scion of that illustrious and impoverished house.

When I was a child I was the pet of my grandfather. The earl was a retired and pedantic old gentleman, and as I was a boy of studious and quiet habits I suited his fancy. As I grew up my nature began to develope itself. As I became more turbulent, my grandfather's nerves were disturbed, and he grew less fond of me; at last I took to fox-hunting, and he discarded me altogether. My father remonstrated with the old gentleman. It was of no use, but hopes were given that I should be remembered in his will—of course this was sufficient, and I took no farther care of the future. Relying upon the earl's promise, my father, who preceded him to the grave, made no provision for me. Not long after this my grandfather died, and I with the rest of the relations, attended the opening of the will. The facetious old gentleman, whether in consideration of my partiality for horses, or

in still deeper satire, left me the legacy of a halter. Instead of flying into a rage, I took it very good-naturedly, (for in fact I hardly expected much more,) and sent it to the livery stable where I kept my only mare.

After this event, I reflected that something must be done. Some of my relations who had influence at the War-office, procured me a commission in an infantry regiment. I rather objected to the "muds," for as I had a halter I should have preferred the cavalry. There was no help for it, however, and soon afterwards the regiment was ordered to India.

I served through the French war—got three bullets through my body—nearly died of the country fever, and returned to England at the peace. As I had been mentioned in several of the despatches, I was promoted from an ensign to a lieutenant. With this brilliant reward for my three years' services, I retired on my half pay.

There were few of my relations for whom I had much affection. I met them occasionally, but our greetings were cold and formal. But there was one whom I had always loved with the tenderest affection—she deserved it—it was my mother—and the noblest and gentlest of God's creatures. As soon as I could get away, I hastened down into the country to meet her. As I passed through the shrubbery, I plucked hastily a rose from her favourite bush. I remembered how often I had seen her tending it, and I kissed it for her sake. I rushed into the house to embrace her. I came into her little parlour—her harp stood in the corner— a vase of flowers was on the table. Her little book-case, her favourite chair, the picture of my father—all were as I so well remembered them. A book lay on the table folded down at the place where she had evidently just finished reading. I real-

ized that I was at home. I went into the passage and called to her, and my heart bounded as I listened for her coming step. There was no answer—I called again. A vague feeling of apprehension and of dread came over me. At last a female servant made her appearance. I was informed that my mother had died that morning. I spare you the rest. I beg your pardon for mentioning this. But there was now nothing I cared for in England, and the country was hateful to me. One day I was dining in London, at the table of a very young lieutenant-colonel. He was my junior in years, and had entered the army only a month before the peace. He had, however, risen very rapidly, owing either to his extraordinary merit or to his being an earl's eldest son.

Just after dinner I received a letter in an unknown hand. I opened it, and found I had been left a property of five hundred pounds a year. An old bachelor uncle, who had been present at the opening of Lord Agincourt's will, had been pleased with my good-nature about the halter. He was a humourist, and conceived on the spot a great liking for me. The eccentric old gentleman, however, kept his partiality a profound secret from the whole world during his life-time. On his death, however, it was discovered that he had made me his sole heir. This was as much to my surprise as it was to the total discomfiture of a pack of greedy second cousins and toad-eaters.

This competence appeared to me a fortune. It was one; for I had passed the age of excitement. I was independent for life. There was no danger of my extravagance. I knew I should always be capable of living on my income. I should never think of competing with people of one hundred thousand a-year, which I have

seen many a silly young man do, with smaller means than mine. If this legacy had been left to me half a dozen years before, I should have run the whole through in six months. But now,—I knew that five hundred pounds a-year, were nothing more nor less than five hundred pounds a-year, and there was not the least danger of my mistaking it for a thousand.

I left England as a matter of course. There was no place for me there—and I hated it—I hated to have my own insignificance thrown in my face every moment.

I began to lounge through the world, which I have continued to do ever since. I discovered very soon the text of my present homily, that ennui is the profession of my class—"the badge of all my tribe."

I was satisfied with it, however, and I am willing to take the world as I find it. I lead a lazy, idle, good-for-nothing sort of life, but I have no fault to find with the world or myself.

The power of changing the scene is, and always will be, in my possession, and I travel about so leisurely that I shall never tire of my wandering existence. I am content to live and die like an Arab; I carry my affections with me. I pack up my household gods in my portmanteau, and can make a home in as short a time as any other man can take out the contents of his dressing case. In short, I am a cosmopolite and an "ennuyé" on principle.

I should find it more agreeable to be a "looker-on here in Vienna," if you would join me; but as you have settled into a philosopher, I will leave you to yourself.

Our old friend, Pappenheim von Rothenberg, and his wife, are making a great figure here. He has been lately appointed resident minister at the Austrian court.

The little Ida is as pretty and piquante as ever; she asks me often about you, and abuses you for not coming to Vienna. So you see I am not the only one who wishes your presence.

So, my dear fellow, do have the kindness to "hang up philosophy" as soon as you can make it convenient, and cut that musty tumble-down Prague of yours.

Thine by yea and nay, S. L.

LETTER III.

MADAME VON WALLDORFF TO COUNTESS PAPPENHEIM.

Prague, 1777.

I HAVE sent you the music—Walldorff is in the country at present, but soon after his return he will probably visit you at Vienna. It is possible that I may accompany him You know, dearest Ida, how sincerely I hope it may be so How is Pappenheim? and how do you like the duties of an ambassadress? I am afraid you will learn to despise our humdrum ways in Bohemia; but no matter, I have made up my mind not to let you off from your visit to Walldorff in the summer.

Among the music you will find a pretty little waltz composed by your dear old uncle, Baron Kinski. He is as lively and eccentric as ever. You will see that he has dedicated it to me, which I consider a great honour.

Apropos of music—Do you know that our barrel-organ (as you are good-natured enough to denominate our

Prague Opera-house) has become one of the wonders of the world; not for any merit of its own, to be sure, for the boxes are as dingy, the stage as dark, and the decorations as faded as ever. But, my dear Ida, you have no idea what a wonderful creature this new singer has proved to be. Till I attend one of St. Cecilia's own private concerts I never expect to hear a voice like hers. She is a contralto. Such sweetness! such compass and depth, and such execution! Really, some of her tones appeared not to be human. Moreover she acts divinely, and is as beautiful as an angel.

Of course Kinski was full of "furore" at the first note. They have become great friends, for who could resist the kindness and bonhomie of the excellent old gentleman? She appears now at almost all his musical parties, and usually sings once or twice. Of course they are more the rage now than ever. She is agreeable in conversation, very accomplished, speaks all the known languages I believe, ancient and modern; and Kinski says she composes Latin serenades. She is full of life and spirits, very young, very beautiful, as I said before, and moreover of character pure beyond the reach of detraction. What a paragon! But she shall not come to Vienna, we are determined. So if you wish to see her you must come to Prague.

There is a young Bohemian shepherd who has lately made his appearance as a poet. He has published a small volume, and has placed himself under my protection. His verses have really much merit but they have one defect, nobody can read them. They are written in the Bohemian dialect, which of course I understand, having passed all my childhood in the heart of my native country, but which is a dead letter to most readers of poetry.

As the young man is needy, and really very meritorious, I have done what I could for him Finding that the book was lying on hand and not likely to find a purchaser, I sent to the publishers and bought up the whole edition. This was of course kept a secret from the author, who is delighted with the rapid sale of his production. Your friend Morton, whom you inquire for, is still here, and likely to be. Accident made me acquainted with him a long time ago, and since his return we have been great friends. He is much altered from the singular person whom you describe as one of the principal heroes of your Göttingen adventures. He is never moody or misanthropical—on the contrary, he is the most good-natured sort of person in the world; but he is very distrait and very studious. He and old Kinski are the most intimate friends. He is the old gentleman's prime favourite. They lodge very near each other, and hardly ever separate. Kinski, as you know of old, is a man of great learning; he is a profound student of all the natural sciences, and, as far as I can learn, has elected himself a professor on these subjects for the exclusive benefit of Morton. The latter lives, I believe in a laboratory, and sometimes, both are seen to disappear into his lodgings, and are not heard of again for whole days. These freaks, to be sure, are rare for Kinski, who still keeps up his love of music and society; but as for Mein Herr Morton, he has been known not to leave his lair for two months together. It is said that horrible detonations are sometimes heard in his apartments, and blue smoke and flames are seen issuing from the windows. His neighbours take him, I believe, for a necromancer; but I believe he is only a chemist. Perhaps he is searching for the philosopher's stone.

In these long seclusions of his he keeps his door in-

exorably fastened, and is never to be seen. All visitors are turned away by his servant, an uncouth barbarian with red hair, and demoniac aspect, whom he brought from Göttingen, and who has accompanied him on all his wanderings for the last six years. This worthy defends the privacy of his master by force of arms if necessary; but a sight of him is usually enough, and all intruders go away convinced that Morton must be the devil, and Gottlob (his servant) his principal imp.

We see him, however, sometimes in society. When questioned about the rebellion in the American provinces, which seems creating such excitement even in the heart of our despotism, he answers confusedly, and hastens to change the subject. He at least is evidently no rebel, and I suspect is as indifferent an Englishman as American. Although we are so old acquaintances he will never converse with me on political subjects. Upon other subjects he is fluent enough, but on this, his only answer is that he knows nothing about them. Is not this odd for a man whose country is in such a state? It is weak at least, not to say imbecile.

So much for Mr. Morton, to whom I should not have devoted so large a portion of this letter, but that I know he is an old friend of yours, and that you take much interest in him. So do I; for to say the truth he is a most entertaining savage.

Adieu, dearest Ida, and remember your promise next summer. Thine ever, OTTILIA.

LETTER IV.

UNCAS MORTON TO SANSTERRE LACKLAND.

I THANK you for your letter. But you are under two mistakes, my dear fellow. In the first place, who told you I was studying metaphysics, and entangling myself in mystical absurdities? What stuff! No one abominates the whole abominable science of metaphysics more than I, and if Germany has done me no more good than to cure me of all partiality for such enervating study, it has still done enough. More of my studies anon; but at present for your second mistake. What put it into your head that I was a misanthrope? I, a misanthrope! I—"a gloomy, sarcastic, contemptuous hermit!" Believe me I have long out-grown such nonsense. There is a period in adolescence, during which we seem to be subject to attacks of misanthropy and disgust for the world; but, thank Heaven, we live through them all, and are seldom the worse for any. To be sure my attack was rather more severe than falls to the lot of the average number. You know the events which preceded my arrival in this hemisphere, and it was no matter of surprise to you, that at my age, they made a deep impression on my character.

To say the truth, at the time when I first knew you, I was a misanthropic and an unhappy person. I had been disappointed in more ways than one; humiliated, insulted, stung to the heart's core, and in my wrath I hated all my species. When I first stood alone in a foreign land with the memory of my fresh misfortune,

crowding upon me, it seemed that my heart was freezing within me, I could feel the ice forming itself rapidly around me, and shutting me out from all communications with my species. * * *

The fact is, it seems to me that there are certain regular transitions through which the mind must pass before it reaches maturity, and that each stage is exposed to its peculiar diseases and sufferings. Like puppies we are all born blind; but less fortunate than they, it is many years before our mental vision is able to bear without winking an exposure to the full sunlight of Truth.

The first decade of our life is a period of sense alone. The child exists only in its senses. The second is the age of sentiment,—of imagination,—of exaggeration,—of aimless and preposterous ambition; the age when the same splendid phantasmagoria displays itself to the mind of every one, and which every one believes has been revealed to him alone.

The next ten years are apt to be years of misery. The third decade commences with a shock from which the healthiest and most elastic mind is slow in recovering. The sun of life's noon-day has at last swept away the beautiful mirage which enchanted our eyes, and hid from us the weary waste over which we are journeying, and we awake, to feel the scorching heat, to see the wide and hopeless sands, and to be alive to the dull monotonous course we are to traverse. Then come materialism, scepticism, and sensuality from principle; so much worse than the sensuality from instinct which characterized our earlier life. Then is the moment when that blighting and inevitable "cui bono" first intrudes upon the mind; that question which we cannot answer. Then come its effects; recklessness,—restlessness,—ex-

citement-seeking; contempt,—misanthropy. This is the period, when if the individual be peculiarly irritable or his misfortunes exceedingly poignant, the consequences are sometimes extravagant. At this age, some commit suicide, and some matrimony, and some content themselves with writing gloomy verses for the newspapers. After this, however, succeeds an age of good nature, of bonhomie and placidity. We have outgrown our youthful follies. We have discovered how many of what we considered our own extraordinary idiosyncracies were merely the characteristics of our race, and we begin to make ourselves quiet and comfortable.

Since I began to study, I will confess that I came near having a relapse into melancholy. Say what you will of the delights of dawning wisdom, and the approach of manhood; it is after all a disagreeable epoch. We dislike to see one bright delusion after another melt away like stars before the clear, cold light of morning. The night of our ignorance attracted our eyes to those bright constellations; the daylight of our wisdom obscures those lesser lights, and shows us only the deserts over which we are wandering.

I got over this, however, very soon, and then I set myself seriously to study. I am a student now, and an industrious one—but certainly I am not a metaphysician.

I have discovered that a limit is set to the human intellect, (or to my own at least,) and I have no wish to irritate myself by speculations on subjects beyond my grasp. Under this category I place particularly the whole science of mental philosophy. It is my fixed determination to study only that which is palpable. The earth, the present visible world, is, in my opinion, the sphere in which the human intellect is to be exercised;

and just as in the material world, if you ascend too high beyond the common atmosphere, you are chilled and sickened, and if you remain, killed; or if you descend too low, you are overcome and poisoned by mephitic vapours, which surround and indicate the limits of human progress; so, in the intellectual world; if our thoughts aspire above or beyond their proper atmosphere, the mind is sure to become giddy; to be maddened or paralyzed.

It is my belief that men are apt to forget, in their education for heaven, their more immediate and earthly one. I hold it to be neither blasphemous nor immoral, for the creature to acknowledge that he has been created weak, and to leave certain things in their places, till he is endowed with strength to grapple with them. If we have been placed upon this earth by a Being of infinite wisdom, with faculties and capabilities suited to our sphere, I think we should show more humility and more faith by exercising our present powers in the best and most fitting manner, than by arrogantly striving after those things which he has not thought proper to place within our reach.

Suppose, for instance, that all mankind were certain that in some future state of being the power of flying was to be added to their present physical powers; am I to believe that he who has spent his life in flapping his arms in the air, or in making similar preparations for overcoming a present impossibility, will prove more dexterous than the man who has patiently and humbly contented himself with exerting those powers to which God has for the present limited him?

It is my intention to make nature my school-mistress, and to study truly those subjects in which she can in-

struct me. I believe that if all mankind were to do likewise,—if we were all willing to go at once as it were to the lectures which she is ever reading to us, and to take notes for ourselves, the sum of knowledge would be greatly increased. The study of metaphysics, accordingly, after having pursued it a short time in the most metaphysical city in the world, I abandoned with disgust; and it seems to me that it is with men of some intelligence, a mere excuse for idleness. Any one may talk about the mind, because there are no facts about it; and although he may find plenty of disciples who believe him right, he is sure that there will be no one who can prove him wrong. The science of ideas must, I think, infallibly degenerate into a study of words, a study which is most enervating, and which, if the intellect be originally strong, will result in madness, or in imbecility, the most usual case, if the capacity be moderate. This is apt to be the misfortune of those who have become enamoured and perplexed with the singular vagaries of the German transcendentalists; a misfortune seldom happening to the Germans, but often to their foreign disciples. A few philosophers of subtlety, and of strong nerves, have contrived an ingenious and striking theory of words and ideas. They forget to inform their apostles (what they themselves are well aware of,) that the whole science is in reality beyond the range of the human intellect. The unhappy students imbibe greedily the draught that is set before them, and then they begin to babble. Witness in proof the witless productions that have in latter days been given to the world by a set of authors, whose ambition is to envelope common-place in a grotesque and childish garb. When it is divested of its gaudy and tasteless trappings, it is

found by the reasonable not to be worth the trouble it has given; but is admired by a herd of innocent and misguided readers, who are ever prone to mistake pompous folly for wisdom.

I have accordingly arrived at the conclusion, that the most dignified and fitting study is the study of the natural sciences.

If you recollect, however, my dear Lackland, that I am only answering your own question, and giving you only the results of my own inquiries, based perhaps on a consideration of my own individual organization, you will acquit me of arrogance or presumption. I am neither dictating, nor dogmatising, nor promulgating a doctrine. I care not a fig whether the world would or would not probably agree with me; but I am only stating for our mutual gratification the course and the result of my reflections on the subjects concerning which you have questioned me. I say, too, that the pursuit of the real or natural sciences is the most satisfactory of studies.

When I learn a fact which I can prove with a vial of acid, or a bladder of air, or an iron rod, I feel that I have learned something which man cannot contradict. I have been instructed by nature's own lips, and there is no one to gainsay what she has told me. I feel that these are pursuits which elevate and invigorate, instead of bewildering and enervating the mind.

I look with reverence upon the great scientific discoverer,—on the man of robust genius, who stands in his laboratory, surrounded by the elements of the universe—who seizes, enchains, combines, arranges, and makes subservient to his mighty will, the vast and wonderful powers of nature; and I feel that even I, while occupied with my own experiments—my own crude and puerile

attempts, am yet stepping in the trace of God—I feel that, however blindly and darkly, I am yet investigating the mechanism of worlds,—that I am learning to become a god myself; (for the man of to-day is, in all scientific matters, a god to the man of a century since,) and I feel that the man who is fortunate enough to produce any great discovery, after years of painful study, and in the agony of the brain, bestows it upon the world as an additional blessing to those which have emanated directly from the Creator.

It is for these reasons that I reverence the man who, from careful study of created things, proceeds himself to create; and who wastes not his time in idle and painful speculations.

Recollect that, in the very age when those learned and metaphysical schoolmen, who had even been to Arabia to complete their education, were spending years in speculating "whether fishes think," "whether stars were animals, and if so, did they eat," and other equally profound and sensible matters of study,—a quiet friar invented gunpowder. I do not give this as an example of the beneficent tendency of real or scientific study, but certainly as one of its vast and stupendous results.

I make occasional tours for weeks long in the Giant Mountains. I am accompanied always by my faithful servant "Praise God," the executioner's son. I assure you, I have always been glad that I persuaded him, in a moment of whim, to forswear his father's truculent profession, and follow my fortunes; for truly he has proved a most faithful and worthy coadjutor.

During these tours, which I always make on foot, to make collections and investigations, I pick up a stone—a shell—a fossil—or a petrifaction of an animal or weed.

I examine—analyze—decompose—compare—I consult the works of former geologists, mineralogists, and great scientific travellers. I investigate—I ruminate—I even allow myself a little speculation, for speculation with a stone for its subject is not dreaming. If I soar too far, there is still a stone tied to the string, which brings me back to earth. I examine—I go backward—I ascend with history to the sources. She faints by the way-side—she is no more. I push boldly on—I dash into the midst of antiquity. I wander, and call aloud. I invoke the ghosts of the old time. I am in the dark it is true, and shrouded in mist; but I have voluntarily entered. I walked alone only when I was deserted by History, and I cease not to implore the more powerful hand of nature to support and direct me—and I do find it—and I am strengthened and consoled.

Some of these days I may send you more particular accounts of my occupations. For the present I will have done boring you. I make no apology for my tediousness, for you have drawn it upon yourself by your interrogations; so that in the words of Dogberry, "If I were as tedious as a king, I could find it in my heart to bestow it all upon your worship."

Farewell.—Praise-God desires his brotherly love to Herman. Thine ever, U. M.

LETTER V.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Prague, 1777.

THEY make a great deal of fuss about a little opera girl they have just produced on our boards. The peans that

are sung in her praise, have been loud enough to penetrate the walls of my workshop. There is no end to the wreaths and the garlands which old men and young men, women and children, unite in laying at her feet. The green-houses are all but torn down, and if things continue as they are, the flower-women will soon ride in their coaches.

The worst of it is, that they are all abusing me. By all, I mean the three or four persons who form my whole acquaintance in this place. Madame de Walldorff laughs at me for a Cherokee savage, and even my worthy counsellor, professor and adviser, M. de Kinski, is likely to cut me, if I am not willing to prostrate myself with him at the shrine of this deity. But I will not be flouted from my humour. The fact is, I hate your singing women. I am a very bad musician; am not easily moved by the concord of sweet sounds, and have the bad taste to prefer infinitely a male voice to a woman's. What annoys me more than all, is the stuff that these people talk about the creature's shrinking modesty—tremulous gestures, blushes, and the Lord knows what. The shrinking modesty, forsooth, of a woman who exhibits herself to a thousand people nightly.

I should care little for the whole business, if my absence from the opera, during this mania, were not set down by the few friends I have here, as dictated by downright affectation, and a love of singularity.

Madame de Walldorff insists upon it that I should be in love with her at first sight. I answer that I shall never be in love again with any woman but herself. This is true. Madame de Walldorff is old enough to be my mother, and certainly is not, and does not pretend to be a beauty. She is, however, one of the most fascinat-

ing women I ever knew; and if I had not already conceived an affection for her, half filial and half fraternal, which I know she reciprocates, I might perhaps fall in love with her. As it is, there is no danger.

It is only in Germany that I have seen women like her. Women who are high-born without conceit of birth, literary without a tinge of pedantry, political without an inch of intrigue, sentimental without mawkishness, witty without insincerity, and to crown all, poetesses without printing. This comes pretty near my idea of a perfect woman, and this is a "picture in little" of Ottila Von Walldorff. She is as learned as Anna Comnena, and as well dressed as any duchesse of the Faubourg St. Germain. She knows as much of the real state of parties and politics throughout the civilized world as most foreign ministers, and writes better verses than most of our celebrated sonneteers. She is a Lady Bountiful to her dependants. She is virtuous beyond the reach of detraction; and in short—but what stuff have I been twaddling, and of what use was ever a description except in an auctioneer's advertisement!

You ask me after my studies I am, however, determined to bore you no longer with any details of that sort. Suffice that I am as busy and as interested as ever. I am very good-natured, and moreover I am growing fat —a sure sign that philosophy agrees with me.

Old Kinski has been taken off a little by this ballad-monger. I am, however, at present able to take care of myself; still I desire his company and his sympathy, if not his guidance.

He is certainly a most extraordinary fellow. He is verging upon sixty, but is still as lively and enthusiastic a juvenal. His whole soul is wrapped in the sciences,

and he has devoted his whole life to their pursuit. The fine arts have, however, been cultivated by him rather as a pastime and a relaxation than a study, except music, of which he is a passionate and a very skilful professor.

As he is my principal companion, and likely to take a prominent part in whatever I may find worth relating to you during my residence in Prague, I will briefly describe our first interview.

You recollect that our mutual friend, Pappenheim, is his nephew. While we were in Göttingen, that young gentleman had been a long time in treaty for the head of Hanswurst, the housebreaker, who you know was executed shortly after our arrival. This he designed as a present for his uncle Kinski. It is very odd that the future ambassador commenced his diplomatic career, in such a singular transaction; but the most remarkable part of the business was, that it was protracted almost as interminably as a treaty between two first-rate sovereigns.

Although Papp managed the affair with the utmost adroitness, it was near seven years before he could bring the party to terms. I shall not describe to you the various causes of its prolongation, or the manner in which a favourable result was ultimately brought about. You will probably find all the protocols and other papers in all the good collections "pour servir," belonging to the eighteenth century. Suffice that by the merest accident I fell in with Pappenheim at Vienna about six years ago, on my return from the East. He informed me that he had just received Hanswurst's head by the diligence, and intended to forward it immediately to his uncle, and concluded by assuring me it would be a great favour if I

would carry it myself. I desired nothing better, for I had been anxious to improve the slight acquaintance which I had with Baron Kinski. The head was accordingly delivered to me. It was put down in pickle and placed in a stone jar, which was carefully sealed. Immediately on my arrival I called on the Baron. He was out, and I left my card and the pickled housebreaker, to be delivered to him as soon as he should return.

The next day I received an invitation to sup with him. At about nine o'clock I went to the house which he had indicated to me in his note, and which was one of the most crazy antediluvian looking mansions in this tumble-down city.

I was informed by the porter that Baron Kinski lived on the second floor; and thither accordingly I directed my steps.

It was the most intricate break-neck stair-case I had ever the pleasure of ascending, and as it was only lighted by a half expiring lamp, stuck along with an effigy of the Madonna, against the dingy wall, I assure you that it was not without imminent risk of my life that I reached my destination.

At last I reached the door, and jingled the bell. Nobody came. I repeated the experiment half-a-dozen times with no better success. At last I got tired of that amusement and pushed in.

I found myself in a sort of antichamber. There were, however, no servants, although it must be confessed that I was not without companions. I was surrounded by my fellow-creatures, but whether they were like myself, strangers waiting for an audience, or established inmates of the house, I was not able to decide. Not to keep you any longer in suspense, they were all skeletons.

I should think there must have been twenty, arranged in parallel rows as if for a country dance.

You have no idea what a singular impression such a scene made upon a mind so unprepared for finding itself in such company as mine was.

The antichamber was high and gloomy, and though better furnished with light than the passage, was dark enough in all conscience. There was one dusty window, however, through which a few feeble and dismal moonbeams contrived to make their way, and to add new ghastliness to the place.

My deceased friends stood in the most ludicrous positions. They had been fastened on their stands so carelessly, that some of the wires had become loosened, and some of the bones had dropped off.

One tall fellow stood with his body bent towards me, as if for a respectful salute, an amicable grin upon his lantern jaws, and a gigantic arm awkwardly extended as if to grasp my own.

Another was writhing his arms and legs into all sorts of postures like a dancing master; and a third was stooping down, apparently with the intent of rolling at nine-pins with his own head, which had become detached from its socket, and was rolling on the floor very near his hand.

Presently I heard something like a sigh in a distant corner. My heart began to beat, and I felt confoundedly nervous. Then there was a deuced rattling of bones in the same corner. I did not know what to make of it. I felt convinced I must have got into some charnel-house by mistake. I stood stock still.

Presently all was silent.

I took courage. It must have been imagination.

The sigh must have been merely a breath of wind through the open casement, and the rattling of course proceeded from some of these thinly-clad skeletons which were shivering in the breeze.

I began to take courage. I manned myself and advanced a step; suddenly the sigh was repeated. There was no mistaking it. I began to tremble. I am not ashamed to confess it.

Another sigh still deeper than before, and then came an awful voice, hollow as if from the depths of the grave.

"Oh, my God!" said the Ghost.

It was too much for me. I fairly turned tail with the intention of beating a retreat. In my haste, however, I blundered against my obsequious friend with the outstretched arms, overset him, stumbled, and at last found myself locked in his skeleton embrace and sprawling on the ground.

It was an awful moment—I felt very near fainting. At last I aroused my courage, rescued myself from the clutches of the tall gentleman, (who, by the way, lost a jaw-bone and half a leg in the encounter,) and proceeded directly to the fatal corner.

When I got there it was only an old woman.

"What the deuce are you doing here?" said I, beginning to bluster so soon as I found myself in the company of flesh and blood.

She made no answer, but continued to sigh and whimper.

"What are you crying about, good woman?" said I, renewing the attack.

No answer.

"Will you have the kindness, madame, to tell me if this is the infernal regions, or only a cemetery?"

"Oh, my husband, my poor husband!" was her sole reply.

"Where is he?" said I, not exactly seeing what her husband had to do with the matter.

"There!' said she, pointing to a skeleton as tall as my late antagonist.

It was hung with wreaths of flowers, and the skull ornamented with a garland of evergreens.

"Your husband, judging from his present appearance, must have been dead some years. Has not time taught you to moderate your grief?

"Alas! yes, sir—but this is poor Ernest's birth-day, and Baron Kinski is kind enough to allow me to visit my husband on each anniversary. I always bring flowers with me. It is a comfort to me to dress him out as you see."

"How long has he been dead?"

"Just nineteen years, your excellency."

"And are you very regular in your visits?" I asked.

"I have never been absent but on one occasion," was the reply.

"When was that?"

"When? If your excellency will let me reflect—It was the year after the one in which Fritz was with his cannon on the hill yonder. My grandfather said that Brunslik would appear with his sword then—but he did not. I suppose there was to be more work for him one of these days. Well, well,—I shall be dead then—I shall see nothing of the misery of the days which are to come. Yes, it was the year afterwards, for it was the day or two days before Pentecost that I first saw Adolph. He was in the grand procession of the victorious army, and had on his bright blue uniform, with the laced boots,

and the new spurs that he had bought after his old ones had been shot off his heels, your excellency, at the battle of Rossbach, and his plumes and the ribbon I had given him were both waving in his helmet, your excellency, green, red, and blue, were the colours, your excellency; and as he rode down the street with his regiment, he looked up at the garret window, where I was looking at the procession in company with the Frau Mendels, where I went to see the show; because the house I lived in was on the Nagler Strasse, and the procession did not go through that street, because it was so narrow, and moreover they had been repairing it at one end, your excellency, and this was just seventeen years come next Pentecost, and seventeen years to-day, that no garland was given to poor Ernest, your excellency, by his widow."

"And why not?" said I, not exactly seeing the drift of this long story about Pentecost and the battle of Rossbach.

"I was married that day, your excellency," said the garrulous old woman.

"Married! what again?"

"Yes, your excellency, to Adolph."

"In short," said I, "the only occasion on which you omitted to bring his birthday-wreath to your *buried* husband, was your wedding-day with his successor."

"Exactly so, sir. Will your excellency give a poor widow a four-grosschen piece, to remember you by?"

"With pleasure," I replied, "if your excellency will conduct me to the presence either of Baron Kinski, or any of his servants. But you are a widow, you say,—have you lost your second husband too?"

"Yes, your excellency, he was a dragoon, and killed in the battle of Katzenberg."

"And was your first husband a dragoon too?"

"Alas! no, sir, he was a tailor; but he got into bad habits, and was executed for counterfeiting."

With these words the old creature threw open a door, and I found myself in the presence of my host.

This letter has, however, swelled to such an unconscionable length, that I must reserve the rest for another opportunity. Thine ever, U. M.

LETTER VI.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Prague, 1777.

I LEFT myself on the threshold of Kinski.—The room into which I was ushered was spacious and lofty, and the light was admitted through long narrow windows, with heavy mullions and small diamond panes.

There were two or three magnificent Rembrandts on the walls, and one Caravaggio, (the eternal Sharper and his Dupe.)

The ceiling was ornamented with a tolerably well executed fresco, but the walls were scrawled all over with black chalk (by Kinski himself as I afterwards discovered) in the most extraordinary fashion. Hideous grimacing heads, monsters with horrible eyes and lolling tongues, chimeras, griffins, toads with horns, and cows with wings, and all such absurd creations as appear in some of Teniers's "temptations," or display themselves in the dreams of a fever, arrested my attention. The

sketches were all very large, boldly executed, and evidently with the hand of a master.

The invariable stuccoed stove stood in one corner, and was surmounted by a death's head and cross-bones, which gave it the appearance of a funeral monument.

A shelf, which extended conspicuously across the room, was crowded with all sorts of lusus naturæ, neatly arranged in vials and glass bottles, and in the centre was a very large globe of the sort used for gold fish, in which the head of my friend, Hanswurst, was displayed to great advantage.

The room was crowded with books, cabinets of minerals, bug-boxes, anatomical preparations, and all kinds of natural curiosities, and in a large alcove was an apparently very perfect collection of chemical apparatus.

A painter's easel stood in a corner, and a half-finished sketch gave evidence of more genius than usually falls to the share of an amateur.

The tables were crowded with books, pamphlets, prints, and papers, nearly all on scientific subjects; while a guitar and several sheets of music lay upon a piano. I had time to take note of all these things very leisurely, for there was nobody in the room, and my conductress had vanished.

At last, however, an inner door opened, and Kinski entered.

He was a hale old man, turned of sixty, with a hilarious and healthy countenance.

A badly made chesnut wig contrasted whimsically with his brown and wrinkled countenance; but the eye was bright and pleasant, and the teeth tolerably well preserved.

The figure was about the middle height, compact, and slightly corpulent.

His dress was exceedingly neat, contrary to the habit of most students, and his frill was exquisitely plaited.

He advanced towards me, shook me warmly by the hand, and we were soon engaged in earnest conversation.

He discussed all sorts of topics, but his principal themes were music and anatomy. When he found that my attention had been directed of late to the natural sciences, he seemed delighted, and became very communicative.

A servant presently announced that supper was ready.

"I have invited no company to meet you, Mr. Morton," said he, "because I wished that we should make each other's acquaintance first; and secondly, because till I knew you I could not tell what sort of people you would suit and would be suited to you."

I testified my gratification at our being alone. He gave me his arm, and we were proceeding to the supper room—

"Stay, stay," said he, "I had forgotten my duty to my own family—I have not introduced you, I believe, to my grandfather."

"Is it possible," thought I, "that this sexagenarian can have a grandfather?—But these Germans are so long-lived."

"But will he not sup with us?" said I, aloud.

"Ha, ha, ha—very good—very good!" chuckled the Baron, "very excellent! No, no—I am afraid we shall hardly induce him;" and, so saying, he suddenly opened the door of a small mahogany cabinet.

"Mr. Morton, Baron Kinski—Baron Kinski—Mr. Morton."

It was a stuffed man!

For an instant I was staggered; but recovering my

self-possession, and wishing to please the humourist, I made a low obeisance, and assu ed the old gentleman I was charmed to make his acquaintance.

It was the skin of a man of middle stature, the features admirably well preserved, with glass eyes, and stuffed exactly in the manner of wild beasts in a museum.

He had apparently died when a little advanced in years. The hair and beard were a sable silvered, and both were nicely combed.

I had sometimes seen such exhibitions in anatomical collections.

"But why do you dignify him with your grandfather's title?"

"Because he is my grandfather!" said he, coolly.

"And how came he into his present enviable position?"

"Position!—his position is a very good one. This is an excellent and very handsome cabinet. I call him my cabinet minister—very good—ha—ha—ha!"

"Very good indeed," said I; "but pray do you think he would have been satisfied with his situation if he had been consulted on the subject?"

"Consulted—why he selected it for himself—you must know," continued he, "that the Kinskis have been, for several generations, great lovers of science, and withal great humourists.

"My grandfather, the gentleman in the glass case, was a profound student of anatomy. Just before his death, having a small independent property to leave, (apart from the family estate, which descended to my father, and subsequently to my eldest brother,) he summoned his grandchildren to his bed-side. It happened

that there were but two boys among them, my cousin Herman Kinski, and myself.

"'I have a small estate, sufficient to support a moderate man,' said he, 'I am desirous of leaving it to one of you two.'

"'Had you rather,' he continued, addressing himself to Herman, 'had you rather that I should bequeath to you my body (which, by the way must be always preserved and kept in the family of him who inherits it,) or my estate?'

"'God forbid,' cried the booby Herman, 'that my grandfather's body should be deprived of Christian burial, and a worthy monument by the side of his ancestors!'

"'In other words,' said the old gentleman, 'you would prefer the estate—and you, Caspar?' he continued, turning to me.

"Now I had already become imbued with many of my grandfather's whims or absurdities, (if you choose to call them so,) and, moreover, I suspected that he intended to favour me; so I answered boldly—

"'God forbid that I should hesitate for an instant between two such unequal offers—I take the body. God forbid, too, that so distinguished a votary of science as my grandfather, should be doomed to a vulgar burial like common individuals.'

"'It is well,' said my grandfather, 'my body is yours, Caspar.'

"'And the estate?' eagerly demanded Herman.

"But my grandfather had sunk back exhausted.

"The next day he revived a little, and the next day he was able to sit up and be dressed. On the third, he was sitting in his arm chair, in his dressing-gown and

slippers, and every body thought he was fairly recovering, when he suddenly fell back and expired.

"I believe from my soul that he did it on purpose; the eccentric old gentleman could not bear to do anything like other people, and I have no doubt he was inwardly chuckling at the last gasp at having given us the slip so cleverly.

"The will was opened—no mention was found of the estate in question; but by a codicil, his body and the clothes that he last wore, were bequeathed to me.

"I claimed the body, as a matter of course. It was delivered to me.

"On putting my hand into the pocket of the dressing-gown which he wore when he died, I discovered a package of papers. One of them was a letter. It was directed to me. I hastily opened it. First, without any preface, it contained a long list of instructions for pickling and flaying human bodies, together with directions for stuffing and embalming them. He urged upon me strongly the necessity of setting about my task immediately. After I got to the end of all this, I discovered a very important postscript. It was simply a devise (in consideration of his great affection for me, and particularly of his approbation of the love for science and for his person which I had displayed in my late choice,) to me and my heirs of the whole estate in question.

"The other papers were the title deeds, &c. of the estate."

"And you accepted the whole of course?" said I.

"To be sure!" said he, "I became independent for life. I skinned and stuffed my grandfather immediately, and then set off on my travels.

"I have visited your hemisphere. I have been long in South America, in India, and, in short, almost every

part of this world. I have vast collections, and have followed the bent of my natural genius; and all this I owe to my beloved grandfather."

With this he shut the door of the case, and led the way to supper.

I could not help thinking, by the association of contrast, of *your* grandfather's will, Lackland, and the bequest of the halter.

The supper room was a small apartment, and full of old fashioned furniture; the repast and the wines were excellent, and the baron's conversation very agreeable.

I congratulated him on having had relations whose sympathy with his own tastes had enabled him to benefit the world by his studies and his travels.

"All my relations, however," was his reply, "were not so accommodating as my grandfather.

"I had an old aunt who had a pretty property, and wished to leave me a pretty legacy. She sent for me and intimated her intentions. At that time, I had not the ample collection which you probably saw in my antichamber, but was earnestly longing to commence it. When she asked me what sort of a legacy I should prefer to receive from her, I begged her hastily to leave me nothing but her skeleton. The old lady was so incensed that she ordered me instantly from her presence. She died that very evening of spite, and left me a grosschen."

"She certainly was not actuated by the scientific spirit of your grandfather. Was she his daughter?"

"Yes—but I have not told you how I lost a pretty and accomplished wife through my devotion to science."

"No—indeed! I was not aware you had been married."

"Nor have I. It was because I wedded myself so

early to science, that I lost the chance of marrying a creature as fair as science herself."

"How was it?"

"The family of Weiblingen had long been intimate with her own. Propositions had been made to my mother that our families should be united. It was determined that I should marry the lovely Bertha Weiblingen. I made no objections. I had never seen her; but as she was represented as well born, well looking, and wealthy, what objection could I make? I had been represented, I suppose, in as favourable a light to her. The negociations had been secret, however; and she had been induced, with her mother, to visit us in Prague. They were then living in Vienna.

"The day she arrived, my mother hastened to my study to communicate the event.

"I had at that moment received an exquisite present from Vienna—it was a female skeleton. It was soon after my mortification about my aunt, and as that event was fresh in my memory, I was proportionably consoled. Those deuced skeletons were to play me another trick yet. I had received my present, unpacked it, examined it, and placed it in its destined corner. It was my first acquisition—my maiden skeleton—although I believe she had been married in her lifetime.

"I was seated in my arm-chair, gazing at my treasure in an ecstacy of delight, when my mother entered.

"'She has come at last, the little dear!' said my mother.

"'Yes, thank God!' said I, rubbing my hands, and thinking she meant the skeleton.

"'She is a beautiful creature,' said my mother.

"'Perfect, perfect,' I replied.

"'You have seen her, then?' said my mother, with some surprise.

"'Certainly—last month, when I was in Vienna,' said I.

"'Did you ever see such beautiful teeth? said she.

"'Exquisite, exquisite! I never saw teeth or jaws so well preserved.'

"'Such a rounded symmetry in the whole form,' said she.

"'The os coccygis is perfect,' said I.

"'Such a fairy foot!' said my mother.

"'The bone of each toe in its proper place.'

"'Springy motion,' said she.

"'Set on patent wire,' said I.

"'What upon earth are you talking about, Caspar?' said my mother, her eyes suddenly opening.

"'About my skeleton,' said I, 'to be sure. Are not you?'

"'Heaven preserve us! I was talking of your bride,' shrieked the poor lady.

"A light laugh rang through the open door—a light form bounded through the passage—Bertha Weiblingen had crept stealthily to the door at the commencement of the conversation. She wished to have a sly peep at her intended lover. She had heard the whole conversation, and she never forgave me—

"Take a glass of St. George."

The old gentleman laughed heartily on concluding this story, so that it was evident the whole affair had not occasioned him much regret.

I do not recollect much else that occurred on that evening, and if this letter has answered the purpose of making you a little better acquainted with one of the most

learned and benevolent old gentlemen in Germany, my purpose will have been answered.

Thine ever, U. M.

LETTER VII.

MADAME VON WALLDORFF TO COUNTESS PAPPENHEIM.

April 15, 1777.

You have no idea what a beautiful opera it is, dearest Ida. Positively you must come to Prague immediately. And Minna—the glorious Minna—you have no idea of such an actress.

The opera was composed for her expressly; it is her best and her favourite part. Every note of the music from beginning to end is beautiful. You have never seen it—you will never see it if you continue to be so obstinate. Let me describe it to you.

You are in your box—my box—for mine is the best in the theatre. You are in my box—old Spontini, who is still the best of orchestra leaders, enters—lace ruffles, and all. The three raps are given. All is silent—for the enthusiasm for the opera is universal—Spontini waves his fiddlestick, and away they go.

Such a gush of melody! Such a flood of sweet sounds! The music represents morning—morning with the earth awaking, the flowers opening, the birds warbling, the butterflies humming, the fruit trees waving in the breeze.

And then another strain, merry as a morrice-dance. Your heart-strings flutter—your feet pat the floor—you

yield to the merry influence—when, lo! a startling trumpet—a blast which makes you, woman as you are, feel yourself a hero; and then again the merry peal—and then the plaintive tinkling of a guitar. The curtain rises, and an unseen lover chants a sweet romance.

That romance is answered—(attend, dearest Ida)—by the low notes of a woman's voice.

Ah, those low, deep, spirit-like tones—those tones beyond all instruments! She is unseen too; but who that had ever heard could mistake the strains of the enchantress.

I cannot say that I am often affected by a woman's voice. There are instruments which surpass it; but there is something in those low notes beyond all combinations of reed, or chord, or wire; and which seems to swell out from the deepest fountain of the soul.

The sounds are not human; they are spiritual, supernatural. I do not know how it is, but it seems to me, Ida, that it is not my heart alone that is affected by this music. My intellect is awakened, my soul is aroused. My mind (if I have one,) the divinest part of me, is excited sometimes to madness. While yielding to the influence of such strains as these, my fancy kindles, ideas swarm, bright fancies flash across my brain on golden wings. I listen and dream, till I dream myself in heaven—till I feel myself a divinity.

The music ceases, and I fall flat from my empyrean. It is very bad taste I know, my dear Ida, to write such stuff; but really when I speak of this opera I get very enthusiastic, and I suppose very foolish.

This same paragon is as delightful in private as in public. I have met her several times, and she is now always at my parties and concerts. Her manner is high

bred and excellent—by the way she is said to be the natural child of a man of rank—when you come you shall see her. Her conversation is delightful.

I believe that you are acquainted with Sir Doomsday Gules, an English baronet, who has been an habitual resident in Prague for some years. He is an odd person, about fifty years of age. His main object in life seems to have been to free his estate (which is said to be a very fine one) of the mortgages by which it has, so overladen by his predecessors, as to produce hardly any income.

For this purpose he has lived on a pittance for many years, and begins to look forward with some confidence at present, to a final extrication from his difficulties.

His economical habits have, however, at length become fixed upon him, to a great degree, and he is moreover on principle a profound egotist.

Now the most entertaining and oddest thing in the world has happened. What does my poor Sir Doomsday but fall over head and ears in love with Minna, the enchanting actress of whose praises this letter is so full.

Conceive of this economist of fifty, in love with an extravagant—for extravagance is her foible—with an extravagant actress of eighteen! Can you conceive of any thing more absurd?

The best of it is, that Minna, who is méchante sometimes, makes all manner of fun of him. She contrives that he shall make her vast quantities of presents, shawls, trinkets, watches, and all sorts of fine things, which she immediately presents to her dressing-maid. Sometimes poor Doomsday has the mortification of meeting the maid, tricked out in some of the finery, which it has cost him so many pangs and so many Louis to purchase.

Still, however, he perseveres. He offers her marriage. She laughs at him, coquettes with him, makes a fool of him. It is amusing to see them together at Kinski's musical parties. It is too bad, however, of Minna; and some one ought really to interfere.

But Sir Doomsday and the Fräulein have occupied so much of this letter, dear Ida, that I have only room in it to express my gratitude for your letters, and to reiterate my entreaties that you should fulfil that promise so long made, and so long, by one at least, forgotten.

Thine own OTTILIA.

BOOK IV.

Puff.—Oh, amazing! Her poor susceptible heart is swayed to and fro by contending passions like—

[*Enter Under Prompter.*]

Under Prompter.—Sir, the scene is set, and every thing is ready to begin, if you please.

THE CRITIC: OR A TRAGEDY REHEARSED.

CHAPTER I.

THE FERRY-BOAT.

I HAVE placed the letters contained in the foregoing book by themselves, because they contain the introduction to the short drama which I now purpose to relate.

Early in the spring, 1777, and accordingly very soon after the date of the last letter, I mounted my horse for my afternoon's canter.

It was on the afternoon of Sunday, and the weather was mild and delicious for the season.

On my return I stopped by the ferry-boat, and sending Praise-God home with the horses, I crossed over to "Dyers" Island.

I am fond of observing the gaiety of the lower classes, and of a Sunday afternoon this paradise of "the Dyers" is as pretty a location for that purpose as heart can desire.

The island is in the centre of the river, and the view of the town, and the mouldering fortifications about it is very romantic, and very feudal. There is a promenade of magnificent linden-trees for loungers, a platform and a band of music for those who are inclined to waltz; plenty of seats for those who are fatigued or in love, and and a restaurateur for those who are more substantially inclined. The latter furnishes the ladies with tea and ginger-bread, and the gentlemen with beer and tobacco, at one groschen per cent. advance upon the Prague prices.

I had been dodging among the trees with my pipe and poodle, ruminating upon "a mass of things, but nothing distinctly," and contemplating with much satisfaction the good-natured gaiety of the Bohemian artizans, when some one tapped me on the shoulder.

I turned round. It was a tall, awkward young man, with very thin legs, and a pair of blue spectacles. He had a bundle of papers thrust about half way into his coat-pocket, which, added to the spectacles and his shabby dress, gave him rather a literary look.

He observed to me that some of his friends were about to dance a German cotillion, and were in want of one couple. A lady had been found, but the cavalier was wanting—"would I be so good?" I told him I was not fond of dancing, moreover, that it was getting late, and I was just going home. He made me a very long speech in reply, which, owing to the uncouth accent in which it was delivered, I did not more than half understand. The drift, however, as far as I could make it out, seemed to be to persuade me that I was particularly fond of dancing, that it was exceedingly early, and that it was impossible I could have serious intentions of going home at present.

As I persisted in declining his invitation, he turned short about, took my arm confidentially, and assured me that he cared not a fig for dancing himself, but infinitely preferred a short conversation with me.

He led the way accordingly to one of the benches, and as soon as we were seated, drew the ominous roll of paper from his pocket, and gravely proposed reading to me the first book of an Epic, in the Bohemian dialect.

It was in vain that I assured him I knew as much of Chinese as of Bohemian. It was no matter, the rhythm of his work was so exquisite, that my ear alone would furnish me with gratification enough. To all other objections I thought proper to make, he seemed provided with equally satisfactory answers. At last, I begged him to return at least to the "dancing board," and to defer his lecture till the cotillion was concluded.

He was not more than half satisfied, but consented, on condition that I should retract my previous refusal, and join in the dance myself. Any thing was better than his terrible epic, and I reluctantly gave in. When we got there, we found they were about beginning without us. My shabby friend and myself, were, however, hailed with rapture, and were immediately pressed into the service. The company consisted principally of postillions, tinkers, bakers' apprentices, and other representatives of the more laborious classes of society, and were all in their Sunday finery, with nosegays in their button-holes.

The girls were dressed out in their best petticoats, and were flaunting in fine ribbons and holiday caps. Some of them were very pretty, and they seemed all gay and happy. I felt in a very philanthropic mood, and was

delighted that I had allowed myself to join the festive scene.

Presently a pretty little creature with fair hair and rosy lips, bounced up to my companion, and claimed the fulfilment of his engagement—and directly afterwards, a fat wench with the air and figure of a female hippopotamus, was assigned to me as my partner. I confess that my philanthropy began to ooze away very rapidly, and accordingly, as soon as the creature's back was turned, I bolted without further ceremony.

Impelled by the fear of pursuit, I ran straight through a double row of quiet burghers and their wives, who were gravely smoking their pipes, drinking their tea, and knitting their stockings in the most gregarious and sociable manner; overset two or three tables, and half a dozen bottles of beer, received two or three dozen curses, and never stopped till I had sprung into the ferry-boat, which was luckily just starting, and ensconced myself in the snuggest and most distant corner.

It was not till we were fairly under way that I felt assured of my safety, and began to survey my fellow-passengers.

The only group that excited the least interest were two ladies attended by three gentlemen; the whole party apparently superior in rank to most frequenters of Dyers' Island.

One of the ladies was already advanced in years; but the other, as far as I could judge from a pair of long dark eyes, which shone softly through a thick veil, was both young and pretty.

Two of the gentlemen were Germans, whom I had frequently seen in Prague, and the third was evidently an Englishman.

This latter, I hardly know from what reason, for I had never seen him before, immediately attracted my attention. He was apparently beyond the middle age, and with a figure slightly tending to corpulence. He was dressed with the niceness and accuracy which invariably mark a well-bred Englishman; and flourished his switch and his eye-glass with the air of a man who wishes to appear younger than he is. His features were regular and handsome, and the teeth still good. In short, he had the appearance of a well-preserved old bachelor. His manner was supercilious, and his conversation seemed to me satirical and ill-natured. From one or two observations which fell from him, I decided that he was Sir Doomsday Gules, a gentleman of whom I had often heard but never seen.

The boat was very full, and just as were half across, there was a cry that she was sinking. There was a confusion—in the midst of which some threw themselves overboard, and some were pushed in by others. I fortunately retained my seat, but there were many in the water, and among the rest, the whole party I have been describing. The Englishman, who could not swim, was clinging to the boat; one of the Germans was assisting the old lady, who was his mother; and the third was magnanimously making for the shore. The young lady was a couple of yards from the boat, and very near drowning.

I pointed out the whole affair to Toby, my poodle; he understood me in a moment, gave me a wink, and flounced into the water. If I had been a hero and a booby, I should have jumped overboard of course, and probably succeeded in reaching the place after she had sunk. At any rate, it was fated that I should never win a medal from the life-preserving society.

The poodle, in thirty seconds, had caught the lady by the dress, and at the same time the boat, as I foresaw, had yielded to the current and was close alongside of her.

I supported her with an oar for an instant, and then I reached out my arms and drew her into the boat. A few minutes afterwards the boat reached the shore in safety. The old lady had recovered, and the two Germans now busied themselves with the younger lady. Sir Doomsday Gules was cursing his own misfortune.

He sat down on a stone with the most vexed expression of countenance.

"There's my hat gone," said he—"the hat that was purchased new the other day in Vienna, and my stick with the diamond in the head. Cursed folly it was, by the way, to put a diamond in a cane, like these ostentatious beggars on the Continent—and, let me see—yes, by the Lord, my purse has gone to the bottom too! Fifteen Louis and a couple of crown dollars, the last of the last remittance from London. Curse my folly, I say,—if I ever cross a ferry again, may I be ——"

He was interrupted by the wailing of a poor wretch of a woman, whose husband, a cobbler, had been drowned in this catastrophe.

"Oh, my dear husband! Oh, my poor, dear, blessed, miserable Hans! What will become of me? Where shall I go? What shall I do? Oh, my husband! Oh, save my husband, sir!" cried she, appealing in her distraction to Gules.

"Damn your husband, woman," said the baronet, "look at my coat,—my last coat—the coat I have worn but twice, completely drenched, utterly ruined! By the Lord, the infernal ferryman shall pay me; and I am

taking cold here, too," rising from his stone, and advancing towards the rest of the group.

The young lady began to revive, and as she had already two cavaliers, to say nothing of the Englishman, I whistled to Toby, and we walked quietly home.

I stumbled over what I took to be a bundle of clothes on opening the door of my apartments. I lighted a candle, and examined it, and found it to be the effigy of a man without a head.

"Praise-God! what the devil is the meaning of this?" said I to my servant.

"Nothing, sir—only I have been practising."

"Practising! what do you mean?"

"Nothing, sir—only you were long coming home, and I had nothing to do, sir. So I took a coat and trousers from your wardrobe, and stuffed them with a little straw, sir; and then I tied it in the chair, and practised a little."

"Practised what, in the name of Heaven?"

"Look here, sir, and the red-headed scoundrel exhibited in one hand a double-handed sword, as sharp as a razor, while in the other he extended a stuffed nightcap with a paper mask.

"I cut it off, sir, with a single blow. The father never did it better, and I have been out of practice a long time. Indeed, sir, it was a shame about Teufel and Hanswurst—was it not, sir?"

"Practise, indeed," said I, with a shrug; "the fellow has been practising executioneering."

"Shall I bring you your pipe and slippers, sir? There is some of Count Trump's tobacco left. Adolph, the Count's man, assured me that his master's two-grosschen tobacco was—"

"Hold your tongue, sir, and go blow the bellows in the laboratory."

"Yes, sir; but does not your excellency think it was a shame about Teufel and Hanswurst?" And with this, my respectable valet marched off to the workshop.

"The fellow will cut off my head in his practice,' said I to myself; "I wonder what Sir Doomsday Gules would say, if any of his wardrobe were so lacerated as as this unfortunate coat is.—Let me see, this alkali dissolved in four ounces and a half of——Psha! that little drowned girl had a fine pair of eyes of her own; I wonder if she was English? She never spoke a word. How pretty she looked after her ducking. Praise God! Don't make such an infernal noise with the bellows. Well, I may go and seek the philosopher's stone as well as another. Devilish fine eyes, certainly!"

CHAPTER II.

THE OPERA.

It was by the merest chance in the world that I strolled the next evening towards the theatre.

I was sick of my studies, and desirous of some relief. Letters from my own country had moreover occasioned me some trouble, and I went to the nearest resort for distraction.

When I got into the theatre I was pleased to find that there was no person of my acquaintance present. The overture of the much-vaunted opera was played, the curtain drew up, and with the very first notes of the invisible songstress my heart was vanquished. I have,

however, no intention of composing any rhapsodies on the subject. Ten years before, I dare say I should have become very romantic; as it was, I merely listened with composure, and felt my heart filled with very placid and very agreeable sensations. As to the voice, it seemed to me like a new instrument. The sounds were beyond and different from all other melody I had ever heard; and my first wish (prompted, I dare say, by my recent anatomical studies,) was that I might be present some day at a post-mortem examination of the actress. I felt sure that I should discover some new arrangement of the larynx, or the bronchis, or the windpipe, or the lungs, by which these rare and exquisite notes were produced. In short, my enthusiasm, if indeed it amounted to so considerable a sensation, was purely scientific and physical.

At last she appeared. She came forward to the foot-lamps. She was certainly a glorious creature. Her form was above the middle height, and of the most majestic and symmetrical developement. Her walk was alone sufficient to make her adorable. I never saw motions so stately and yet so modest—so lithe—so graceful—so feminine. There are probably never more than six women at a time in the world, who *can* walk: in general, they shuffle or scuffle, or wriggle, or mince, or amble, or stride—but Minna Rosenthal walked, and her walk was perfection.

She reached the extreme verge of the stage, and stood quietly with her arms folded across her breast. What was my surprise in beholding in her the resuscitated divinity of the ferry-boat! It was she indeed; and while the tenor, a little fellow in a hero's wig, and a helmet bigger than himself, was making love to her in a

laborious cavatina, I had time to criticise her at my leisure.

It is rather for the sake of recalling all her particular charms to my own memory, than in the hope of presenting her portrait to others, that I am willing to dwell a few moments on her appearance that evening.

I well know that a brush and colours even in the fingers of Titian, are but feeble substitutes for the cunning workmanship of nature; but with a pen for a pencil, and with only a palette full of recollections, what can I expect to produce? No matter.

The face was large and oval. The nose was delicate and straight as the Niobe's; and the eyes stretched boldly away on either side, broad and long, and leaving space for a third between the delicate but accurately determined brows. The whole cast of the features—the cheek—lip—throat, had the voluptuous faultlessness of a Correggio's Magdalen; but it was, after all, the singular and harmonious discord of the eyes and hair, which it seems to me must have evolved that peculiar charm to which every heart yielded on first beholding this paragon.

The contrast of golden hair with eyes as dark as night, is as rare as it is beautiful, and is the secret of half the beauty of the Venetian schools. Although this was eminently the character of her face, yet the sober style of her costume on this particular night, assimilated her more to the demure but lovely Madonnas of Perrugino and the youthful Raphael. Her dress was a red boddice, with a sad-coloured skirt, and her hair was snooded behind, and smoothed upon her forehead in broad and heavy folds.

Although I had been studying of late the whole theory and practice of colours, for,—as will hereafter appear,

I had added the fine arts to my other pursuits,—yet I own I was utterly perplexed by the shifting hues of those luxuriant tresses. As she stood in the light, they seemed a pure, pale gold. She stepped back, they were auburn, and when fairly in the shade, they were the darkest chestnut.

In short, she was altogether divine; and I determined incontinently to burn the copy I had been painting from Giorgione.

The perriwig-pated fellow finished—she turned to him. The music died away to a scarcely audible murmur—the house was still as death. She raised her melting eyes—she opened her rosy mouth, and hardly were her lips parted, when an imprisoned and invisible bird shot from her throat, and floated triumphantly and melodiously through the air. I swear that this is true.

I shut my eyes, and determined to fall in love with her as soon as possible.

The whole evening I was in a decidedly romantic mood, but as soon as I left the theatre, I found myself relapsing into my usual indifference, and by the time I reached my lodgings, I had nearly forgotten all my enthusiasm. I felt provoked with my want of susceptibility, and summoned Praise-God and his bellows in no very amiable humour.

CHAPTER III.

THE SOIRÉE.

THE next evening I went again to the theatre. I stationed myself in the box close to the stage, and paid for

all the seats, that I might be secure from all interruption.

She stood on the edge of the stage. She was within a yard of me—she raised her eyes. Did I mistake? or was there indeed a glance of recognition. Again! there was no doubt—our eyes met. Her glance was soft—bewildering—almost loving. And why not? After all, it would have been very ungrateful if she had forgotten the owner of the poodle.

Two or three nights after this, I went to a soirée at Madame von Walldorff's, a woman, to know whom, it was worth any man's while to expatriate himself. There was a number of persons present, and Minna was expected. In the meantime I conversed with the hostess.

Minna entered. I was soon after presented to her. I flattered myself that there was a flutter in her manner as she acknowledged my salute. As for me, I cannot tell why, but I felt but little of the romance and enthusiasm that I had gotten up at the theatre. She looked as beautiful, she moved as gracefully, she spoke as melodiously as ever; but something adamantine within me resisted her fascination.

She spoke of the ferry-boat adventure, and of her gratitude, and I introduced Toby as the real hero. I made fun of the whole business, of course. but in the midst of it all I thought bitterly of another adventure, somewhat similar in its character, and which I have recorded in a previous portion of these memoirs.

Judging from the expression of my face, she supposed that she had vexed me by her allusion to the circumstance, and soon afterward she made herself very amusing.

I could of course not expect to monopolize her more

than a few seconds, and very soon she was surrounded by a whole regiment of her admirers. They dragged her to the harp, they chained her hand and foot. She sang one or two little ballads, and then protested she could sing no more. While she was singing she stole two or three glances at me. I was highly flattered. At the end of a half hour, however, she pleaded fatigue, summoned her carriage and retired.

A buzz of admiration succeeded her departure.

"If I could only induce her to sing my Bohemian war song," said somebody, taking me by the button.

I turned round—it was my epical friend in the blue spectacles.

"It would certainly be delightful. I suppose, however, it would be necessary to instruct her first in the language."

"Poh! she is a native Bohemian—she is a countrywoman of mine—I am a Bohemian. The Bohemian physiognomy is said to be very peculiar. Fair hair and dark eyes are thought very handsome—I have fair hair and dark eyes," said he, taking off the blue spectacles, "and Mademoiselle Minna and I are said to resemble each other. Do you think so?"

"God forbid," said I, with a shudder; and yet, by Heaven! when I looked at the wretch, I could not help acknowledging the truth of his assertion. There was certainly a very marked resemblance to the divine creature which loomed through the mist of his ugliness, like the sun through a fog. It was certainly very extraordinary. I ran away from the fellow as if he had been a leper.

I accosted Madame von Walldorff, who was talking to a bevy of beaux.

"I am glad to see you have at last surrendered at discretion," said she to me. "Is not Minna magnificent?"

"Very showy, indeed, and a wonderful voice," I replied.

"Ah, I knew you would come to terms," said she. "By the way, I am glad to see you patronizing my Bohemian. How did you become acquainted with him?"

I narrated to her the unceremonious commencement of our acquaintance.

"He is an oddity," said she, "but he is a young man of much genius. I have been trying to persuade Sir Doomsday Gules to make his acquaintance. By the way, you do not know Sir Doomsday?"

She forthwith introduced us. The baronet made me a stiff inclination, and then took aim at me for a few seconds with his eye-glass, as if to criticise the person whom he had deigned to be made acquainted with. I gave him a very impudent stare in reply, and I fancy he recollected me and the circumstances of our recent meeting; he looked sheepish for an instant, and hung down his head. He recovered his self-possession, however, immediately.

"You must certainly patronize the Bohemian, Sir Doomsday," said Madame Walldorff. "It is one of the privileges of exalted rank to become the friend of artists."

"Yes, yes," said the Englishman, "but the fact is, it is not in my line just now: I wish it was. It is well to be friends with that sort of people. They are apt to sting you if you tread upon them too heavily. I am not very fond of poetry myself, however—"

"But do you admire some your own poets?" said Madame Walldorff.

"Yes—no—not exactly—some of them."

"I dare say you write yourself, sometimes," said the lady.

"I, good God! what do you mean? I write poetry!" said Sir Doomsday. "No gentleman writes poetry. When I get my affairs adjusted I mean to keep a poet, if I can get a cheap one. I had a valet, just before I left England, who was very literary. He was a clever fellow in his way, but he could only write prose. He got to be very conceited, however, and very useless; so I turned him off. He was a long time out of place, and begged hard to come back, but he is now engaged by a bookseller to write fashionable novels. In that way he gets higher wages than I could afford to give him. Do you think your Bohemian could be taught to write English verse?"

"Unquestionably. But to change the subject, Sir Doomsday, how came you to let little Minna take herself off so suddenly?"

"As if I could help it—the tormenting woman! By the way, shall you go to the birth night ball next month at Vienna?"

"Perhaps—and you?"

"Yes; Minna is going, I believe—"

"Poh, nonsense! she cannot be presented."

"I shall beg the English ambassador to introduce her."

"He will refuse—it is contrary to etiquette altogether."

"Refuse! oh no, he will not refuse. Psha! as if an ambassador had a right to refuse me such a request. What is he stationed there for but to present English gentlemen and their friends. Contrary to etiquette, indeed! An ambassador, madame, I regard as merely an upper

servant at court. I should as soon think of my butler's refusing any of my orders as an ambassador."

"Were you ever at any of the German courts?" said Sir Doomsday to me, after concluding his choice dissertation on ambassadors.

"I had the honour to be once presented to Frederic of Prussia," I replied.

"Ah, Frederic! Frederic the Great, they call him. Dirty fellow—I recollect him—I was never presented to him. Took snuff immensely—had his waistcoat pocket lined with tin to save the trouble of opening his snuff-box. Very filthy fellow!—all Prussians are."

"I beg your pardon," said I, "I consider the Prussians a remarkably neat people, and the court one of the most elegant as well as the most accomplished in Europe. Frederic the Great is certainly the greatest man of the age, and is no less distinguished for his literary abilities than for the prowess of his arms."

"Yes," said Sir Doomsday, "oh, I recollect, I have heard. He has gained several victories, they say—he is always in hot water. But I know nothing about him—I never read the papers. He wrote some farces, too, but they were all damned—'Jack at all trades but good at none. Voltaire humbugged him completely—made an ass of the fellow. It was very amusing their correspondence."

At this juncture, I saw the Bohemian making towards us, and as I was getting tired of the party, I took French leave that I might avoid him.

CHAPTER IV.

BARON KINSKI.

THE next opera night I was of course in my favourite box. There was no doubt of the interest which I most unwittingly, God wot! had contrived to excite in her.

The moment she recognized me at my post, her eyes glistened with pleasure, and there was scarcely an interval in which they did not seem clandestinely to be seeking mine—all this was as unexpected as it was delightful.

This evening it was a different opera. The dress in which she was now arrayed, was richer than her usual costume, and displayed her gorgeous and most picturesque beauty to singular advantage.

She was a sultana, and wore a robe of rich Indian fabric, and of a thousand dyes; her golden hair fell from beneath a graceful and sibylline turban; a necklace of pearls hung round her snowy throat; her arms were bound with bracelets, and her fingers glittered with rings.

She was like one of Titian's most voluptuous creations.

The music was worthy to be sung by her, but it is not my intention to write a critique on the opera.

The next evening we were all at a soirée at Kinski's. She was singularly entertaining. She acted a charade composed by herself, which occupied five minutes in representation. She sang half a dozen comic songs. She dressed herself like a Bohemian gipsy, and told fortunes. She danced a Styrian dance with old Baron

Kinski. She conversed in all languages;—in short, she seemed determined to display herself:—and she did—she was certainly a miracle of a woman.

At last, we all went to supper. There were not more than a dozen persons present. We sat down and made ourselves comfortable. The repast was enlivened by a thousand brilliant sallies from Minna She was also well seconded by the host, who seemed to renew his youth in the sunny influence of the enchanting girl.

At last, as the repast was nearly concluded, Kinski entered into a long discussion with me on galvanism. The subject, which was of so recent invention, had necessarily attracted much of the attention of. this votary of science, and I was anxious to obtain some of his views in relation to it. It is due to politeness to state that our conversation had been carried on *sotto voce;* for although I was getting weary of the society of those present, not even excepting the actress, I was not savage enough to display it. Owing, however, to the interest which had spread from one to another as the animated description of the Baron became more eloquent, the conversation of the others had ceased, and all were listening to the scientific lecture.

"What a tiresome old man you are!" said Minna, yawning disconsolately in his face, as he concluded his exposition.

"Have you no more compassion for an old professor—well—well—I see you have no head for the sciences; so come and sing the commencing aria of the last night's opera." It was the most favourite of all her melodies. A general burst of supplication followed the request of the Baron.

"I shall do no such thing—I am determined never to sing another song!" was the reply.

"I shall not let you off—who ever heard of such wilfulness—come away to the harp directly. If you do not behave yourself better, I shall not come to the opera for a month!"

"Tanto meglio—but, indeed, I cannot sing!" said Minna. "Now, don't ask me again, that's a good man. I hate to sing except to individuals!"

As she said this, I can take my oath, she shot a glance at me.

"Why you little piece of obstinacy!"—began Kinski.

"Now, no names, if you please Baron Kinski!" interrupted Minna.

"Well, my dear child," said the old gentleman, "what stuff to say you only sing to individuals, when you sing to the whole public every night."

"Ah—but the public is to me an individual. When I sing in the theatre, I sing to one general ear, and one general heart, if it may be. But here in your saloon, there is the Baron Kinski, and Sir Doomsday, and Madame Walldorff, and this gentleman who despises music!" said she, smiling reproachfully at me.

I felt half convinced that her refusal to sing was in consequence of our scientific conversation. I was little enough to enjoy the petty triumph of having piqued her without intending it. We all went into the saloon. I engaged in conversation with Minna—most of the others sat down to cards.

"You will pardon my barbarism at supper," said I. "The fact is I hate to see you except when we are alone."

"Why, we were never alone in our lives!" said she, with a look of wonder.

"Have you forgotten what you said but an instant ago? I tell you, that it is in the same spirit, I feel I am communing directly with you, when we are in the midst a thousand. Rills may flow from mountains that are thousands of miles asunder; when they meet together in the multitudinous ocean their very existences are mingled. Have not our eyes met when none dreamed of it? Say, say it was not my imagination only."

We were far from the rest of the company. I seized her hand—she did not withdraw it—she faltered something in reply. A footstep appproached—it was Sir Doomsday.

Before the near-sighted lover was aware of our presence, we had vanished together into the music-room.

She had recovered from her confusion. She raised her drooping lashes, and with her dark, pleading eyes fixed upon mine, she sank beside her harp, and, without a word of preface or apology, sang the melody she had just refused the rest. I felt the full force of the favour.

The moment she had ended, I heard company approaching; I stole a look at Minna, which was understood and returned; and then I hastened from the house.

CHAPTER V.

CARLSBAD.

LET me not dwell upon details. I am anxious to hurry over these darkest passages of my life. Suffice that in a very short time Minna became mine, utterly and entirely mine.

Of course, our intercourse was a profound secret from

the world. We met in society as the most ordinary acquaintance, and such was our precaution, that not even a breath of scandal had attached itself to her reputation.

I look back upon this whole affair with feelings sometimes nearly allied to madness. Throughout that whole amour, I feel that I was heartless, selfish, criminal. I was loved to the uttermost of a woman's passionate heart. I was loved by a being who had recklessly surrendered her whole existence to me; and yet I loved her not.

Guilty we were; for I have no intention of palliating the conduct of either. Guilty we were; but, alas! I was by far the most criminal.

Her conduct was at least excused by her love; it was at least purified, as far as might be, by the fire of passion. But I—I was heartless and cold; and it was only by an effort of the imagination that I was enabled to persuade myself that I returned her passion.

Of course these reflections came later. At the time my vanity was excited, and I realized the charm that so many have delighted in, of being loved.

But even my vanity was of temporary duration. When I looked around and saw what *men* had been loved by what women;—when I saw the apes who had been hallowed by woman's blind and Egyptian adoration;—I shrunk from the category, and felt inclined to base my vanity on any other foundation than on this.

For the present, however, it was natural that I should behave like a lover. Any deficiency of warmth was set down by myself to a change in my natural character; and if perceived by her at all, did not at first occasion any uneasiness.

I remember that I have often, in the midst of our

most passionate interviews, recollected something in relation to my scientific employments, which I was unwilling to forget, and have coolly taken out my note-book and made a memorandum, as if I had been alone, or in the most indifferent company.

Such incidents as these could not of course fail to make her uneasy, but she trusted still; and who does not know how boundless, how unfathomable, is a woman's faith.

The opera season was now over; we remained of course in Prague. Minna had resisted several invitations to the country. Baron Kinski had gone to Carlsbad, and Madame von Walldorff was entertaining Pappenheim and his wife with several others at her château, which was in the vicinity of that celebrated watering-place.

Finding it impossible to resist a pressing invitation to join the party, and really wishing to pay my respects to the couple who have figured in another part of these memoirs, I resolved to make my escape for a few days.

Knowing that I should never be able to tear myself away from Minna if I apprised her of my intentions in person, I merely wrote a letter to be delivered to her after my departure, and leaving Praise-God and the skeletons in possession of my apartment, I decamped for a few days.

The day after my arrival, I received a letter from Minna; she acknowledged the justness of my argument, reproached me less than I deserved for my precipitate flight, consoled herself with my promise to return within the week, and concluded as follows:—

"Indeed, dearest, you must soon return. Recollect that I have no existence now, but in yours. My whole

being is bounded in my love as in a circle. It seems that it never had a beginning, and, ah! I am sure it cannot have an end.

"Alas! Morton, you must return. You have taken me from myself. I have no repose now but in forgetfulness, and I have no forgetfulness except in your arms. It is only when I am alone that I realize how I am fallen. It is only when I am alone that I see that I am guilty. But, alas! there are moments when I descend into the very bottom of my heart; when the inmost recesses of my whole nature are revealed to me, and then I shudder as I gaze. And yet there is blessed light which shines from the deepest caverns of my heart, and in whose blessed influence I feel I am not yet utterly wretched. It is the light of your love, dearest Morton.

"Indeed, you must return; I am too forlorn without you. It seems to me that as soon as you leave me I am delivered over to the power of something unholy; I seem to pass into a demon's arms. I try to pray every night, but I cannot. I cannot pray—Morton, I cannot pray as once I did—I cannot believe as I once did.

"I was till lately one of those fortunate mortals who believe, as children believe, because, and what, they are told.

"At any rate, I made belief the foundation of whatever feeble reasoning I was capable of, for I was not strong enough, and had no inclination to make an approved reasoning the foundation of my belief. Ah, they are happy!—are they not, dearest?—those mortals who are still as children; and how does the remembrance of the early prayer of my childhood, profferred without a doubt that it would be heard, before the knowledge of good and evil, of the world and of men, had led my soul

astray—come over my spirit now. I stand alone and dismayed on a dreary and a barren waste; I feel alike unable to reach the far distant paradise of truth, or to return to the green spot of innocence and security, whence I have too far wandered. And lo! in the midst of this arid desert, the remembrance of that early prayer descends upon me, like the cooling and blessed dew of Heaven; soothing the scorching breeze, and moistening the dreary sands.

"But alas! I cannot renew that prayer, although its memory is sweet. Come back to me, dearest, for you are now my heaven and my god!"

Will it be believed, that in spite of this and one or two more equally urgent letters, I far overstayed the appointed time. I was in pleasant society. We made each other gay in recalling past adventures; and I, selfish wretch that I was, knew that a fond heart was breaking in my absence; and I even looked forward with apprehension to a return to the alternate calms and whirlwinds of her stormy love.

I had, however, set out so far on my return, that I had left Walldorff and returned to Carlsbad; I passed a day or two there, in the society of Kinski, and intended to return the next day.

I was walking up and down the magnificent promenade on the same afternoon, and musing over the events of my past life, when I perceived a slight but elegant young man approaching me; I was about to pass him with a hasty glance, when he stopped me and seized me suddenly by the arm. His eyes flashed upon me with indignation, and I was about resenting the impertinence, when a deep low voice stole to my heart.

"Have you forgotten me so soon?" said the stranger.

It was Minna!

She was very angry with me. I found some means of pacifying her for the moment at least, and we returned to my lodgings.

I discovered, however, that she was by means satisfied with the excuses I had given her for my prolonged absence, and there seemed to be something still hanging on her mind.

By degrees, I drew from her that she had, in the latter part of my absence, become the victim of an anonymous letter-writer; one of the serpent-hearted scoundrels (whether male or female) who are not assassins only because they are even too cowardly for that profession.

She had been induced to believe that my absence from Prague was protracted by an amour in Carlsbad; the name of the lady in question was mentioned, and it happened that I had never seen or heard of her.

The most absurd part of the whole affair was, that Minna, immediately on her arrival, had discovered the address of this person and despatched a letter to her. Little by little, I drew from her the contents of this letter. It was nothing more nor less than a challenge. She had dared her supposed rival to mortal combat, assigned the place, and engaged to provide the weapons, and I have no doubt would have carried the affair through, for she had the spirit of a tigress.

Whether her antagonist would have accepted her polite invitation or not, is at least problematical. Luckily my meeting with Minna prevented the ridiculous catastrophe.

The next day we returned to Prague.

CHAPTER VI.

THE POET.

THERE was now an end to her faith. She tried to trust me, but it seemed to be always with an effort. And yet I had in reality done nothing to excite her suspicion.

Very soon after our return, I discovered that I existed under the strictest surveillance. When I came to her lodgings after one or two days' absence, she would question me of the reasons for various trifling occupations in which I had happened to be busied.

"Why were you in Troddel's shop an hour after breakfast yesterday? Why did you buy three ounces of copper in the evening, when you had bought four the same morning? How came you to be three hours at Baron Kinski's yesterday, and why was Praise-God allowed to be absent the whole afternoon last Wednesday? Who lives in the yellow house in the Neustadt with the balcony in front, and who sent the flowers which were found on the pavement last evening?"

These and similar questions, with which she was in the habit of saluting me, excited my astonishment. At first I attributed them to chance, and supposed that she must have met me abroad without my being aware of it, or had received accidental information from her servants; but at last, so minute and so complete was her knowledge of my conduct during every hour that I was away from her, that I became certain that I was the object of a close espionage.

It was in vain that I exerted myself to discover the means by which the secret information was obtained; it was in vain that I invented all sort of stratagems, and summoned Praise God to my assistance, to carry on the most ingenious counterplots. It was all useless; the enemy was too wily for me. I never discovered a clue to her sources of information, and it was a long time, and too late, before I was better instructed.

Of course all these events did not increase my languid affection. Still, however, they served for a time to tease, to perplex, to irritate, and to interest me.

I was so innocent of having given her any real cause for jealousy, that I was apt to be rather entertained than otherwise, by the occasional vague suspicions which it was so easy for me to dissipate.

It is disagreeable for me to dwell on those shadows of a character, which was intended originally, I am persuaded, for that of a perfect woman. Our course of life continued for some weeks much the same.

She received her friends occasionally at her lodgings, when all the dilettanti of Prague were sure to be present. Sir Doomsday Gules was as devoted as ever, although his attentions had naturally ceased to afford her the amusement which they had originally done. Sometimes, however, in her moments of gaiety, she would laugh at the unfortunate baronet; and at the whimsical struggles which now and then were visible between his chivalry and his economy.

"Have you been long in Prague?" said Sir Doomsday to me one evening.

"A few months only," said I. "I believe it is a favourite city of yours."

"Very; it is the cheapest town of its size in Europe."

"I suppose you pass some of your summers in Töplitz and Carlsbad?" said I.

"I used regularly to pass eight weeks of every year, from the middle of June to the middle of August, in Töplitz; but I have given it up now"

"I am surprised to hear that," said I. "I know few prettier spots in Germany than Töplitz, it is just the place to which I should think one would get attached, from an habitual residence there."

"Yes, but the fact is, the town has been getting fashionable; the Emperor of Russia, the Elector of Bavaria, and all that sort of people are flocking to the place. The prices rise immediately. However, I care very little about it; it has got to be too common."

"And you pass your summer here, at present?" said I.

"Yes, but I shall perhaps take a run in Styria for a month or two. I am told the mountains are almost as fine as in Switzerland, and the expenses are a great deal less. But I shall spend my winter in Prague. I am very well satisfied."

"Yes," said I, "the Bohemians are an honest race."

"So, so," said the Baronet. "But let me advise you to avoid the Jews' quarter. Do not be allured by the asserted cheapness of some of the shops there If you should ever happen to be in love in Prague, don't buy presents of the Jews. I purchased some articles of Solomons in the Juden-strasse, and discovered that a shawl was second-hand and threadbare, and some trinkets, which I paid a round sum for, were all false!"

"I shall certainly take your advice," said I, "but in the mean time let us go to the music-room?"

Minna sang two or three songs that night. They were all mournful; and her voice was as plaintively sweet as the wail of a fallen angel.

When I returned home, my way led me by one of the principal churches. I was pausing for a few moments to contemplate in the moon-light, the Gothic splendour of its architecture, when I perceived something moving in the adjacent burying-ground. It was a man, who seemed to be musing among the tombstones. There was, however, nothing very interesting about him, and after having looked at him a few moments, I turned to leave the place.

"Hillo—hillo!" cried the stranger, as I was commencing my retreat. "Hillo!—a word with you, if you please?"

It was my Bohemian friend, the epic poet. I did not feel inclined to sleep as it was a pleasant night, and felt no objection to a little conversation with this whimsical character. I leaped accordingly over the low wall of the burial ground, and was at his side. He was seated quietly on a broad low monument, and was gazing complacently at the moon. Although he had called me, he seemed no longer aware of my presence, and was certainly in no hurry to acknowledge the promptness with which I had accepted his invitation.

At last, he looked up at me for a moment, and pointing to a flat tombstone very near his own position, he motioned to me to be seated. I complied with his request, and after a moment he again relapsed into meditation.

"Prague," said he, at last breaking the silence, "Prague was built in the year—— I've studied the history of the empire lately. Prague was built probably somewhere between the years 800 and 1300. Now reflect how many more people have died here, than are now living. How many more dead men there are in this very grave-yard, than are live people in the whole city. Stay—I made a calculation yesterday."

He took a dirty bit of paper scrawled all over with numbers and mathematical figures from his pocket.

"Here," continued he. "Look at this diagram? A. represents the living. B. the dead. Now allowing so many to be the number of births in one generation, which we will call X. and C. the number of centuries; and dividing the whole by Y. which I take to be the average number of persons buried here, there will be a certain immense number of ghosts in this one enclosure. I have not quite finished the calculation. I am not quick at figures—perhaps you are. Here take it, you can solve the problem for yourself at your leisure!"

With this he thrust the paper into my hand, and continued his singular oration.

"So many ghosts are much better company than a few living mortals. The more the merrier. My disposition is social, very social. I come here of a pleasant, rainy evening, and sit on this stone, (the tomb of my old friend, Count Rosenberg.) I wait till the clock strikes twelve. Then all the old fellows come out of their graves—old fellows of all centuries. What dresses! It's your only place for studying the costumes and the manners of the past. I'm writing a history, you know; very good it will be of course, and many an important piece of information I have received from my friends here. Well, they come out at the stroke of the clock. They all assemble. They walk gravely about. They dance the Polonaise, and then they waltz. Funny fellows! How they whirl! Of a bright night they look so gay and happy, with their white bones glancing in the moonlight. and their old musty skulls grinning for joy. And they whirl about, and the stars whirl too; and the toads and the rats creep out of their corners, the

bats flap their cool smooth wings in your face; and the moon shines down on the whole so calmly. Delightful!"

"Very delightful!" said I. "But it must be dull for you to be alone among all these amusing people—you a living man!"

"I a living man!" said my companion, "I a living man! Bless your soul, I have been dead these hundred years!"

"Indeed, I was not aware of your decease before."

"Yes, yes," said the poet, "Martinez killed me, shabby fellow! Here's my tomb. Remarkably pretty epitaph. Let me read it to you?"

He dragged me to a tomb at a little distance, and read me a couple of doggrel verses.

"There," said he, "very pretty is it not? Very pretty sculpture too—sweet cherub—some mischievous boy has knocked his nose off—how sacrilegious? but I am to be appointed minister of finance to-morrow. I shall institute a fund for the repairing of all honourable monuments."

The clock struck twelve.

"There they come—there they come! hurrah!" shouted he, "We must join with them at once. They are dancing already."

With this he seized me round the waist, and began waltzing furiously about, till after a short time, we stumbled over a tombstone, and lay sprawling in a bed of nettles.

CHAPTER VII.

A SCENE.

ONE day I was absent from my lodgings in the morning. I left a packet of old letters lying accidentally upon the table.

On my return, I was informed by Praise-God, that Minna had paid me a visit; but I did not find the bunch of flowers upon the table, which she was in the habit of leaving when she found me absent. I missed also the packet of letters.

I went to see her in the evening. She was alone. She was weeping. I went forward to console her. I put my arms around her; but she repulsed me.

"Away from me, serpent!" she cried.

As this polite welcome was not exactly to my taste, and as she had of late grown so unaccountably capricious and unreasonable, that I could make nothing of her, I was preparing to take her at her word, and to make my exit.

She sprang from her recumbent position. She threw herself between me and the door. She folded her arms upon her bosom.

"Do you think to leave me thus? You would desert me wholly, would you not? Monster—I know your perfidy; but do you not dread my vengeance?"

To these interesting queries I returned no answer. She held up the packet of letters, and continued to upbraid me.

"Yes, all your perfidy. You reproached me for listen

ing to the counsels of my nameless adviser." (The infernal anonymous assassin had been at his work again.) "But have I one enemy, whose arts are darker, more treacherous, or more subtle than your own? Is there any dagger keener than that with which you have smitten me? You, to whom I gave my whole soul! Are not these your letters—is not this your name? Your very address in Prague?"

"No doubt of it," said I coolly, and smiling in her face.

"Perjured, heartless wretch!" she cried; "but thank God there is yet revenge."

She bounded towards me like a panther. She drew a poignard from her bosom, and struck at me with all her force. I grew pale as I felt the cold sharp steel pass through my flesh. She drew back the dagger. It was reeking with blood. She threw it down with despair. She uttered a wild cry, and threw herself in my arms.

"Alas! alas! I have slain him. Speak to me, Morton—my own, own Morton! Say I have not killed you. Forgive me, for the love of God, forgive me. I was mad. I was frantic. Speak to me—speak to me!"

She hung upon my neck, and covered me with frantic kisses. I was already aware, that I was but very slightly wounded. By good luck the weapon had passed through the fleshy part of my shoulder. It was but a scratch; but there was no doubt that in her rage she intended to kill me. The moment she saw my blood, the woman revived within her. She forgot all her anger —all my supposed crimes, and remembered but her love. She dragged me to the sofa. She tore my dress from my arm. The blood was flowing fast. She kissed the wound. She plucked a scarf from her neck and staunch-

ed the hurt, and then she threw herself upon the ground and wept as if her heart would break.

I saw the advantage I had gained. I arose and took from the table the packet of letters.

"If you had not been blinded by your jealousy, and utterly besotted by the fell counsels of your nameless correspondent, you would have seen the worth of these important documents."

As I spoke I pointed out to her the date of the letters. They were all six years old. I recalled to her mind that I had occupied my present lodgings during my former residence in Prague.

She was struck dumb at the wretched absurdity of her conduct. She clasped my knees, and besought my forgiveness.

I was frightened at her reckless vehemence. She was a child in the tumultuous and ungovernable flow of her passions. She lay on the sofa almost choking with contending emotions. I was frightened—I was afraid her reason would give way. She spoke wildly and incoherently, but unceasingly implored my pardon.

By degrees I pacified her. I assured her of my forgiveness, of my unabated love. I kissed her forehead and her eyes, and at last she sobbed herself to sleep.

When she was fairly asleep, I placed her head gently upon the pillow, and stole noiselessly away.

When I got into the street, I lighted a cigar and strolled homeward. On my arrival I sent Praise-God for a surgeon, had my arm comfortably bandaged, and then went to bed. A few days afterwards the tables were temporarily turned.

One evening I came unexpectedly to her house. As I entered her boudoir, I observed a visible agitation in

her manner. At the same time I saw a man skulking behind a screen. When he saw he was perceived, he made for a side-door. I saw him distinctly. Wonder upon wonder! It was the crazy Bohemian poet. I own I never dreamt of a rival in him; but I had seen too much of women, to be surprised at any of their tastes.

I sprang towards him. He was too quick for me. He escaped through the door which he bolted on the outside. Directly afterwards I heard him descending the stairs.

I threw myself of course into a violent passion. I demanded what the fellow was doing there. She assured me that there was nothing of which I had a right to complain. She treated the idea of my jealousy with contempt. She seemed struck with wonder when she found I was serious in my suspicions. She began another scena. In the midst of it, a closely-written letter caught my eye. It was from the Baron Kinski, and began "my dearest love." I was surprised, and looked at the direction. It was, indeed, addressed to Minna. "What, the Baron too!" cried I, in a rage. "What an old wretch!" She seemed as unable to account satisfactorily for this letter as for the appearance of the poet. She protested, however, that my thoughts were groundless and ridiculous; but she regretted that there was a mystery about herself which she could not for the moment explain.

I was incredulous. I told her so. She continued her scena. I shall hurry over it, for I will not fatigue my readers.

"You shall believe me. You know I am innocent. Tell me that you believe me innocent," said she, imperiously.

I laughed and shook my head.

"Do not make me hate you," said she. "I was a woman—I am a woman no longer. You have called me an angel – have you never heard of a fallen one?"

I was weary of her heroics. I took up my hat and was bidding her good morning—I was not to get off so easily—she again intercepted me, and then she folded her arms and came close to me. There was a majesty about that woman which it was difficult to resist. She was a perfect Medea, and there was something in the dark light of her eye that made your very heart-strings quiver.

"Is it possible?" said she—"Do I not dream?" Her voice was placid, her mien was perfectly composed. She laid her hand upon my forehead, and smoothed the hair gently from my brows. She gazed calmly upon me.

"And while I look upon you, can I believe you such a heartless knave? You would go away, now. You have planted the arrow in my heart, and now you will leave it rankling there. Go, then, go—you have won and worn me; and now you will crush me like a broken toy.

"Tremble, Morton, tremble! I shall be fearfully avenged. You know me—but you do not know me well. You know the woman, but you have yet to know the fiend. I tell you I shall be revenged."

As she spoke, her woman's hand clutched my arm with the gripe of a giant. Her voice was very low, and her manner was perfectly placid. I had never seen her in this mood before. I began to feel chilly, to grow irresolute, for the calm rage of a woman is as awful as her vociferations are ludicrous and contemptible.

I determined not to be frightened, however. She

asked me once more, "Do you solemnly believe you have cause for jealousy?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Then go," said she, "for I despise you."

As she spoke, she flung the door open. I hesitated a moment, and then walked hastily out.

CHAPTER VIII.

A LETTER.

When I got home I found a foreign letter upon my table. It was from America. I read it, and was thrown into excessive agitation. In a single instant the whole current of my thoughts was changed. In a single instant the petty passion which accident and ennui had fanned into a flickering and temporary flame, expired. In a single instant Minna was nothing to me. Her image vanished from my heart as instantaneously as if I had never sought to give it a resting-place there.

It hardly needed this to prove to me how utterly inane and worthless had been the sentiment with which I had repaid her deep affection.

With a passing curse upon my heartlessness, with a passing pang of regret for my insensibility, I resolved to annihilate the whole connexion. I endeavoured to persuade myself that my suspicions were well founded, although my whole nature rebelled against the attempt. I sought to justify my conduct by a miserable juggling with my own conscience. So faithless was I, that I sought to cheat myself.

I remained absent several days.

After the lapse of nearly a week, I found a letter on

my table. It was in her handwriting. I enclosed it in a blank sheet, and sent it to her address.

The next morning there was another, which met the same fate; and the next morning I returned to Carlsbad.

I remained there a week. On my return I found seven letters — I sent the whole packet to her house without note of comment or inquiry.

After this I heard no more of her for some days. After the expiration of a week I began to feel uneasy. Such was the perversity of my nature, that the moment when she seemed to have summoned her woman's pride to her assistance, and to have determined to reciprocate my coolness, my affection revived. I grew every day more anxious. Every morning when I awoke, I inquired if there were no letters, and with each successive disappointment I grew more sick at heart. Every time my door-bell sounded, I started from my chair, and every step in the passage I imagined to be Minna's Still I would not go to her house. At last one morning Praise-God entered with a letter in his hand.

I snatched it from him. It was only an invitation from Madame von Walldorff, who had returned to Prague.

"Perhaps she will be there," thought I; and I was impatient till the evening should arrive.

I went to Madame von Walldorff's. Minna was there; I never saw her so beautiful. I accosted her — there was not a flutter in her manner.

She spoke to me as if I had been the most indifferent acquaintance. I was irritated beyond bearing. I endeavoured to pique her. She answered all my attempts with a look of wonder. I was completely baffled. Some company approached us, and I was obliged to leave her; my

agitation was becoming excessive. Half an hour afterwards she was alone, and seated in a retired window; I advanced towards her, determined to come to an understanding at once.

The moment she saw me approaching, she rose from her seat and crossed the room towards Madame Walldorff. She was then in the midst of a circle, and five minutes afterwards she sat down to ecarté with Sir Doomsday.

I rushed from the house in a rage.

I lay awake most of the night, pondering unutterable revenge. The next day I was calmer, and I determined to see her immediately. Early in the forenoon I proceeded directly to her house.

When I was within a few yards of the door, her carriage drove up. I waited an instant, and presently Minna appeared. She was handed into the carriage by a gentleman, who got in immediately after. They drove by me, and saluted me formally. The gentleman was the infernal poet.

I gnashed my teeth, and vowed revenge. Turning the corner I blundered against Sir Doomsday. The concussion was violent, the baronet stumbled into the gutter. Instead of falling into a passion like a booby, he commenced wiping his coat sleeves with his pocket handkerchief. When that was finished, he begged my pardon; I accepted it of course, and felt already in better spirits. I was delighted with his miserable and muddy condition.

His lodgings were hard by; he went up stairs to refit, and begged me to accompany him. I hardly know how it was that we sat down to ecarté. The baronet was a passionate lover of the game; and as he was very cool,

and very scientific, and as he moreover always played for small points, he rather increased his income by his cards.

I determined, if possible, to win his money. I knew that nothing would so annoy him as to lose any considerable sum. Fortune favoured me; little by little I egged him on. How I was enabled to carry him so far, I know not; but at last, from playing four-kreutzer points, we came to betting a thousand dollars on a single game. I won two doubles in succession. Sir Doomsday stopped—he was a loser to the tune of four thousand crown-dollars. He would play no more. His face was perfectly white and his lip trembled. He kept, however, his temper admirably; it is a gift which is possessed by most Englishmen. He was calm, although that morning had annihilated the economical practices of a year.

He wrote a check on his bankers for the amount. I pocketed it, while I expressed my regret, and assured him of my readiness to afford him his revenge.

"Thank you—thank you," said he, "but it is quite unnecessary. I shall never touch a card again. This is exactly the catastrophe which I always contemplated as possible, and for which I was provided. I have long had a sum set by expressly for this purpose. When I first began to play, I thought I might on some occasion be tempted beyond my depth. I named a certain sum, and determined if I ever lost so much at a single sitting, I would play no more. Let me see."

He took out his tablets and referred to a memorandum.

"What I have lost to-day," continued he, "comes within three dollars of the exact sum. My gaming is finished. I am much obliged to you, Mr. Morton, for I was getting tired of it, and I shall now never be tempted to play again. Let me see."

He again referred to his memoranda.

"Yes," said he, "I thought so. I am on the whole a gainer. Deducting these four thousand four hundred and twenty dollars, I remain a gainer in the last fifteen years of seven hundred and ninety pounds, fifteen shillings and four pence. So you see I have nothing to complain of. Good morning, Sir—good morning."

I left the house, drew the money, and laid it out in purchasing an annuity for the faithful Praise-God. I had long been determined to provide for him in case of any contingency; but I was well pleased that it was done at the expense of Sir Doomsday instead of my own.

In the evening I went to a soirée at Kinski's. I knew Minna would be there, and I determined to meet her on her own ground. My eyes lighted upon her the moment I entered the room. She seemed to have been expecting me. There were many persons assembled. They were mostly people of my acquaintance. I talked with every body. I did not even look at Minna. Whenever my eyes fell accidentally in the direction of her seat, I observed that she was endeavouring to attract my attention. I frustrated all her attempts.

It is a fact which I shall leave to metaphysicians to speculate upon if they choose, that at the very instant I perceived her resolution giving way, and knew that her passion remained unchanged (all which her single anxious glance informed me,) I felt my whole factitious love die away in my bosom. I felt and was in reality as indifferent as I had been. I think this would have been so, in spite of the letter to which I have alluded.

I chatted with Kinski. I talked politics with Madame Walldorff, and the moment Minna sat down to her harp, I lounged into the next room.

The singing was soon finished. There was a little bustle in the room, but I was in earnest conversation with an artist whom I had found in the library, and heeded it not.

When I returned to the saloon, I was informed that Minna had become suddenly unwell, that in the midst of her song she had nearly fainted, and that after having partially recovered she had immediately left the house. It was of course attributed to the heat of the rooms, though Heaven is my witness, that the house was as cold as Iceland. I remained quite late. There were one or two persons present whom I had not met for a long time, and the hours passed insensibly away. It was past midnight before I reached my lodgings.

When I arrived Praise-God had gone to bed. I was a little vexed, for I had some important directions to give him. I determined, however, to defer them till the morning, and passed into the parlour for a candle.

There was none there, but the moonlight streamed broad and full through the lofty windows. Presently something moved from a distant corner. A female figure advanced towards me. It was Minna.

I felt perfectly vexed—for I already hated her. I threw myself on the sofa and began to whistle. She came and sat down by my side. She took my hand. I did not withdraw it. Her own was icy cold.

"Do not be afraid," said she, "there shall be no more scenes. You do not love me—you never did?"

Her voice was calm. I answered not a word. She spoke the truth indeed.

"You were jealous of the Bohemian poet—he is my brother. You were enraged at the intimate letter of Baron Kinski. He is my father, alas! not my legitimate

parent; but his nature scorns the distinctions of the law, and he has welcomed to his heart his long lost daughter. The proofs are there, if you wish them." She placed a packet of papers in my hand.

"It is unnecessary," said I, "I know it." Madame Walldorff had told me the singular story that evening. It had produced no effect upon me except to make me hate Prague with all its inhabitants, and Minna more than all.

"You knew it!" said she, and for a moment her voice was suffocated by her emotion. In a moment, however, she commanded herself, and her voice was calm as she resumed: "You knew it and it produced no change in you. Alas! there wanted not that proof of my utter and hopeless desolation. At least there is an end to my struggles."

As she finished she knelt down and kissed my feet.—Her sobs were audible, but they were low and powerfully repressed. She rose. A lingering feeling of affection came over me. I reached out my arms to her—she evaded my embrace and vanished.

Three days after this, I took up the Prague Government Journal. Among the list of foreign departures and arrivals, I read the departure of Sir Doomsday and Lady Gules for England.

It was furthermore stated, that the bride of the Englishman, was the daughter of a nobleman celebrated for his travels and his scientific researches, and that she was the same person who had so recently delighted and astonished the world by her extraordinary musical genius.

CHAPTER III.

A TERMINATION AND DETERMINATION.

THE letter from America, to which I have already alluded was as follows:—

June, 1777.

"Joshua Morton is dead. You are his sole heir. Perhaps miserable motives of interest will be sufficient where holier and nobler influences have been found of no avail.

"'Brutus, thou sleepest.' There is a country where two elements of the universal nature are at war. There is a wide amphitheatre. Two mighty gladiators are contending. One wields a sceptre, and one a scythe.—The clashing blows resound through the primeval forest. The savage shudders at a conflict more deadly than his own, and the wild beasts cower to their thickets in dismay.

"After many years of contempt for my species, I now recognize the majesty,—the sublimity of man,—the man of civilization.

"The atmosphere of my country is gloomy, and the heavy war-clouds obscure the horizon; but my heart dances as I inhale the sulphurous air; my blood boils as I listen to the clang of arms.

"My son—it is yet in your power to choose. You have wealth. You have, perhaps, talent, this I know not. You have now to choose whether you will write your name on the bright scroll of your country's chronicles, or whether you will continue abroad a nameless and obscure adventurer? Whether you will stand erect

among your peers, acting a man's part in the struggle upon which the world's eyes are fixed, or whether still clinging to the lap of despotism you will remain abroad the despised despiser of your young and glorious country.

"My son, the sands of time are running with fearful rapidity. If you would be a man you must buckle on your sword at once. If you would act, the hour has already come.

"YOUR FATHER."

I read this letter over unceasingly. It was true—every word of it. The language may strike the reader as bombastic and unnatural. Perhaps it was; but if they saw the scene where it was written, and the man who wrote, and knew (as they will know before the conclusion of these memoirs) the extraordinary events which had marked that man's career, they would, perhaps, feel more sympathy with his language and his thoughts.

My determination was soon taken. There was now nothing to detain me. My preparations were all made. On the night of the 13th and 14th of June, I was up very late. I had been completing my arrangements, and burning various letters and papers.

When all was ready I read over the letter again. Yes it was true. "I was a nameless and obscure adventurer." I had been, indeed, "the despised despiser of my country," and certainly whatever may have been the opinions of others, by none was I despised so bitterly as by myself.

I threw myself upon my couch. The candles had burned out; but the dim light of a waning moon accorded with the melancholy train of my thoughts. I could not sleep. I mused long and deeply. One by one the events of my past life—of my most senseless and unprofitable life—displayed themselves to my memory. The

ghosts of departed days rose up before me,—the shades of vanished and of distant friends surrounded me, and in the reproachful face of each, I read a lesson and a moral.

I saw the young, gallant, martyred Deane; the benevolent features of my venerable uncle; the pale face of Mayflower; the bloody corpse of Wallenstein; the distorted frame of Rabenmark; the scornful glance of Lackland.

Was not the tragic fate of some of these, and the useless career of others pregnant with meaning for myself?

Why was Lackland an obscure and melancholy loiterer in the world? Why had the highborn Rabenmark become a robber and a felon? Were they not both ambitious, gifted, generous, brave? Why is it that they quarrelled with their own age and country? Why was it that they sunk in the struggle between their wishes and their power?

At last I sunk into a sort of trance. I did not sleep. I was conscious of every thing around me. I remained upon the sofa in the same position in which I had thrown myself, and I saw distinctly every object in the room.

Suddenly as my eyes were directed towards the centre of the room, I perceived that I was not alone. A child sat upon the floor playing by himself, and ever and anon he uttered a shout of boyish and triumphant glee. Presently the face was turned to me. I gazed eagerly upon it. It was my own!

Before I had recovered from the horror caused by this apparition, I became aware of the presence of another phantom. A taller figure moved slowly towards my bed. The face was averted from me, and looking back at the child. There was something familiar to me in

the appearance of this figure, and an anxious and irrepressible shuddering came over me, as I gazed upon it. Can the dead, indeed, resume the features and the habiliments which were theirs in life-time? I gazed, like one fascinated, upon the phantom. Slowly the head turned towards me. My heart stood stock still. It was my uncle! But Heavens, what a change! The eye was sunken,—the cheek livid and ghastly. The features wore a forbidding frown. He opened his lips as if to reproach me; when suddenly something seemed to be interposed between us, and in an instant the appearance had faded away.

I turned away. I felt terrified and sick. I tried to persuade myself that all I had seen was but the creation of a heated fancy.

A low voice whispered in my ear. I started at its familiar sound.

"You shall see more," it said.

I turned to the side whence the voice proceeded.

A female figure sat close to my bed-side. She was clad in white, and seemed to be working upon a linen robe.

She looked up at me. It was Mayflower Vane!

"It is my winding-sheet," she said. "It should have been my wedding robe."

I stretched my arms towards my early love, but the illusive phantom had already vanished.

A mocking laugh rang in my ears. It seemed to bring to my soul a host of harrowing recollections. I seemed to start to my feet. I was suddenly clutched with tremendous force. I turned round. I saw Minna's beautiful but indignant face; and her threatening poniard gleamed before my eyes. A moment, and then the weapon seemed buried in my heart. I felt a sharp pang and fainted.

CHAPTER X.

THE NUN.

I LAY ten days in a raging fever. During the whole time I was delirious; my youth and vigorous constitution, however, carried me through. In a fortnight I was well enough to walk out. The physician's advice now accorded with my intentions; and, as I was growing rapidly stronger, I had only to regret the two or three weeks' delay.

The day before my departure from Prague, I went towards the church of St. ——. It is close by a convent of Ursuline sisters.

I had been making a copy during the winter from a fine Domenichino, which hung in one of the smaller chapels of the church. The subject of the painting was the liberation of Rome from the dominion of the Tarquins.

I had rolled up and hidden it in a crevice of the chapel. I took it out with the intention of destroying it. I stood a moment comparing my feeble attempt with the magnificent original. By degrees I sank into meditation.

The shadows deepened as I stood in the sequestered chapel. The dim light from the painted windows became still more obscure. The vast church, which was thronged when I entered, was now nearly desolate. A few nuns from the neighbouring convent were gliding noiselessly about, and looked like spectres as they flitted past me in their dark and solemn garments.

Presently, they were all gone out but one. I remained still in my musing attitude. The last (who seemed too young for the gloomy life to which she had irrevocably doomed herself) glided by me, and sighed heavily as she past.

I was awakened from my reverie. I took another look at the picture, for its subject had a powerful interest for me. It was getting so dark that I could scarcely distinguish the colours—I heard a footstep—the nun approached me.

"Yes, you *paint* a deed of heroism and of devotion, and while you have painted others have *done!*"

I started at the deep tones of the voice which addressed me. I turned hastily to the speaker—the nun was Minna!

I sprang towards her. It was too late—she had vanished through an iron-grated door, which communicated with the neighbouring convent.

BOOK V.

"Following honour and his nose,
Rushed where the thickest fire announced most foes,"

DON JUAN. Canto viii.

Illi summas donare curules ?
Illum exercitibus præponere ? * *
* * * Vis certe pila, cohortes,
Egregios equites et castra domestica ? Quidni
Hæc cupias ?

Juvenal. SAT. X.

CHAPTER I.

WELCOME DODGE.

"AND so you were really there, Mr. Dodge ?"

"I shouldn't wonder."

"I dare say you might tell us some of the particulars which have not found their way into the newspapers."

"I guess I could."

"Have you been long in the Continental service ?"

"It's going on for fifteen weeks and three days, more or less ; but I don't recollect very particularly."

"Come, then, suppose you tell us something about it. We have nothing better to do this warm evening than to listen ; and I believe you are the only one of the party who was at Trenton."

The person I addressed was a Yankee. He was attired in a sailor's jacket and trowsers, but had added to them a musket and knapsack. He was a little above the middle height, and apparently a little below the middle age. He was narrow chested, with a slight stoop in the shoulders. His complexion was freckled and sunburned. His features were hard but full of intelligence, not unmixed with cunning. Furthermore he rejoiced in the appellation of Welcome Dodge.

We had encamped for the night not far from Bennington, and in the part of New England then called the "Hampshire Grants."

It was the evening of the 14th August, 1777. The weather was warm and we were seated in front of my tent. The party consisted of three persons besides myself, one of whom, Mr. Dodge, has been duly presented. The two others were a middle-aged man and a very young one.

The first was Colonel Waldron, an officer of some standing in the revolutionary army. I had become accidentally acquainted with him some three months previous to the time I write of, and since our first meeting had been almost constantly associated with him.

The other had been that evening introduced to me by Waldron for the first time. He was Captain Eliot of the Continental army; a very young man, apparently, and of slight figure. In the twilight I had not been able to observe his features with accuracy.

"Only three months then!" said I to Dodge.

"You have been engaged but three months in the service of the States?"

"Why I can't say," said Dodge, "that I have not

been a little longer in the States' service. But I have been only about that period of time in this line."

"What other line have you been engaged in?"

"Well, I've done a good many chores; privateering, and one thing and another; but 'tis only lately that I've tried training."

"And how came you to enlist in the army?"

"Well, you see," said Dodge, who was not unwilling to communicate his adventures. "Well, you see, when I got back to Penobscot, which was my native place, I found there warn't much doing—those British cruisers had knocked up the coasting-trade almighty fast—so as I had nothing to do, and winter coming, and I had got pretty much down to heel, and didn't know what to do for a living, I thought I might as well do a little training. Well, I came up from Penobscot, and when I got to New-York, who do you think I met?"

"How the deuce should I know?" I replied.

"Well, I met Bill Stimpson himself. I hadn't seen him since the day we arrived in Portland Bay from the "Nancy" privateer. After a little while, I told him I was going to list in the Continental. 'Show!' says he. 'Yes, I be!' says I. 'Be you for three years or the whole war, or less time?' says he. 'I guess I shall come it on the whole war!' says I. 'There aint much business doing in my line now at the East, on account of them British cruisers, and I don't know what I *shall* do.' 'You don't know nothing about it,' says he. 'Do tell,' says I. 'Why,' says he, 'I'm going to do a job of training myself; but I aint so dreadful stupid as to enlist the whole war, nor for three years neither, which is about as foolish. It's a great sight more profitable to go as substitute.' 'I want to know!' says I. 'Oh, beyond all

comparison!' says he. 'Now you recollect Davenport; he's drafted for six months, and I'm going in his place. He's just married—foolish cretur—and he offered me forty dollars Continental money and a suit of clothes from head to foot, besides board and lodgings for the rest of the year after the term was out, if I d go for him. So you see it's about as good a trade as I can make.' 'Well that beats all,' says I; and the next day, squire, I concluded I wouldn't go for the whole war, and I found out a fellow who was drafted for the Jersey militia, and was very willing to buy a substitute; and made him come down pretty handsome."

"Well—well," said I, "I am sorry you had no more patriotic motive for joining the banner of Washington. However, let's hear about the battle?'

"Well, you see, as soon as I had concluded my bargain with Squire Livermore, I went off with Bill Stimpson who was to serve in the same regiment. When we got down to camp, Captain Davis came up to us, and told us —but I expect I might as well tell you Squire, that if you want to know about the battle of Trenton, I can't say I know much about it."

"Why! you were there?" said I, in surprise.

"No, Squire, I can't say I was, not exactly, for I didn't arrive in camp till the 30th of December, and General Washington crossed the Delaware the night of Christmas day, and fought the battle of Trenton on the 26th. However, I got there on the 30th, and I saw the Princeton fight, and that was no joke I tell you."

"Well, let's have it, in as few words as possible!" said I.

"Well, you see the General went into winter-quarters at Trenton directly after the action. He tried amazing

hard to prevail on the N. England troops, whose term was out on New Year's day, to continue a little longer. It was pretty hard work, but at last they concluded to trade. A considerable number agreed to stay six weeks longer on condition they should have ten dollars a-piece bounty-money. The enemy was considerable powerful under Lord Cornwallis at Princeton; and General Washington, expected that he would come over to Trenton right away to attack him. Well, you see, the day after New Year's, they hove in sight, and their van reached Trenton, though there was many of them left behind. The General thought it was rather poky waiting, so he backed out across the Assumpinck Creek, because they were a little too strong for him; and the next night, he concluded he would march right away to Princeton, where there warn't quite so many. Well, we went away in the night without making any noise at all, and the next morning about sunrise, we had nearly got to Princeton. However Bill told me he guessed we should see the British before we got quite into the town, and I guessed we should too; and sure enough, when we were within half a mile of Princeton, there came three or four regiments right down upon us. However, I cocked my gun and made ready. Captain Davis sung out to us as bold as a lion. 'Dress,' says he to us, 'before you make ready;' and an English captain sung out, 'We'll dress you soon enough, damn your eyes!' and then they slapped it right into us without waiting for us to fire first. Two or three men near me tumbled right over. Bill said he guessed they was shot. I guessed they was too. It began to look plaguy pokerish, and so Bill and I dodged behind a stone wall, and most of the milishy that was in the van began to back

out too. When we got behind the wall, we kept ourselves pretty snug, loaded up the old fowling-pieces, and blazed away at the officers as they came along.

"You see it warn't possible to take aim in the field, no way you could fix it, on account of the confusion, but when we got behind the wall we could take aim as much as we were a mind to, and 'twasn't reasonable to be firing away ammunition for nothing. Gunpowder is plaguy scarce, and it's best to make use of it when you do fire it off. Well, the militia gave way, and Bill and I thought it was high time we should get out of the pickle as well as we could. There was a good many ugly-looking fellows coming towards us, so I took one more slap at a regular I saw cutting off to the right, and then we ran as tight as we could on the road to Trenton. We met a considerable large body of milishy about a quarter of a mile from the meeting-house, and they were cutting off, cause they thought the British a leetle grain too strong for them. However, General Mercer came up to them, and said he guessed they'd better go back and let 'em have it again; and after some consideration they said they guessed they had. Pretty soon after that, General Washington came up with the rear of the army, and he told them they had'nt ought to run; and we might lick 'em if we were a mind to, just as well as not. So we all formed a regular column and went right at 'em. The British line gave way this time, and then they got it hot and heavy I tell you. Colonel Mawhood cut his way through our troops and contrived to save himself, but the others were broken all to bits. We took three hundred captive, and I guess a considerable number of them were killed on the spot.

"The next day we went into winter-quarters at

Pluckemin. I staid there till my time was up, and just as I was going away, Deacon Ingersoll of Pluckemin, asked me if I could make it convenient to serve in place of his son, Jeroboam, who was poorly in health about that time. I guessed I could, if he'd make it convenient to come down pretty well. He guessed he could, and I thought I might as well go on fighting for another year, as I had got used to that line of business. Pretty soon after, our regiment of Jersey troops were ordered to the north to fight against Burgoyne. And that's all I know about the battle of Trenton, squire."

As the respectable Dodge concluded his oration, he marched off, saying he would see in the morning about the business I mentioned. I was left alone with my two companions.

"Now, without any exaggeration" said Waldron, "it is of just such stuff that half our troops are made at this moment. They are brave enough in their way, as you may judge by Dodge's account of himself, but they are unwilling to sacrifice gunpowder to discipline; and as to their patriotism, it is very well till it comes in contact with profit. You see, this fellow takes up the business of serving his country, because in the present universal stoppage of business it is as profitable a job as any he can get. He finds it, and they all find it, more to their interest to serve for short periods than for long, and as long as this infernal system of short enlistment continues, so long we shall be without an army; and so long shall we yield to the British."

"I know no greater proof of Washington's greatness than this," said I. "If ever a man was a hero, it is he. One would think the Devil himself would give up under such circumstances. His soldiers leaving him at every

instant, without even bidding him good-bye. His army dissolving hourly, like a snowball in Spring; and with nothing to supply its place but a vote of Congress."

"And it is for this reason," said Waldron, "that I think you have acted wisely in your arrangements. If every man who possessed the same means had been equally patriotic, and equally sensible, we should finish this war in a year. As it is, we must hope. But I have kept you too long from your couch, Captain Morton; and it is probable we may have work to morrow."

"But stay a moment, Colonel Waldron," said I, "has that mysterious person made his appearance lately?"

"I have not seen him for a month," was the answer. "I have no reason to believe that he is in our camp. If he should present himself, however, rest assured that I will immediately inform you of it. Come, Edward."

The young officer, who had been introduced to me as Captain Eliot, rose and approached me. His cap was slouched over his brows, so that I was still unable to distinguish his features. I extended my hand to both; they both pressed it warmly.

"I think we shall soon meet again," said Eliot to me,—"but here is a paper which concerns yourself. If I should prove mistaken, it will inform you of many particulars which concern yourself, and with which you have been too long unacquainted."

"Willingly," said I,—"but stay, you say we shall meet again, have we not met before? Surely there is something—"

But they had both gone. I could not divest myself of the impression that I had heard the young stranger's soft and gentle voice before.

CHAPTER II.

HISTORICAL.

I HAVE precipitated my reader with perhaps too much violence into the midst of the revolutionary war. Although I shall endeavour to bring him out of it as safely as I can, yet there is much work for us to do. It would be quite impossible for me, who have set myself to the task of taking off the cream, of distilling the spirit, or, in other words, of extracting the moral square root of my life, to omit so important a fraction of it, as the period upon which I have now entered.

Let me go back five minutes. I arrived in America on the 15th day of May. I hastened to Morton's Hope. In the little vault which my uncle had himself constructed, I read two inscriptions—"Fortitude Morton, ob. Jan. 15, 1774." "Joshua Morton, ob. Dec. 1776." They were both gone—the Hope was tenantless.

It will be easily believed that I had no inducement to linger there. It was no time then to abandon myself to an unavailing melancholy. I sorrowed long and deeply for one I had so tenderly loved; but I felt that it was idle and unmanly to exhibit or to indulge my grief.

I had had time during a long voyage to America to reflect upon my destiny—upon my mission—I hastened now to act.

I found my uncle's agent. I was the sole heir. The property was far beyond my most extravagant estimate. Although all kinds of property had necessarily depreciated, yet I knew that this was temporary, and I found

myself possessed of a fortune far more ample than I had dreamed of. I was delighted. I felt that it had fallen into good hands. I knew it would be of use.

A new campaign was opening. The war had already become unpopular. The enthusiasm which had glowed through the public bosom on the first outbreak of the revolution had grown faint. The elasticity with which the nation had bounded from under the first pressure of tyranny, had begun to slacken. It was beginning to sink under the new and complicated weights which were now crowded upon it. Washington still bore up, but the whole mass of the war hung upon his Atlantean shoulders. He did not bend nor quaver, but he called aloud to the nation in his agony. They had not responded to his call. Congress was heroic, but it was comparatively powerless. It was not the nation. The General's "*coups de guerre*" at Trenton and Princeton, had for a moment roused the flagging spirit of the country—but still it drooped.

Army there was none. When Washington commenced his retreat through the Jerseys, hotly pursued by Howe's army and Howe's proclamation, his ragamuffins were hardly a thousand strong. A thousand men, and those worn out—sick—miserable—naked—starving—"no eye had seen such scare-crows." It was a mystery that he got them across the Delaware—it was a still greater mystery that he brought them up to the enemy—but it was the greatest mystery of all that he led them off victorious.

It is neither invidious nor unpatriotic to say this. It was the height of hallucination to suppose any thing else possible. The men were brave but they were not soldiers; and Washington well knew, and the nation

learned it afterwards, that a British army was not exactly a thing to be trifled with; that British soldiers required soldiers to beat them. The curses of Washington upon the militia and the whole militia system, were too well founded. The pay and the bounty were too contemptible. Recruits were not to be had. Enlistments for three years, or for the war, became every day more rare. Jobbing and substituting were found more profitable.—Unfortunately a war is not a thing to be done by the job, or at any rate there should be but one job made of it.

In short, at the close of each campaign, Washington found himself at the head of a phantom army—a will-of-the-wisp which led him a pretty dance through swamps and morasses, and flitted away when it was most needed. The troops were sure to dissolve, the periods of service were sure to expire, at the very moment when some grand stroke was contemplated.

It has become of late the fashion to underrate the hero; but I know nothing more sublime in the history of conquerors than the adamantine soul which faltered not—the devoted patriotism which did not become sickened and disgusted by such constant and wearing trials as those he contended with.

I had had time to observe all these things. I arrived at a sort of pause. The winter campaign was over—the second was to begin. It was easy to see the cause of most of the national difficulties. I saw them. Every one saw them. They were simply want of money, and want of men. Congress voted men, as Glendower called his "lackey spirits;" but none came when they were called. The spirits for reasons best known to themselves; but the soldiers for the most potent reason in the world; because they were not paid for it.

The want of money was simply the result of the powerlessness of the general government. It was a radical defect, which it seems the majority will not learn, (although the world is so many thousand years old,) that delegation is not abdication. The mob will not learn that although it is a sovereign and an absolute one, it is not beneath its dignity to confide its powers to trustworthy ministers and servants.

The old confederacy of the United States was instituted to carry on a war. It should have been a hundred-handed giant—a Briareus waving a hundred swords but directed by a single hand. It proved only an enormous polypus, a sluggish, drowsy, palsied creature, moving its thousand legs and arms at different times, and in different directions, but incapable of moving forward with a single powerful impulse. In a confederacy which has a nominal head indeed, but whose various members, from some defect in the machinery, cannot all be moved at the volition of that head, a spasmodic and irregular action is sure to take the place of the regular, healthy, concentrated movement, which alone will fulfil the object of the confederacy. But there is no need of enlarging on the weakness of the government, for it seems that we shall never grow wiser, and that we are still determined to neutralize our institutions by our hesitation to subscribe to that belief in human virtue which dictated their organization.

In a word, the nation had no money—without money they could not pay their troops. They had no coin.—They must use credit. They emitted bills. It was known how little power was in the hands of the government. It was known that they trembled to tax. It was known that they hesitated to contract a loan—they

shivered constantly on the brink of their capability. Of course, with each fresh emission of paper, the paper depreciated. The amount expanded which they wanted the power to redeem. The depreciation naturally suggested to the trembling congress, the necessity of contracting their issues. And yet without bills how could they pay their troops? They had been bankrupt when they began business. They could pay nothing but their notes of hand.

Now if the President could have borrowed a good round sum at once—if it had been possible to silence all the sneaking fears of corruption and moneyed influences; or if it had been in the power of Congress to contract a a good honest debt, which would have been a fund and a security for property in peace, as well as a golden chain to bind the nation together, affairs would have been better. It would have been better to come to the nation with pockets turned inside out, and honestly borrow what they wanted at once, than by little and little swindle them out of more small change than the whole debt would have amounted to. But with tied hands and empty pockets what could they do? They did all they could. All that heroism and patriotism hampered by jealousy could do the Congress did.

At any rate one point was gained. The problem was fortunately solved at last. It was proved that nothing but an army could beat English regiments; and that amateurs from the plough, and dilettanti from the dockyards, were excellent raw material, but required to be manufactured. They were the stuff to make good soldiers of, but they must first be made.

I shall make no apology to the reader for all this digression. He may skip it if he chooses, and advise all

his friends to do the same. But I insist upon saying all I have got to say on this subject, because it is necessary to my purpose. I know it is dull. I know it is commonplace; but my readers may be sure "that when I am dull, there is always a design in it."

I saw at once my situation. I knew what I could do, and what I could not do. I could not give them a new constitution; but I could give them a little money. I could give them a few men. I determined to sacrifice my whole fortune if it were necessary. It was but a drop in the bucket—but still it was a drop. Besides, there was no doubt my example would be of service, and emulation in such a cause would be of incalculable value.

I went immediately to work. It was my intention to apply my feeble strength to the task of obviating one or two glaring defects of the present system. It was easy for me if I was unsparing of money to raise a strong able bodied, resolute corps. I limited the number to five hundred; but they were all picked men, all marksmen. I selected them from no particular district or state. On the contrary, it was rather an object with me to unite a certain number of representatives from all. I wished to see if it were possible in the course of a continued military existence to annihilate the conflicting peculiarities of the different sections of the country, and alchemize them down into a single, solid and congenial mass.

It was easy for me to obtain the necessary powers from the legislature. It was not difficult for me to obtain a commission. It was also no Herculean task to fill up my number; for I was able to make the allowance of clothes, blankets, camp utensils, &c. so liberal that the principal reason for the general distaste to the service disappeared in our volunteer corps. In return I demanded

from each member a solemn promise under seal, to continue in the corps, till death or till the close of the war.

With regard to myself I determined to lay the precept of subordination to superiors to my heart. I determined, if possible, to be governed only by my wish to serve my country. That my patriotism might be pure and disinterested was my constant prayer. I endeavoured to guard myself with all my strength against personal ambition; the besetting sin of all partisans and of all partisan warfare. I determined to submit without a murmur to all orders of my superiors, and as far as possible to discourage the republican spirit in my corps. That I might live to see a glorious and firm republic erected on the ruins of the fallen monarchy was my constant prayer; but I knew that the work of erection was to be accomplished by an army, and I felt that in an army the despotic principle was indispensable.

There was a delay at the opening of the summer campaign. At its commencement the pieces stood nearly thus upon the chess board. The Howes with their army and fleet were in possession of New-York. The northern army under Burgoyne were hovering about the lakes and threatening Ticonderoga.

The Americans under Schuyler, Lincoln, and Putnam were in possession of the forts on the lakes and along the North River.

Washington was in the Jerseys.

It was nearly certain that the two British armies intended a junction and co-operation. It was Washington's object to baffle their intentions if possible. The junction would probably be at New-York, but as the British commanded the sea, there were two ways of effecting it.

Burgoyne threatened the fortresses which were between him and New-York. Howe might move up the river, and by a synchronic movement attack the forts from below at the moment that the New-York army was thrown into the Jerseys. While Washington was weakening himself at the south by sparing all he could for the army at Peekskill, and still farther north, Howe's army co-operating with the fleet might suddenly make a rapid advance to the south, and give him the fool's mate at the third move in Philadelphia. It was his earnest wish to save that city if possible.

While he was thus at cross purposes with the enemy, it was my lot to arrive at his camp in Pompton plains, N. Jersey. The fleet had sailed from New-York, but whether for the Chesapeake or Delaware, or whether with the intention of returning suddenly to co-operate with Burgoyne, was yet a problem.

I was admitted to the presence of the general, and stated my wishes and intentions. I had the good fortune to meet his approbation. He perceived that I had adopted his views, and that I was influenced by upright and virtuous motives. Moreover, I was of the class which he wished to be engaged in the country's service. I was not actuated by a love of gain, nor even of glory. Moreover, I had a stake in society. I had a respectable local reputation to lose. A good estate to forfeit. A neck which it was an object to me to keep as long as possible out of the halter. In short, I was one of those in whom he could confide. He saw that there was no danger of my making money out of my commission.

I was unhappy that I was not permitted to remain in his camp: but with that elevated patriotism for which he was remarkable, he chose rather to strengthen the ar-

mies of other generals than his own; and still mistrusting the designs of Burgoyne, and of the force which was opposed to him, he preferred to send our corps to the north, than to reinforce himself. I rejoiced, however, in the end. I felt afterwards that Brandywine would hardly have been so auspicious or so encouraging a commencement for a volunteer, as Saratoga.

Soon after this I fell in with Mr. Welcome Dodge. Accident, not worth while to relate, led to our acquaintance. I enlisted him a member of my corps, and he became of invaluable service to me. My numbers were not yet complete, and his experience and native shrewdness enabled me to provide myself with the best recruits; his friends Bill Stimpson and Belah Humphreys among the number.

As soon as my corps was complete I pushed directly for New-Hampshire. At the time I joined the army of the north, the deeply injured Schuyler had command of that department. The Americans were gradually backing out before Burgoyne, who was proceeding southward with fearful rapidity. The recoil of the Americans served, however, eventually to concentrate their force.

The favourite plan of the British ministry was to push an army by the way of the Northern Lakes, from Canada to the Hudson. It had been matured in the cabinet during the winter, and Burgoyne, to whom its management was entrusted, had even visited England to assist at the deliberation. As a corollary to the plan, St. Leger was to advance towards the Hudson, through the valley of the Mohawk.

Burgoyne set himself early to his task. He advanced like a giant with rapid strides, and with signal success. The Americans were too weak to oppose him, and their

general unwillingly and slowly retreated, disputing every inch, but forced, however, reluctantly to yield.

On the 5th of July, the cherished Ticonderoga fell into the hands of the Englishmen, with its important adjunct, Fort Independence. On the 6th and 7th, Fort Anne, and Fort Edward, were relinquished, and the American general fell back to Saratoga. At last, he was forced to abandon that position, and then he retreated like a stag to the water, and stood at bay on a small island at the confluence of the Hudson and the Mohawk.

On the 15th of August, Burgoyne was at Saratoga, and St. Leger had invested Fort Schuyler.

The rapidity with which the English general had swept downward from the North, had inevitably lengthened his line, and thereby attenuated his army. Moreover, his stores and heavy baggage were to be conveyed by land over a difficult country, from Fort George to Saratoga, a tedious and perilous process.

Reflecting upon these things before his arrival at Saratoga, he determined that the rebels should be his purveyors. He knew that they had large magazines in the neighbourhood. He cast his eyes upon Bennington.

CHAPTER III.

THE ADVENTURES OF PATANKO.

Let me resume the thread of my own adventures.

As soon as my companions were gone, I tore the seal from the packet. It contained a long and closely written letter.

The two first words irresistibly excited my curiosity. The letter began—"My son"—

Perhaps I ought to apologize for laying the whole paper before my readers. Although it was natural that I should devour its contents with impatient eagerness, yet it is more than probable that they will be fatigued by its great length, and its occasionally unnecessary details.

I ought perhaps to have curtailed and abridged the document, since, although it is necessary that the reader should be acquainted with its main substance, yet it must be confessed that its most important parts might have been compressed into a much smaller compass.

I have, however, felt myself incapable of altering or epitomizing the manuscript, and must content myself with thus removing the responsibility of its prolixity from my father to myself.

MY FATHER'S STORY.

"My Son,

"I HAVE prepared the following brief sketch of my life under every disadvantage. I have been obliged to compile it at intervals, and at stolen moments, when my exhausted frame rather required repose, than the excitement of which a retrospect of my past unhappy career is sure to be the cause.

"I felt, however, that to myself and to my son, I owed a duty which I owe to no other living mortal. I determined for my son's sake that I would, as far as was in my power, remove the load of obloquy that is likely to rest upon my memory.

"I have been the victim of my own early crimes, and of a certain fatality which has always thrown my every folly in the strongest light, while it cast a broad shadow over every germ of virtue. A strong nature would have been perhaps but slightly affected by the circumstances which cast an early blight upon mine; but I was born with an irritable and an impatient disposition.

"I found, or I thought I found, that I was the victim of an unhappy fate. I felt myself continually placed in situations in which there were few who would not have erred, but which the generality of mankind are fortunate enough to escape.

"If I formed a virtuous resolution, accident was sure to prevent its execution; and at last a succession of misfortunes acting upon a naturally despairing temperament, produced their necessary result. I became reckless and abandoned. It was evident that fate had intended me for a scapegrace. My relations had always assured me that such was the fact before I was old enough to understand their meaning; with the utmost candour they had always pointed to the gallows as the ultimate termination of my career; and at last, so completely had I been convinced by their arguments, that I already regarded it as a settled matter, and looked complacently forward to that goal as to the natural finale of my adventures.

"Thus you see one exemplification of the advantages of making the worst of every thing. I dare say, if I had ever received encouragement and occasional praise when I deserved it, that I might have become a respectable member of society.

"Your grandfather, John Morton, was a rich, steady-going old merchant. He intended his eldest son, Joshua, who was always a studious and pains-taking, although

an eccentric youth, for the bar; and wished me to succeed him in his business.

"It was not my fault that this employment was not to my taste. I had previously informed all concerned that such was the fact; but finding it impossible to convince any one, I was obliged to take the affair into my own hands. Accordingly, I seized my first opportunity and ran away. I had for some time possessed several valuable acquaintances among the sea-faring gentry of my native town. I exerted my influence with them, and surreptitiously procured a passage in a brig bound to Jamaica; this was when I was a little past my fourteenth year.

"I have since been informed that my father was for a short time quite inconsolable. After a day or two, however, he consoled himself with the reflection that his prophecies were now certain to be fulfilled. There could now be no doubt that my destiny was the gallows. Accordingly my doom was looked upon as sealed, and my brother Joshua succeeded me in the arduous duties of tasting treacle and counting sugar-boxes.

"When our brig was within a day or two of the successful termination of her voyage, we one afternoon descried a strange sail. It proved to be a schooner which was evidently bearing down rapidly upon us. As this was at the time when the celebrated buccaneers were holding their carnival in the West Indian Archipelago, you may conceive that our captain was not particularly delighted with the prospect before us. He did his best to escape, but the enemy had the longest legs. Within an hour after her first appearance, the schooner was alongside of us.

"As soon as we were within hailing distance a gruff

voice desired our better acquaintance; and our captain having complied with the polite invitation, the pirate signified his intention of making us a visit. Resistance was of course out of the question, as our whole force amounted but to six men, and a one-legged negro. The latter was a cook, and better adapted to his profession than to any thing of a warlike character. As for myself I was an undersized lad for my age, and although of considerable importance in my own estimation, my existence was hardly recognized in the brig.

"To be brief, the pirate came on board and ordered us all into his own vessel. That we might feel no delicacy about accepting his hospitality, he ordered each of us to be escorted thither by two tall fellows from his own crew. They answered all objections which we thought proper to make, by binding our arms and gagging our mouths. After these ingenious processes were completed, we all observed a decorous silence.

"As soon as the coast was clear, the buccaneer amused himself with inspecting our cargo. He had evidently mistaken our character; for finding that the brig was loaded merely with salt fish, and no other New England delicacies, he was exceedingly disappointed. One would have thought that he might have let us off, poor devils as we were, when he found how unprofitable an adventure it would turn out.

"The buccaneer had no such humane feelings. He preferred making a bonfire of the vessel. He laid a train accordingly, and then returned with his men to his own ship.

"We had hardly got well out of the way when the Jezebel blew up with a tremendous explosion. The pirate pointed it out to us with great glee, and seemed

to regard it as an affair got up for our special amusement.

"As soon, however, as that matter was settled, things began to look serious. A cloud came over the buccaneer's brow, and he began to abuse the captain for the meagre character of his cargo. He logically expounded to us that if he had known we had been no better worth capturing he should have left us in peace, but that having already taken the step he had, a due regard to his own safety required our immediate immolation. He regretted the measure he was obliged to take, but consoled us with the assurance that we had nobody to blame but ourselves. Having arrived at this conclusion, he commenced operations by seizing the cook by his one leg, and throwing him into the sea.

"Hereupon our captain by a spasmodic exertion forced the gag from his mouth, and commenced an eloquent remonstrance. In answer, the buccaneer told him to be d——d, and cut his throat by way of expediting the process.

"In five minutes all my unfortunate comrades were butchered and thrown overboard. I was the last in the row, but a savage-looking blackguard had his knuckles already against my throat, when to my utter amazement the captain ordered him to desist. Actuated by some unaccountable freak, the captain signified his intention of sparing my life. I was released accordingly, and refreshed with some rum and water. The captain afterwards told me that he was pleased with my countenance, and had decided that in time I should make an excellent pirate. He agreed to spare my life on condition of my enlisting under the black flag. With an internal reflection on the probable truth of my father's prognostications

I consented. The love of life proved stronger than the love of argument, otherwise it would have been an excellent opportunity to have made my exit from life, for the sake of giving all my friends the lie. The conviction that I was born and educated for the gallows became stronger. To what else but my evil destiny could it be owing, that before I was fifteen I was already a buccaneer.

"In the cruise that succeeded I was comparatively but little employed. There were one or two prizes made, but without any bloodshed. So that fortunately for my morality, the massacre of my own comrades was the only one of which I was doomed to be present.

"After I had been at my piratical apprenticeship about three weeks, the career of my companions already approached its termination. The last capture that they made was, indeed, the catching of a Tartar: for one fine morning we were made a prize of by his majesty's frigate the Tartar, carrying thirty guns.

"We were carried into Jamaica, and immediately thrown into prison. The cheerful prophecies of my friends were now apparently to be consummated. My protestations of innocence, and the absurd account I gave of myself were treated with contempt. In short, the judges one and all, detected in the expression of my countenance an evidence of ferocious depravity. It was decided that I was the most abandoned of the gang. When we were in court I reproached the captain of the buccaneers with the fate to which he had brought me: he answered me with sneers, and assured all present that my story was a parcel of trumpery. There was no struggling against my fate, so I gave up the point, and accordingly after having doomed us all to death that

day fortnight, the judge went to dinner, and we returned to our dungeons.

"Luckily in the interval between our condemnation and its consummation, one of the counsellors who had compassion for my extreme youth, and who had not been so entirely convinced by my depraved expression (the result probably of the dungeon air and two months starvation,) as the rest of the court, exerted himself to procure a pardon for me.

"Aided by the full confession of two of the pirates, he at last succeeded. My life was spared—the captain was hung, and I had the laugh on my side.

"I emerged from the prison, and found myself once more at large; as I had hardly a rag to my back, or a halfpenny in my pocket, I thought after all that they might as well have finished the matter. However, the worthy counsellor once more came to aid, and by his assistance I was put in possession of a few clothes and other indispensables, and procured a passage in a homeward bound vessel.

"The report of my adventures had, however, preceeded me. Great additions and exaggerations were of course liberally made, so that the most charitably disposed believed that I had been convicted of robbery and murder in the West Indies, but had been pardoned on account of my extreme youth. This was deemed a trivial offence compared with the catalogue of crimes which report had already tacked to my fame; but still it was sufficient to exclude me from the society of all decent persons. My father cursed me, and banished me from his presence; but my brother Joshua, the most kind-hearted of mortals, supplied my wants, and consoled me with his occasional and stolen visits, although the load

of evidence had also entirely convinced him of my crimes.

"My father resisted all my efforts at conciliation and justification. Joshua seconded them to the utmost of his power but it was of no avail. I fell into despair, but was at last roused by the information that my father in a fit of extraordinary clemency, had consented to my exportation to the Pacific in one of his whaling ships.

"The expedition was to last three years and perhaps longer. This indulgence, he informed me through Joshua, (for he still refused to see me,) was to be ascribed solely to my brother's intercession; and was not at all in consequence of any change of opinion with regard to my guilt or innocence.

"I had nothing for it therefore, but to turn whaler—so a whaling I went.

"My education of course progressed in this course of life; and my morals and manners were much improved by the society of my associates. There now no longer remained a doubt in my own mind regarding my inevitable destiny.

"I throve and grew strong, however, on the luxuries of my whaling life, so that after I had fairly circumnavigated the globe, and finished my three years' voyage I stepped on shore a full-grown man. The alteration in my appearance was so complete that I was not recognized by the few acquaintances whom I met. I hailed this change as a lucky omen, for feeling that my former self was not likely to be a very influential patron to me in future, I rejoiced that I might assume as it were a new character, and perhaps in time become a respectable person.

"My old fate, however, was against me. The first

evening of my arrival, as I was making my way to the ship in search of my effects, I was assaulted by two strong fellows, and robbed of my three years' wages. This was not all, for a number of persons being aroused by the bustle, the rogues contrived to make it appear that I was the assailant, and very coolly accused me of assault and robbery. The sapient spectators were as usual completely convinced by my shabby dress and sinister expression, so that half a dozen constables were called, and I was shuffled into jail. In the mean time the real rogues effected their escape.

"The next morning my father and brother were informed of the arrival of the ship, and at the same moment learned that their hopeful relative had been committed for robbery and murder the first evening of his arrival.

"Even the benevolent Joshua now gave me up, and although I was of course after a few days' repose in the prison, released by the non-appearance of my accusers; yet my doom was fixed, and not a voice found a single argument in my favour.

"As I was now abandoned by every human being, I resolved to leave the place where my position in society could no longer be considered an eligible one. I had had enough of the sea, so I resolved to push into the wilderness. I made my way into the valley of the Connecticut, which I knew was the constant seat of Indian warfare, and resolved if possible to gain a livelihood by earning the bounty upon Indian scalps. It seemed to me that this business was the only one in which my shabby character was not likely to prevent success.

"I settled in D——, and made the acquaintance of

one of the settlers. Agriculture was at that time carried on with a spade in one hand, and a loaded musket in the other. The farmer, whose name was Killburn, was willing to take me as an apprentice. He furnished me with a hoe and a rifle, and I soon made a rapid progress in the trade. I found Indian hunting as it was then practised, an exhilarating amusement, and, in the course of a few years, my industry, and the sale of my scalps, enabled me to lay by a tolerable sum.

"I removed a little further up the river, and purchased a small tract of land.

"Three years had now elapsed since I had seen or heard from any one of my relations. One day, however, I was profoundly astonished at receiving a letter from Joshua. This gentle-tempered brother informed me that he had been afflicted upon hearing of my departure, and regretted his hastiness. Although he did not intimate to me that his opinions with regard to the real truth of my past career had undergone any change, but on the contrary, gave me pretty plainly to understand that he still considered me, to his sorrow, as a tolerably abandoned young gentleman, yet he begged to inform me that any assistance I might be in need of would be most cheerfully furnished by him. He furthermore informed me, that our youngest brother, Augustine Morton, and himself had been passing a summer in a village about twenty miles from me—that our father had stationed him there to superintend the clearing and cultivating of some very extensive tracts of land which he had purchased a few years previously; and to conclude, that Augustine was about to marry a daughter of a wealthy pioneer in the valley.

"All this information I received as I was about de-

parting on an expedition of unusual importance. A strong party of Pequods, the most inveterate English-haters of the New England tribes, had lately assaulted the village of P—, and after massacreing several families had concluded with setting fire to the place, and departing with a number of captives.

"I had immediately assembled a strong party of friends who desired nothing better than to wreak their vengeance on the accursed savages. We swore to pursue their trail and to rescue the captives, or according to the usual heroic formula, to perish in the attempt.

"I read my brother's letter, thrust it hastily in my bosom, and then set off on our scouting party."

CHAPTER IV.

THE ADVENTURES OF PATANKO, CONTINUED.

"Our expedition was successful. We followed the trail of the savages for many miles, and at last came up with a party of them who were left in charge of the captives. They were about equal to us in number. We attacked them with ferocity, and succeeded in liberating the prisoners. With their assistance the victory was soon decided in our favour. The Indians were slaughtered to a man; our own loss was trifling. Upon me as leader and instigator of the pursuit, the thanks of the captives were prodigally bestowed. There was one in particular whose gratitude much delighted me. It was a beautiful young girl who had been carried off with several others of her sex. Eunice Blake was the daughter of a wealthy settler, and her unbounded joy at her deliverance may

easily be conceived. It was very natural that she should look upon her preserver with partial eyes. I believe her attachment dated from the moment she first beheld me. It was not singular; for now that I am on the verge of the grave, and have long outlived all youthful vanity, I have no hesitation in saying that there was no youth in the valley whose personal attractions compared with mine. It was a slander of my enemies to say that my expression was disagreeable.

"We returned to P——, and I had the satisfaction of restoring Eunice to the embraces of her friends. I lingered in the village for several days; during this time our mutual passion had increased to the most violent degree.

"As soon as this was apparent. the parents of my Eunice gave me to understand that my visits were no longer acceptable. Their gratitude was not proof against the fear of an utter stranger's addresses to their only child.

"I have omitted to state, that on coming to the wilderness, I had dropped my family name, and was known throughout the valley by my baptismal one of Morris.

"I had acquired, however, from the Indians the cognomen of Patanko, which was my most common designation.

"It was hardly to be wondered at that Patanko Morris, an adventurer whom no one knew should not be considered an eligible husband for the most beautiful girl in the province. Moreover, I now learned, for the first time, that she was already betrothed by her parents. Although she had entertained no violent affection for the object of their choice, yet it was considered by all a match to which there could be no objection; and Eunice, who had previously been a stranger to any passionate feeling, had found no difficulty in giving her consent.

"It was very different, now that she had conceived a desperate affection for the wild and wayward preserver of her life.

"I felt insulted and aggrieved, and it was at that moment that the darkest period of my life commenced. It is a fact on which I shall offer no comment—for I am merely recording a confession, and not composing a moral essay—that my love for Eunice was extinguished, for the moment at least, in the dark tempest which now spread itself over my mind.

"I communed with myself, and I felt more keenly than ever that I was the slave and the sport of an evil destiny. My name was blackened, my character irremediably destroyed, and my prospects in life blasted before I had emerged from my boyhood. Each succeeding year had only told the same tale and repeated the ill-fated lesson which I had now learned by heart, and all this without my being conscious of a single crime.

"I am well aware that a strong and well-regulated mind would perhaps have only gained new energy by such constant opposition. But my nature had been too long abandoned to itself. It was overgrown with weeds, and the blessed and healthy fountains of good were well nigh choked and buried.

"At this moment I threw off all desire for good. At this moment I resigned myself to my evil genius. I felt that my arms were palsied with struggling against the ceaseless current which must eventually bear me down, and I blindly abandoned myself to my fate. It was at this moment that I became really wicked. I have not, my son, the slightest inclination to extenuate my crimes. I have penned this confession that you might know exactly how far my guilt extended, and because I have

been accused of a thousand crimes of which I was always incapable, and from which my son will be glad to acquit the memory of his father.

"I write also that you may take warning from my fate, and to convey to you, as strongly as I can, the principle that the greatest weakness is to acknowledge that you are weak, and that the surest way to accomplish an evil destiny, is to believe in it.

"At this moment I became really a villain—because I believed that I was fated to become one. It was with a feeling of relief that I threw off all restraint, and threw myself into the arms of my evil genius.

"I swore revenge against the Blakes. The first victim was Eunice. I easily accomplished her ruin, for she loved and trusted me, and then, when the family were humbled to the dust, I fled the place.

"A few months after my return to my own habitation, I received a second letter from Joshua. Alas! its contents and its language were widely different from the last. The letter I have preserved, but it is unnecessary to lay it before you; suffice that I inform you of its purport.

"I already knew that Joshua and Augustine had both been in the valley the preceding summer, at a time when I was absent on a hunting excursion. I now learned for the first time that they had both become violently in love with Eunice Blake; that Joshua, on discovering (as he had reason to believe) a mutual attachment between Augustine and Eunice, had, after a desperate struggle, for his passions were strong, resigned all his pretensions, and precipitately left the place.

"It was, then, Eunice Blake, the victim of my vengeance, who was betrothed to Augustine.

"The feelings of my brothers may be easily conceived

when they received the information of what had taken place. It was at the moment that Augustine was leaving his home for the residence of his beloved, that the fatal tidings arrived. It was not however for several weeks that Patanko Morris and Morris Morton were discovered to be one and the same person.

* * * * * *

"Augustine destroyed himself in a moment of frenzy. Joshua, after writing to me in the most harrowing terms, abjuring all relationship, and bequeathing to me his eternal curse, abandoned his country. He remained long beyond the Atlantic, and I heard of him no more.

"My son! the agony which was the consequence of a real crime, how widely did I find to differ from the moodiness which had previously been excited within me by the consciousness of a perverse fate! Alas! I have suffered for that crime, but I feel even now that it is not expiated.

"As soon as I was sufficiently recovered to be able to consider my situation at all, I resolved to make all the reparation in my power.

"It will easily be believed that the objections of the Blakes to my union with Eunice were slightly weakened by what had happened. Although my victim was on the brink of the grave, and entirely indifferent to all that could happen in this world; yet she was willing (in the hope of lightening the misery which weighed down her parents to the dust) to unite herself to her detestable destroyer.

"Preparations were made for the wedding, and the day was at last fixed.

"We were assembled on a gloomy autumnal after-

noon at the habitation of Nathan Blake; the minister of the village was about to perform the ceremony.

"Before its termination, however, we were alarmed by a great commotion without. There was much shouting and hurrying to and fro, and presently the terrific Indian yell was heard on every side. My worst suspicions were realized. The bloodhounds were again upon us.

"The incomplete marriage was interrupted. In a few moments a bullet had whistled through the room. There was a tolerably strong party in the house, and we had plenty of guns and ammunition. We barricaded the doors and windows, and prepared for a desperate defence.

"The house of Blake was considerably in advance of the main body of the village. Its position was solitary but tolerably strong. I soon discovered that it was myself who was the main object of the attack. It had become known to the Indians that the detestable Patanko was to be present at that place and time; and a large party of the friends of those who had fallen in our last skirmish, had vowed my destruction.

"An attack of Indians was not, however, so unfrequent in that quarter that the settlers were not usually provided with the means of defence.

"Our guns were loaded, and a sudden volley from the second story window, which brought two of our assailants to the ground, somewhat astonished the enemy. In the meantime featherbeds and blankets were suspended from the ceilings and across the windows, which served the double purpose of a barricade and a reservoir of ammunition. The women loaded our guns, and a constant fire was kept up upon the savages. Nearly all

our bullets were successful, while our party were so well protected that as yet not a single wound had been received.

"Eunice was the boldest of the party Indeed it was the first time for a long period that she had manifested any feeling of humanity. She had hitherto been to all appearances an animated corpse.

"She was most efficient in loading our muskets, and exposed herself constantly despite of all my endeavours to prevent her.

"It seemed to me at last, that she was more than indifferent to life. and that she rather hoped than feared our eventual destruction.

"It was not long before my worst fears were realized. A bullet struck her. She uttered a faint shriek. I rushed forward and caught her in my arms. It was too late.—Her deeply-injured spirit had passed away without a struggle. The interrupted bridal was for ever banned. Earthly reparation was no longer in my power. I cast myself frantically upon the ground, and bitterly cursed my terrible destiny.

"It was no time, however, to give way to useless lamentations. My companions roused me, and after a little interval my grief changed to the most deadly and tempestuous rage.

"I was no longer contented to remain in the house which was the tomb of all my better feelings. I seized my arms, and shaking myself from the grasp of those who strove to detain me, I rushed forth at once, determined to wreak my vengeance upon the enemy.

"My sudden sally had astonished the savages. Before they were scarcely aware of my presence I had already slain two of the foremost. It was, however, im-

possible for me to avoid the penalty of my rashness. I was surrounded at once. I dealt the most furious blows about me. They were more successful than they might otherwise have been, for the Indians were bent upon capturing me alive. My resistance, however desperate, was of no avail. I was captured, and knew that the most exquisite tortures were in store for me. I recked it not. I had at least glutted my revenge. Eunice was dead, and I welcomed death.

CHAPTER V.

THE HISTORY OF PATANKO, CONTINUED.

"FROM this time forth my connection with civilized man may be said to have terminated. From this time forth the whole penalty of my crimes began to be inflicted.—From this time forth my dwelling was the wilderness; my associates savages and demons.

"As soon as I was captured, the savages sounded a retreat. The object of their expedition was accomplished,—the villagers had become alarmed, and there was every probability that a rescue would be attempted. Their party was strong, however, and they retreated in triumph. They directed their course to Canada, for these Indians were in the service and the pay of the French.

"I had been slightly wounded, but I was unfortunately able to walk. If I had been disabled they might, perhaps, have despatched me. A rope was now bound tightly about my arms, and the other end was given to two athletic savages. I was thus led forward like a beast to the slaughter.

"Our march continued till late that evening, during the night I was of course securely guarded, and early in the morning our agreeable pilgrimage was resumed.

"In the course of the second day I contrived to lag considerably behind the others. My wound was considered a sufficient excuse for my heavy movements, and my two guardians were considered more than competent to secure me.

"At last I seized a favourable moment, and by a desperate exertion of strength succeeded in snapping the rope that bound me. I had hoped to drop into a thicket, and to effect my escape before the two Indians were aware; but I was unsuccessful, they perceived my attempt, and rushed towards me.

"Escape was of course impossible, and although I had no weapons I prepared to give them battle.

"One, who was the most active, was a little in advance of the other. I was celebrated the whole country round for my dexterity in the elegant amusement of trip and twitch, which is one of the pleasantest varieties of the Indian jug.

"I succeeded in casting the first with tremendous violence to the earth; his head struck against a stone, and he lay motionless upon the ground.

"The other now came bounding towards me, making horrible grimaces, and uttering a delightful series of Indian yells. I closed with him—he was enormously muscular—I exerted all my strength—I could not move him from his feet. I succeeded, however, in pinioning his arms—we stood for a moment grinning in each other's face.

"After I had had plenty of leisure to examine the ingenious paintings with which he had thought proper to

decorate his face and bosom, he suddenly made a convulsive movement, whirled suddenly about in my arms, and succeeded in freeing himself from my embrace. His blanket, which was his only covering, remained in my clutch, and there was now an excellent opportunity to admire the continuation of hieroglyphics with which he had illustrated the whole of his person.

"My time for this survey was, however, limited, for the naked savage, after executing a few pigeon-wings with astonishing dexterity, and giving utterance to a succession of infernal yells which were anything but melodious, again threw himself upon me.

"I now found that I had by no means gained any advantage by reducing him to the indecent state in which he at present advanced to battle. As soon as I had him again in my embrace I found that the fellow's body was so greasy and slippery, that I could make nothing of him.

"He turned himself about like a snake, and slipped through my arms before I was aware of it; but as luckily he had dropped his knife and his gun previous to the encounter, his whole efforts were bent upon throwing me to the earth.

"While we were still engaged in this agreeable trial of skill, we perceived the effects of the musical performances to which I have alluded.

"The main body of the savages, attracted by his yell, now advanced to the place. I was again surrounded and again a prisoner.

"I was now placed upon the ground, and surrounded by a circle of savages. The hypocritical devils all came forward and shook hands with me; smiling good-humouredly in my face, and making use of a few

endearing expressions of which they had learned the English.

"As it was now nearly sun-set, and as the scene of my late encounter was a commodious one for an encampment, they resolved to pass the night in that place. Their cooking establishments were soon in operation, and after an hour they were engaged in discussing the game which they had shot in the course of their march. In the meantime I was tied to a tree, and left to my reflections.

"When the repast was nearly finished, the chief, whose name (as he informed me) was Wahquimacutt, or the 'White-cat,' advanced towards me, patted me on the cheek, and assured me in English that I was a good boy. He then held towards me a bit of venison which he was devouring, and assured me that it was excellent.

"I told him I had no doubt of it; upon which he requested me to partake with him.

"I accepted his invitation, for not having tasted food since leaving P——, I was in truth nearly famished.

"Upon this he extended to me a bit with a most graceful bow, and as I was on the point of taking it, he snatched it from me and deposited it in his own capacious mouth.

"At this capital jest he laughed heartily. He then patted me again on the cheek, and asked in English if I had breakfasted. I answered no—upon which he told me that I must be a poor Englishman indeed, if I could not go to Canada without breakfast.

"To this sensible speech no reply seemed to be expected, and I made none. Soon afterwards, Wahquimacutt, or uncle White-cat, as he called himself in English, turned on his heel and rejoined his comrades.

"Sobriety was evidently not one of the virtues of my amiable companions. As may be supposed, they had provided themselves with a plentiful supply of spirits, and were soon tolerably tipsy. They contrived, however, in the midst of their intoxication, to maintain a decent gravity of demeanour which was truly edifying.

"After they had exhausted their supply, they sat themselves down in a circle with burlesque solemnity, and lighted their pipes. From a few words whose meaning I understood, I obtained the cheering information that they were deliberating on the most advisable method of despatching me; while they were occupied in this philanthropical business, they would smile upon me as if their hearts were overflowing with kindness, and occasionally would address me in the most endearing terms.

"After a time, the old chief, who was very dignified, but very drunk, came forward, caressed me affectionately, and informed me that he was my uncle White-cat, the great chief so terrible in battle. After this, he placed himself in an oratorical position, and announced his intention of making me a speech. The tenor of his oration was to assure me that the number of his warlike exploits exceeded all belief; that he had eaten the chief sachems and princes of seven hostile tribes, and that every red man turned white when his name was mentioned; furthermore that he had fifteen wives at home, each more beautiful than the other; that he had a collection of Englishmen's scalps hanging in his wigwam; that their number amounted already to one hundred and twenty, and that mine would have the honour of being the one hundred-and-twenty-first.

"After giving me all this choice information, he came

more immediately to the point. He told me that the grand council which had just been in session, had decided that it was not expedient immediately to despatch me. That, on the contrary, it was possible I might yet afford them considerable entertainment, and concluded by requesting me to prepare immediately to run the gauntlet.

"My heart sank within me. I had hoped that my trials were to be short, and that I was soon to find repose in death. I now found that my tortures were to form the daily amusement of my companions for Heaven knew how long a period.

"They commenced proceedings immediately. Several approached the tree to which I was bound, and began tearing off my clothes. While they were thus occupied, they amused themselves with pricking me with the points of their knives in every part of my body, lacerating my face, slitting my ears, and other ingenious devices. During the whole time, their faces were expressive of the utmost good humour.

"It is not necessary to give you the details of the process which I underwent. Suffice that I was compelled to run the gauntlet till my persecutors were wearied, and till I dropped lifeless with fatigue and loss of blood. After this, I was I believe again pinioned, and laid on the ground between two savages for the night.

"Early the next morning the party resumed their line of march. Its direction continued to be towards Canada. For the whole of the two succeeding days I was comparatively unmolested, and was given to understand that it was possible I might be surrendered to the French and obtain my liberty by paying a handsome ransom.

"As I thought it extremely unlikely that any of my acquaintances at home would purchase so worthless a commodity as myself at the extravagant price, which the enemy would be sure to put upon me, I considered my situation as hardly changed for the better. Besides this, I infinitely preferred death to life. I had at last become disgusted with my fate—with myself—with mankind; and in my state of mind it was more than probable that if I had been set at my liberty, my first act would have been to free myself from the intolerable thraldom of existence.

"I had, however, recently received a piece of information, which gave me at least one object to live for. Wahquimacutt had informed me with great exultation that he was the murderer of my Eunice. His bullet was the accursed one which had cut asunder the last bond that united me to mankind. I swore that if I, indeed, escaped from my present imprisonment with life, I would not rest till I had revenged her death upon its infernal perpetrator.

"Our march continued a day or two longer; but at length I was informed that we were near its termination. On the afternoon of the fifth day, we arrived at the principal Indian village of the tribe.

"Our party was received with great glee, and the exultation in the village was heightened when they were informed that the celebrated Patanko had been taken captive.

"I had the gratification of discovering that my fame was much more widely extended than I was previously aware of.

"Captain White-cat now informed me that I was for the present to remain a prisoner in his wigwam. I was

unable to discover what his exact intentions were with regard to me; but it was evident that I was not immediately to be sacrificed.

"I was kept strictly bound and guarded, and my scanty food was of the meanest description. You may believe that my condition was not improved by such a course of life. In the course of a few weeks I was greatly reduced, and I hoped fervently that death would soon finish my miserable struggles.

"Every evening Wahquimacutt would seat himself near me, and rehearse to me in a low voice, and in his native tongue (which I already partially understood) the oft-repeated catalogue of his achievements. Notwithstanding my situation was apparent to every one, he was sure to be greatly irritated when my weakness prevented me from applauding him to his satisfaction.

"At last he seemed to be aware of my illness, and began to doctor me. This was all that was wanted to complete my misery. I was obliged to swallow countless decoctions of nauseous drugs, and listen to interminable disquisitions on the causes of my malady, which were irritating to the last degree.

"At last, owing as much as any thing to his constant physicking, I felt myself reduced in reality to a very low ebb. He agreed with me that I was dying, and as a great indulgence promised to send me a French priest to console my last moments.

"I testified the utmost horror and disgust at the proposition, in consequence of which he of course became more urgent in its favour. At last I had nothing to do but to yield.

"The tribe of savages of which Wahquimacutt was the chief were among the closest allies of the French.

They were, as a natural consequence, the direst enemies of the English; and as the hostilities between France and England were so constant in those days, that there was hardly ever a cessation of warfare on the border; the hate of all those, both savages and Christians, French and English, who dwelt near the frontier, went on increasing from day to day.

"The Canadian Indians were, however the most perfect tools of the French. Inch by inch, and acre by acre, they, in common with all other white men, wrested their territories from the original proprietors, and at the same time indulged them with the permission to fight their most desperate battles for them, while they kindly relieved them of the principal portion of the spoils.

"There were a few Jesuits and French traders usually to be found in most Indian villages of that tribe.

"The priest whose acquaintance I had now the honour of making, was, it seemed to me, a type of his calling and his sect.

"He was a tall spare man, of a sallow and adust complexion; for father Simon was none of your ordinary, well-fed, greasy priests. There was genius in his crafty eye and in his scornful mouth. But it was an evil genius,—a genius of ambition, rapaciousness and cruelty. It was not till some time afterwards that I discovered the extent of the French government's obligations to that man; and was fully satisfied that he was not only one of the subtlest instigators, but one of the most powerful conductors of the bloody and desperate wars of that period between the French Indians and the New England settlers.

"My acquaintance with him was not of long duration. Very luckily, however, Captain White-cat left me

more to myself during the priest's attendance; and in consequence of my weakness and emaciation I was no longer confined with the strictness which had hitherto been my lot.

"I began gradually to recover, and so much had Wahquimacutt's clemency increased, that I was even permitted to walk about the village, attended only by the Père Simon, and a couple of well-armed Indians.

"The whole bent of the holy father's eloquence during his communications with me was to induce me to forswear my country, and to embrace his faith. He assured me that he had taken a great liking to me from the first, and had a particular respect for my character and talents. From what source this liking and this respect had been derived, it would have been difficult for him to inform me, for the few observations I had made had been merely intended to convey to him the extreme disgust and contempt I entertained for myself.

"My obligations to this clerical gentleman proved in the sequel much greater than I had any reason to expect.

"Time wore on. I was still a tenant of Captain White-cat's wigwam. As my fate had decided that I was not yet to be relieved by death, and as my health was now nearly re-established, father Simon was informed that his visits were no longer necessary. Accordingly my acquaintance with the priest terminated for a time.

"Not long after this, I was informed by my worthy landlord that an expedition was in contemplation. The destination was to the south, and of course against my countrymen. He did not enter into ample explanations, but coolly informed me that I was to accompany him. I was of course to be securely guarded.

"I have omitted to inform you that after my communications with the priest, I had received from Wahquimacutt a formal invitation to join his tribe. This of course, if accepted, included present liberty, and pardon for all past offences. The hopes of a Sachemship and other promotions were moreover held out to me in addition.

"I rejected the proposal with indignation. The chief, however, evidently did not resign his hope of eventually succeeding, and in the mean time informed me that I was to accompany him on his expedition.

"I found that my name and my exploits in the scalp-taking line had been long the theme of particular admiration among the savages. A grand council of war had determined that it was expedient if possible to enlist the terrible Patanko on their side, and large offers were made to induce me to consent.

"Although I have already mentioned that the proposal met with my decided disapprobation; yet they were not the less determined that I should accompany them on their contemplated invasion. It was expected, I believe, that the opportunity thus afforded me of seeing on a grand scale the atrocities which they were in the habit of committing upon my countrymen, would indubitably induce me at last to unite myself to their party.

"I was, however, no longer kept in ignorance of the principal features of their design. A day or two before we set out, Captain White-cat informed me that their intention was to penetrate into the very heart of New England, carrying desolation as they went, and more particularly to burn all the villages, and massacre all the inhabitants upon the Connecticut River. He modestly assured me that if the Great Spirit allowed them to carry

only this part of the plot into operation, he should still consider that his exertions had not been in vain.

"Arrangements for assistance and co-operation had been entered into with various southern tribes, who were friendly to this cause, and the vast numbers who were in readiness, and the extensive preparations and far-reaching plans for the whole campaign were of a character so decidedly superior to those which are to be met with in ordinary Indian warfare, that I at once detected the presence of a civilized and crafty mind, (superior to the combined intelligence of all the savages,) which presided over the whole.

"The day before we set out, White-cat entered the wigwam in a very merry mood. He informed me that he was the happiest man in the world, that he had just concluded a bargain which had enriched him for life, and that he could never sufficiently express his gratitude to the virtuous man who had allowed him to make so advantageous a barter.

"I testified my curiosity to hear the particulars of this wonderful transaction.

"He informed me that he had just completed the sale of a large tract of land to a French settler. I had of course never accurately measured the property in question; but from his description and my own observation, I found that the district in question could not be less than three thousand acres.

"I inquired the price which he had received. He informed me with great exultation that it was a barter and not a sale, and hereupon he read me a catalogue of the articles which he was to receive.

"I do not recollect the whole. The principal, however, were twelve coats of fine French cloths, twelve

spoons, twelve hatchets, twelve hoes, two dozen knives, twelve pewter porringers, and four cases of scissors.

"I asked the purchaser's name, which I already suspected. He informed me that it was father Simon, and that the reverend gentleman, with a parade of liberality, had thrown in over and above the stipulated price, ten fathoms of glass beads of the most magnificent description, besides a cassock worn by himself and quite as good as new.

"As this latter article was likely to be so particularly useful to my bare-legged patron, and as the whole price was so scrupulously adequate to the value of the land transferred, I had of course nothing to say.

"Wahquimacutt announced to me with great dignity, that he intended to array himself in the cassock on the morrow and wear it during the whole expedition; so that I felt myself bound to make him a few compliments on the peculiar fitness of the costume, and on the sagacity he had manifested in the whole transaction.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ADVENTURES OF PATANKO, CONTINUED.

"THE expedition departed. On approaching the border, Wahquimacutt thought proper to make a division of his forces. I remained, of course, in that party which was more particularly under his command.

"There was at that time a strong and well-garrisoned fort belonging to the English, which was very near the border, and which lay directly in our line of march.

"White-cat called a halt to deliberate whether it was

most expedient to attack it or to make their way stealthily by a circuitous route without molesting the garrison.

"The means by which he intimated his intentions were ingenious.

"He inclosed a bundle of arrows in a snake skin, and sent them by one of his most eminent warriors to the fort.

"The commandant understood the purport of this missive, but was not to be intimidated.

"Being conversant with the usages of the Indians, he took the arrows from the bundle and sent back the snake skin filled with powder and shot as a defiance.

"On receiving this reply, Wahquimacutt called another solemn council, and, after due deliberation, concluded to back out.

"He assured me that there was but little to gain by an encounter with the garrison; and the result of the whole was that the line of march was changed.

"We marched rapidly into the interior, and it was some time before we encountered an enemy.

"On the afternoon of the 20th October, 17—, our march lay along the borders of a rapid brook. The whole day long we had traversed a level and well-wooded country. About five o'clock in the afternoon it was necessary to cross the brook, which at this point had widened and deepened into an extensive morass.

"The swamp was thickly wooded, and its edges were covered with a profusion of wild grapes.

"The Indians proceeded at once to regale themselves greedily upon the fruit. While they were engaged, the party was necessarily much scattered. All at once Captain White-cat, who, it must be confessed, was a watchful chieftain uttered a grunt. His face was expressive of

much astonishment and disgust. He laid his hand on my shoulder, and pointed to a thicket of alder bushes. To my surprise I saw a large number of red legs huddled together as thick as grasshoppers.

"We had evidently fallen into an ambush; but it was also evident that we were not the game for whom the trap was laid.

"Wahquimacutt signified to me, in a few guttural exclamations below his breath, that we were much the stronger party, and that it was evident that they intended if possible to keep themselves concealed till we should pass through.

"Hereupon, without more ado, he brought his rifle to his shoulder and shot one of the skulkers on the spot.—As he did so, he raised his terrific war-whoop. Our men started at the sound, and looked about them. At the same instant the whole party of the enemy, about twenty in number, rose to their feet, discharged a volley upon us, and then commenced a precipitate flight.

"Our Indians struggled through the marsh, and kept up an unceasing fire upon them. As our numbers more than doubled that of the Mohawks (for our antagonists proved to be a detachment of that tribe) the victory was soon declared for us.

"A large number was shot, several were trodden down and suffocated in the marsh, and a few were taken prisoners.

"Among these last was the respectable Squanto, the leader of the party. He was taken by a couple of Wahquimacutt's young men, as, after having exhausted his whole stock of ammunition, he was endeavouring to escape.

"As soon as he was made prisoner, one of his captors,

who was quite a strippling, commenced interrogating him in what he considered an impertinent manner. The truculent old chief drew himself up with great dignity and observed,

"'You are a child. You know nothing of war matters. Send me to your chief; to him alone will I speak.'

"By this time the whole party, victors and captives, had emerged from the marsh, and now were all drawn up on a little rising ground.

"As soon as Squanto's reply had been communicated to Captain White-cat, that fussy old gentleman bustled forth in Simon's cassock with great solemnity.

"He grunted with satisfaction when he observed that the chieftain of the enemy had been captured; but when he recognized in him an old and inveterate enemy of himself and his whole family—when he saw that it was indeed the redoutable Squanto who stood before him, his gratification was unbounded.

"He looked at him a few seconds with a countenance expressive of the utmost delight, and then condemned him to immediate death with great alacrity.

"'It is well,' said Squanto complacently, on receiving this sudden death-warrant—'it is excellent; I shall die before my heart is soft—before I have said or done any thing unworthy of myself.'

"So saying, he threw aside his blanket and folded his arms across his breast. As there was no time to be lost, Captain White-cat resigned with a sigh the gratification he might have derived from tormenting him, and ordered him to be shot immediately. He fell like a hero.

"As soon as he was dead, White-cat took off his scalp with great dexterity. He then cut a bit of flesh from the shoulder of the fallen chieftain, and deliberately devoured

it. Having done this, he smacked his lips and observed, —'I like it well! it is the sweetest morsel I have tasted for a long time. It makes my heart strong — ugh!'

"After these matters were satisfactorily settled, he drew his followers around him, and made them a speech of tolerable length, and entirely in praise of himself. He then ordered the whole party to move forward.

"Nothing else of importance occurred during this day. At evening we encamped, and the Indians had a great jollification in honour of their victory. During the continuance of this, I was tied to a tree and left to my own reflections.

"We had hitherto marched leisurely, and had got but little beyond the frontier — of course we were still at a great distance from the New England settlements.

"Two days after this, we reached a fortified house which was inhabited by a solitary family. It was a kind of farm-house, and the land was already cleared to a considerable extent. It was the first English residence that we had seen, and there was a plantation around it of Indian corn and pumpkins. As these were dainties which they had not enjoyed for some time, the savages lost no time in gathering the crop. While they were thus employed, White-cat entered the house to reconnoitre. The master who was an emigrant from Massachusetts was absent. There was nobody present but a couple of old women and three children.

"There was nothing in the house worth stealing; but as the savages had had no entertainment for some time their captain thought proper to indulge them.

"Accordingly, they killed the children, took the old women prisoners, and then set fire to the house.

"Having accomplished this chivalrous exploit, White-cat made another speech and then continued his march.

"The whole of the next day we were traversing the wilderness; but late in the afternoon we arrived at a small French village. Here we encamped for the night.

"The next morning it was found that the liquor was exhausted, and it would be some days before they could expect a supply. Luckily White-cat succeeded in borrowing a couple of bottles of rum from a French priest, for which, as he had no money, he was obliged to pawn the old women.

"Having got rid of this encumbrance, he shot his other prisoners, very mercifully and unaccountably sparing me, and then proceeded forward.

"Although, as I have before stated, this expedition had been intended particularly against the settlers on the Connecticut river; yet now that we were fairly under weigh, our captain decided that previous to the main undertaking it would not be amiss to accomplish a few unfinished jobs which he had on hand.

"There was a settlement of Indians not far from the boundary of New-York and Massachusetts, between whom and the tribe of Wahquimacutt there was an ancient feud.

"As Wahquimacutt was now in greater force than usual, he thought there could not be a better opportunity of indulging his animosity, and accordingly he changed the line of his route to this place.

"About a day and a half afterwards, the scouts whom the chief had sent forward, returned with the information that they had reached the skirts of a large fortified village. Wahquimacutt informed his warriors that this village was the abode of the Piganokutts and of their

sanguinary Sachem Worambo—that this Worambo was almost the bravest chief in the world—that he was the terror of the country, and that the world rang with his achievements. Adding, however, that his exploits were nothing, and his courage nothing, in comparison with his own.

"He then signified his intention of surrounding and destroying the village and all its inhabitants.

"Accordingly, he waited till the dead of night, and then posted his warriors entirely around the place. He possessed himself stealthily of every entrance to the village, and felt confident of crushing his enemy at a blow.

"By the time he had completed his preparations, the grey tints of morning were already visible. There was no time to be lost, not even in making a speech, and the signal was given for the assault.

"The Indians rushed forward with terrible yells, prepared to overcome all resistance, and to massacre the Piganokutts one and all.

"When they got into the village, there were no Piganokutts to massacre.

"The only human being in the place was an ancient Sachem, more than a hundre years of age.

"It appeared that timely intelligence of the intended attack had been brought by an Indian who had opportunely met with some of the scouts of our party, and had escaped unperceived.

"In consequence of this information, the whole population with the exception of this patriarch, had left the place.

"Whither they had retreated it was of course impossible for us to know; but it was probable that they had taken refuge in some stronger position in the neighbourhood.

"The rage of White-cat, when he discovered that the birds had flown, was excessive. He sent for the ancient Sachem in a pet.

"The old fellow replied that he was too old to walk on any body's business but his own. If Wahquimacutt wished an interview, he must come to him.

"Hereupon Wahquimacutt ordered a couple of his warriors to drag him to his presence.

"He was interrogated with regard to the direction which the Indians had taken; he refused to speak. He was threatened with torture; he sneered. Wahquimacutt stabbed him with his knife; he laughed in his face.

"As there was no time to be lost, and as there was no hope of extracting any information from the stoic, White-cat ordered him to be shot.

"'You had better command me to be burned,' said the veteran; 'that you Indians—you dogs—and you, Wahquimacutt, dog of dogs, may learn how a man can die!'

"Irritated at this, the chief took him at his word. It would have been better to commence the pursuit of the fugitives immediately, but White-cat was in a peevish mood, and he determined to vent his spleen upon the venerable Sachem. He ordered him forthwith to be bound to a stake. His orders were obeyed instantaneously. A heap of brushwood was then placed around him, and the pile was fired. The flames ascended, and the old savage, with a cracked and tremulous voice, but with a dauntless countenance, commenced his death-chant. I will spare you the details of this terrible catastrophe.

"As soon as the Sachem was reduced to cinders, White-cat became more good-natured. Active prepara-

tions were now made to discover the lurking-place of the enemy, and scouts were sent out in all directions.

"The whole of the day was spent, however, in fruitless search. We encamped that night in the neighbourhood of the vil'age.

"The next morning, our advanced scout came hastily back, and informed the chieftain that there could be now no doubt that the enemy were at last within his grasp. They had been discovered occupying a tolerably strong position about a mile a-head.

"We soon arrived at the scene of action. After rushing hastily through the woods for a few minutes, we emerged upon an extensive opening.

"A deep and thinly-wooded swamp, more than three miles in circumference, extended on every side.

"Nearly in the centre of this swamp was a partly natural and partly artificial elevation, of about an acre in extent. This had been fortified with a pallisade, with a sort of breastwork of brushwood; and, except through the swamp, was inaccessible on every side.

"There was a sort of bridge composed of a series of single planks, which communicated between the fort and the land. This, however, h d been partially destroyed by the enemy, and its remains were well defended on the interior by a couple of hastily-constructed block houses.

"A strong body was instantly despatched by Whitecat to gain the bridges. They were allowed to come within half-a-dozen yards of the fort, and then a volley was discharged upon them. Half-a-dozen fell. They were reinforced immediately, and the same process was repeated.

"As this, however, was the only entrance to the fort, and as Wahquimacutt's rage was heightened by this

determined opposition, he resolved not to abandon the attempt till all his men were cut off.

"A fresh number now rushed forward to the assault. At the same time a variety of combustibles, burning arrows, and other incendiary contrivances, were discharged into the fort.

"At last, after a loss of more than five-and-twenty men, half-a-dozen chosen warriors effected an entrance. This was nearly three hours after our first arrival at the swamp.

"The sharp-shooters, who had made such havoc with the assailants, were killed, and Wahquimacutt's whole force now entered the place.

"The number of the enemy, exclusive of women and children, was very small. It was a wonder to me that they had been able to maintain themselves so long.

"As soon as our whole force had fairly entered, the signal was given for indiscriminate slaughter.

"The small number of warriors were soon massacred; and when this was accomplished, the savages had recourse to the more trifling amusement of butchering the women and children.

"White-cat, who was in a very ill humour at the delay, which this episode in his great expedition had occasioned, encouraged his warriors in the work of destruction.

"The barbarians displayed considerable ingenuity in their different devices for slaughtering their enemies.

"One of the most eminent warriors collected a number of stakes, with great industry drove them into the earth, and then ornamented the extremity of each with an infant's head. When this was finished, he called several of his companions to admire his ingenuity, and amused himself with skipping and dancing about them like a maniac.

"Some of the more voracious made a luncheon upon their victims The number of these was comparatively few; for, to do them justice, I had found but few of the savages who were addicted to cannibalism.

"During the continuance of this carnage, you may conceive that the scene was horrible. The butchered victims were strewn every where upon the ground while the groans of the dying; the shrieks of women and children, who were rushing wildly round, endeavouring in vain to escape their doom; the frantic laugh of the victorious savages and their terrific whoops, all combined to render the scene appalling beyond description.

"As soon as they were all exhausted by their amusement, Wahquimacutt ordered a retreat. Previous to leaving the place. all the buildings were set on fire; and as soon as the last of the victorious party had left the fort, the bridge was entirely demolished.

"Quietly seating themselves on the ground beyond the fort, the conquerors solaced themselves with a contemplation of the conflagration which ensued.

"A large number of the unhappy enemy had been left unslaughtered, and their shrieks were dreadful. Some threw themselves frantic ılly into the flames; some rushed madly from the fort and were suffocated in the morass. All perished.

"I turn with disgust from this shocking scene.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ADVENTURES OF PATANKO, CONTINUED.

"HAVING now satisfactorily accomplished this corollary to his grand undertaking, White-cat determined to make up for lost time. By dint of forced marches, we soon reached the upper part of the great Connecticut valley, and were soon joined by two or three of the other detachments.

"The work of destruction now commenced. The atrocities practised upon their Indian brethren, of which I have already given a sketch, were trivial in comparison with the butcheries to which the New England provinces were now exposed.

"Village after village was attacked—the houses burned, and the inhabitants massacred.

"During the continuance of the whole expedition, I was compelled to be a spectator of the miseries of my countrymen. I was led by a rope fastened around my neck; while my arms were pinioned by another.

"Fortunately for the English, there had been latterly some defalcation on the part of the Southern allies of the Canadian Indians. Repeated quarrels had taken place, and threats had passed so often between the different tribes who were united in this expedition, that it was more than probable that their arms would soon be turned against each other.

"In consequence of this, White-cat called a council of the chiefs upon whom he could most depend; and it having been decided that it was dangerous to proceed any farther at present, he resolved that the village of

T——, from which we were then ten miles distant, should be the extreme point of their expedition.

"Accordingly the destruction of the devoted village was resolved upon, as the finale to the whole business.

"It was decided that as soon as they had accomplished it, they would immediately retrace their steps, and return to their own habitations.

"We assaulted the village about noon in five strong parties, and at five different points.

"The inhabitants assembled at the sound of the terrific Indian yell, and a desperate resistance was made.

"The party which was headed by White-cat, fought its way up the principal street of the place, and the ground was covered with the mangled bodies of the victims.

"Their numbers were so inconsiderable in comparison with ours, that they were soon obliged to yield. The work of plunder and of massacre now succeeded.

"Old White-cat who was the most whimsical of Indians, had throughout the expedition, insisted upon my remaining continually at his side. I was, he facetiously observed, an exceedingly useful aid-de-camp, and as my labours were lightened by the two Indians who held me by the ropes, it was hardly possible that I could be much fatigued. All this I received as indisputable; and I believed that the old scoundrel, from some unnatural freak, had in reality conceived an affection for me, and I began to think it possible eventually to escape with life.

"The whites had now nearly all surrendered. A feeble firing was kept up from the windows of a single house at a distant corner of the village, but as White-cat had despatched a half-dozen warriors to reduce the occupants to submission, he troubled himself no more about the matter.

"I observed that the Indians had one and all a passion for masquerading. Upon this occasion, as soon as their more truculent appetites were satisfied, I saw a large number of them disappear into some of the houses.

"Presently afterwards they re-appeared, having decked themselves out in the most preposterous manner.

"Some wore white hats; and some woollen night-caps; some had endued themselves in bombazine petticoats, and several of them strutted about decked in the finery of old militia uniforms. Six of them had rigged themselves out in flannel shirts and bandanna handkerchiefs of the favourite scarlet colour, and now marched gravely forward, beating time upon an iron kettle; while one tall fellow with a woman's bonnet on his head, a ponderous pair of boots upon his legs, and otherwise in complete nudity, capered about with much agility, and excited universal admiration.

"Captain White-cat looked upon these playful warriors, and grunted from time to time with great satisfaction. While he was thus employed, one of the principal inhabitants of the village, and its earliest settler, was brought before him. He had been taken captive after having destroyed four Indians with his own hand — he was well aware of his fate — but when he was confronted with Wahquimacutt who was endeavouring to assume a commanding demeanour, he regarded him with an expression of perfect indifference and contempt.

"The old hypocrite advanced towards him, and seized him by both hands, which he shook heartily.

"'I salute thee, my brother!' said he; 'Am I not your uncle and your brother?

"With this he commanded two of his adherents to hold the prisoner fast, and then, without more ado, he

stripped his shirt from his back, and his boots from his legs, and proceeded to array himself therein.

"When he had completed his toilet, he knocked the captive's brains out, without farther ceremony; and then making an incision in his breast, scooped out a handful of blood, and drank it off with much relish.

"'I am a great man!' said the old braggadocio, turning to me; 'I am the son of the Great Spirit. I drink the heart's blood of my foes, and it makes me fat.'

"Having finished this pretty speech, he strutted up and down the street for a few minutes, and then ordered a council of his most eminent warriors.

"This he informed me, was his 'general court,' (a term which he had learned in his intercourse with the white men,) and assured me that the wisdom of its deliberations was unequalled in the world.

"Accordingly the bare-legged legislators squatted themselves on their hams before the council fire, and began smoking and grunting with admirable solemnity.

"While they were thus employed, the deputation which had been sent against the still-resisting party above-mentioned, returned with their prisoners. The house had been demolished, and its garrison, consisting of two white men and an aged negro, were now placed before the conclave.

"Although the assembly were deliberating upon other and weighty matters, yet White-cat requested them to assist him with their advice concerning the disposal of these prisoners.

"A great many violent speeches were accordingly made; but as they could arrive at no conclusion, it was determined to defer the matter till the next day. The

prisoners were placed in strict confinement, and left for the present in ignorance of their fate.

"The next morning the prisoners requested to know, if possible, the punishment that was to be awarded to them; they were informed that Wahquimacutt intended to give a grand entertainment that afternoon, and that their fate would be then decided.

"In the afternoon, accordingly, a very solemn council was again assembled; the prisoners were made to sit upon the ground in the centre of the circle, and the proceedings were conducted in a business-like manner.

"They were of course condemned to immediate death, and three or four set immediately about the execution.

"Their clothes were torn from their bodies and thrown into the fire; stakes were then driven into the ground, to which they were secured.

"A number of the savages then proceeded to draw a circle around them, which they fancifully decorated with flowers.

"A couple of conjurors then commenced a series of ridiculous antics, which were supposed to give an additional solemnity to the scene.

"As soon as this was finished, all the Indians present, sachems, counsellors, spectators, and all, commenced dancing and jumping violently to the music of two drums, beaten by a couple of half-breeds, who composed the band of the tribe.

"When this was over, three individuals, painted and adorned in a fantastic and terrible manner, and who I found were the executioners, now brought the brushwood, and other combustible materials, and kindled a fire around the stakes.

"The captives were burned; and the next day the Indians commenced their retreat.

"After we had been two days on our homeward march, Wahquimacutt summoned me to his presence. He told me that I had now had sufficient opportunity to become acquainted with his merits, and requested my consent to join his tribe.

"I replied in the negative. He then told me the only alternative was death. I assured him that I expected it, and that I was wearied and disgusted with my life; that death was the greatest favour he could bestow upon me, and the sooner he set about it the better.

"I suppose it was the constant contempt with which I treated him that excited the liking to which I have referred. It was evident that he was unwilling to order my execution, and that he was anxious to secure me to his person.

"He seemed, however, decided on this occasion, and bade me prepare for death on the following day. I lay awake the whole night, devising means of escape. Early the next morning our march was resumed.

"Very fortunately the company were a good deal dispersed in search of game, and my two faithful guardians and myself were left considerably behind.

"During the night I had contrived to free one of my hands from the noose which confined them, although the manner in which the savages had attached themselves to my person while asleep, prevented me from profiting by that circumstance to make my escape.

"About nine in the morning our course lay across a deep and rapid brook. As soon as my companions reached its edge they both stooped down to drink.

"In the twinkling of an eye I seized the lucky mo-

ment, sprang upon the nearest like a tiger, succeeded in wresting his knife from its sheath, and drove it through his heart.

"The other had slipped into the water, but he rose and grappled with me. The contest was for life; but I was the stronger of the two. We were now in the centre of the stream, and the water reached to our waists. With a desperate effort I threw him down, and succeeded in holding him under the water. In a few seconds his struggles grew fainter and fainter—they ceased. He relaxed his gripe—he was drowned. I possessed myself of his knife, and the gun which was lying on the bank.

"I was now free from my immediate keepers, but surrounded by my enemies.

"The morning was foggy, and I was entirely uncertain of the direction which the savages had taken, and was entirely ignorant of the points of the compass.

"It seemed to me therefore that my wisest course was to conceal myself, if possible, in the neighbourhood of this very place.

"It was probable that the Indians would proceed on their day's journey in the same irregular manner in which they had commenced, and that consequently my escape would not be discovered before the evening.

"In this way, the Indians would have probably proceeded thirty or forty miles beyond my present position; and that distance being once placed between us, it would not be difficult for me to profit by the night, and eventually to effect my escape.

"On the contrary, if I endeavoured to make my way through the mist which prevented me from discovering any object at a rod's distance, it was highly probable that

I should stumble upon some of my enemies before I had advanced a quarter of a mile.

"I selected, therefore, a pile of drift wood, which the force of the water had heaped up in a marshy angle of the brook. Under this cover I contrived to secrete myself and my gun so completely that it was not likely that I should accidentally be discovered, and I trusted that not being missed I should probably not become the object of a direct search.

"I lay snug in my hiding-place for nearly an hour, during which time I had the satisfaction of hearing the voices of my enemies, the crack of their rifles, and their imitations of the different cries of the game which they were pursuing with hardly a moment's cessation.

"At last the cries seemed to grow fainter, the shots became less frequent, and I began to console myself with the belief that they had at last proceeded on their journey.

"I felt comparatively so tranquil, and had been so much exhausted with excitement, and with my watching the whole of the previous night, that I was already sinking into a doze.

"Hardly, however, were my eyes closed, than I was startled by the shrill whoop of a savage, which sounded within a yard of my ear.

"I felt certain that I was discovered, and that this was a yell of exultation at my discovery. I grasped my knife and determined to sell my life as dearly as possible.

"Still, however, I lay motionless in my hiding-place.

"In a few moments the whoop was repeated, still more savagely than before. A pause—and then it was answered by the faint halloos of several others in the

distance. The cries grew stronger—the voices sounded nearer—and in a few moments, a wild and unearthly shriek—a yell from many voices—rose directly above the place where I lay.

"My blood curdled—my fate was evidently sealed; and death, which I had been for many days expecting with composure, seemed doubly bitter, now that I had a glimpse of freedom.

"It was unaccountable why I had not been immediately dragged from my hiding-place, for now several minutes had slipped since I had first heard the yell of the savages.

"There was a chink in the pile of wood which concealed me. I contrived stealthily to change my position, and to look out.

"I saw, with a feeling of relief, that I had not been discovered. The first savage had discovered the bodies of my victims, whom the current had washed ashore not far from my hiding-place, and had given the alarm to his companions. There were now nearly a dozen of them collected around the bodies, yelling, chattering, gesticulating, and testifying by their voices and gestures their rage and astonishment.

"I lay in an agony of suspense. It seemed impossible that I could now escape. Although my lurking-place was not yet discovered, yet it seemed impossible that it could remain so long.

"After indulging themselves in a few more howls of mingled anger and lamentations, they commenced their search.

"They shook the trees—beat the bushes—traversed the place in all directions. I heard their voices distinctly, and several of them were often so near me that I could have touched them.

"At last one of them observed that it was probable I had already advanced a little way, and proposed searching for me farther off.

"A ray of hope gleamed through my heart. The savages seemed to assent to the proposition, One of them, however, before departing took up a stick from the pile which concealed me, and began scattering the heap. Presently, another followed his example, and of course I gave up myself for lost.

"They pitched off and threw away half a dozen bits of wood, and during the process, they touched me repeatedly. The morning, however, was so misty, and the colour of my garments was so similar to that of the bark of the wood, that I remained without discovery.

"After a short time they uttered an exclamation or two of disappointment, and then apparently gave over their search.

"With a beating heart I listened to their retreating footsteps.

"At last all was quiet.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ADVENTURES OF PATANKO, CONTINUED.

"I REMAINED in my hiding-place the whole day. Nothing further happened to occasion me the least alarm. It was evident that the savages had given over the pursuit.

"As soon as it was fairly dark, I emerged from my retreat. The atmosphere had become clear. It was bright starlight, and rather cold.

"As I was necessarily ignorant of the points of the compass, I was uncertain which way to bend my course. Judging, however, from the appearance of the sky, I decided that the wind must be westerly. The breeze was so faint that it was difficult to distinguish its exact direction; but by dipping my hand into the brook, and then allowing the water to evaporate upon it, I was enabled to determine with tolerable accuracy.

"I knew that we had already advanced very far to the north of my abode, and of course I now directed my steps towards what I supposed to be the south. I marched the whole night, and nearly the whole of the next day, without meeting with any adventure worth recording.

"The succeeding night set in tempestuously. I searched a long time in vain for a shelter against the rain, which fell in torrents; but, at last, I was fortunate enough to discover a tolerably spacious cave, in the interior of a mass of rocks. I collected a quantity of branches, and made myself a bed in the interior of the cavern. Exhausted by my long march I soon fell asleep.

"I was awakened by what sounded like a suppressed muttering at the entrance of the cave.

"I opened my eyes and saw, as I supposed, two lanterns gleaming before me. My first impression was naturally that the Indians were again upon me; and that I should be immediately discovered. I regarded the lights attentively; they shifted quickly to and fro, apparently as if the bearers were in search of something. I listened if I could hear voices; all was silent. Presently, I heard the low growling repeated. It was not a human sound. A horrid fear came over me—it was realized—of a sudden, a loud and terrible roar rever-

berated through the cavern. It was a wild beast—a panther probably, who was seeking shelter from the terrible storm.

"Presently, the growling ceased; the beast apparently laid itself down. The horrible eyes still glared upon me. I remained quiet—almost frozen with fear, and hardly daring to draw my breath. This awful suspense continued I should think for half an hour.

"At last there was a rustling in the bushes, at the mouth of the cavern—and with a sudden roar the beast sprang suddenly forth; and to my inexpressible rapture I heard him plunging through the thicket.

"It was impossible for me to barricade myself in my retreat; and as it seemed more dangerous to adventure by night into the woods than to remain where I was, I abandoned myself to Providence, and determined to await my fate in the cave. Happily I passed the remainder of the night undisturbed.

"With the first grey light of morning, I awoke from an uneasy slumber. I felt myself incommoded by some hard substance beneath my head. I rose upon my knees, and by the feeble light examined my hiding-place. Judge my horror, when I found that I had been reposing upon a heap of human bones! It was true; the cavern was filled with skulls and bones of all descriptions. I sprang precipitately from the place.

"It was evident that this was one of the caverns in which certain tribes of Indians were accustomed to deposit the remains of their religious sacrifices, sacrifices of which their prisoners were the victims.

"I pursued my journey that day, but with diminished vigour. I had now fasted, with the exception of a few berries which I had found and eaten the previous morn-

ing, for nearly three days. My strength was nearly exhausted, and besides I had as yet seen no indications that I had been right in the course I had been pursuing.

"I tore some bark from a tree and gnawed it, to appease, if possible, the cravings of my appetite, and then faintly continued my journey. That day I made comparatively little progress, and I threw myself upon the ground at night, hoping, rather than fearing, that some wild beast would save me from the awful starvation to which it now seemed that I was destined.

"I slept a long and dreamless sleep, and awoke in the morning tolerably refreshed. I was also fortunate enough to find some birds' eggs, which together with a few succulent roots which I dug from the earth, furnished me with a sumptuous repast.

"In the afternoon, as I was taking a little repose in a small opening of the forest, I perceived something rustling in the bushes near me. At the same time I heard noises which seemed to me familiar, but which I could not exactly understand. It seemed like the neighing of a horse. I looked about me, and soon discovered whence the sounds proceeded. Very near the place where I had been seated, I perceived an Indian trap with a flexible staddle, such as the Indians set for game. An animal had been caught by it, and its struggles created the rustling which I had heard. On approaching it, it proved to my surprise, to be a horse.

"It probably belonged to some of the English settlers, and had strayed from its pasture.

"The animal was docile. I contrived to form a rude halter of some twigs, and then mounted my prize.

"It was a very fortunate relief. I was excessively wearied with my long march, and my miserable suste-

nance. As I had no powder and shot, (although I had the Indian's gun,) it was probable that I should still be obliged to sustain life on the miserable aliments to which I had hitherto had recourse.

"The country was now comparatively open, and I had reached an extensive plain, which was only partially wooded. I was therefore enabled to make rapid progress upon my horse. Besides the relief which this afforded me, I conceived strong hopes that the animal's instinct would direct him to his former residence.

"The whole of that day I journeyed on without impediment. In the night I tethered my horse as well as I could, and permitted him to browse, while I appeased my appetite with pretty nearly the same food as his own.

"Early the next morning I pursued my journey.

"This day, to my inexpressible delight, I reached the borders of the Connecticut. Judging from appearances, however, I decided that my course had not been in the direction which I supposed; but, on the contrary, I found that I was probably several days' journey further up the river than I had hoped. I now followed the course of the stream.

"In the course of this day, however, my journey was very nearly finished for ever. A few hours past noon, I perceived that I was pursued by an Indian. It was the first human being that I had seen since my escape from my captors; and I feared that he was only the advanced scout of a party.

"I urged my exhausted animal, but in vain. It was impossible for me to increase his speed. It was a snail's pace, and on looking back, I saw with dismay that the Indian gained rapidly upon me.

"He was soon within hailing distance, and I under-

stood from his cries and gestures that he was desirous of a personal interview. As this, however, was by no means to my taste, I thought proper to decline the honour. I kicked the flanks of my jaded beast, and endeavoured but in vain to entice him into a trot.

"The plot thickened. I took another glance behind me, and observed that the Indian, disgusted with my want of courtesy, was preparing to resent it. As I turned, I saw he was taking aim at me with his rifle. I stooped my head to my horse's neck, shut my eyes, and awaited my fate.

"The rifle cracked—the bullet whizzed close to my ear, and struck my unfortunate horse. He reared, and then fell on his side. I extricated myself from my fallen companion, and fled blindly forward without looking behind me.

"I soon found, however, that my frame was too weak to allow me any chance of succeeding in the race with my pursuer. A large rock was directly in my way—I sprang behind it, determined to await the result. I had never discharged the gun which I still retained, and which was fortunately loaded. I cocked the trigger, and abode the onset.

"I peeped from behind my cover, and reconnoitered the approaching foe. He was within fifty yards of me. I felt that I had now a match at sharp-shooting before me, in which life was the stake. I was celebrated for my skill, and I determined, if possible, to exert it on this occasion.

"As the Indian advanced, I bethought me of a stratagem. In a twinkling of an eye it was executed. I placed my hat on the extremity of my gun, and raised it a few inches above the rock. The report of the In-

dian's rifle followed instantaneously, and his bullet pierced the hat with unerring aim.

"I sprang to my feet—covered the Indian with my piece, and drew the trigger.

"In the minutest portion of a second before I heard its welcome report, it seemed that my heart would burst through my bosom.

"My aim was sure, and the Indian fell with the bullet through his brain.

"Without waiting an instant I rushed madly on. I feared that the two reports would arouse fifty Indians, and terror for a few instants winged my feet.

"After I had fled on, however, nearly an hour without any appearance of pursuit, I stopped to take breath. I was still on the margin of the river, and there were tolerably extensive plains around me. I ascended to the top of a tree, and was enabled to see to a great distance. All was still and silent. I saw and heard no indication of a human being.

"I descended from the tree, and again stretched myself upon the ground. Though I was freed from immediate fears of my Indian enemies, yet I was exhausted with fatigue and nearly famished with hunger.

"As I had become disgusted with the vegetable diet, with which I had supported life, for the few past days, I gnawed one of my shoes and what remained of my leather waistcoat by way of variety.

"Early the next day I came upon an open space, where were the remains of a small Indian village, which had apparently been recently destroyed by their enemies. There were several Indian bodies, freshly killed, strewn upon the ground, and the Indians seemed to have displayed more than their usual ingenuity in sacrificing

their victims. I noticed in particular one man dangling to the limb of a tree, who had been suspended there, apparently while yet alive, by an iron hook forced through his under jaw.

"Another athletic man lay dead upon his back, with his heart cut out and placed carefully upon his breast.—Various other atrocities were visible; but the whole scene, which in remembrance now fills me with horror and disgust, excited in me then far different emotions.

"I was nearly famished. I had been almost reduced to devouring my own flesh, and need I tell you that, on reaching this place, my first impulse was to throw myself upon the carcass of one of these victims and appease my wolfish hunger with his flesh. I did so—I tore the body with my nails and teeth—I mumbled the flesh from the bones, and when I had finished my ravenous and terrible repast, I started, horror-stricken, to my feet, and fled like a guilty thing away.

"In the course of this afternoon, as I was dragging myself along the banks of the river, I heard a paddling in the water, and looking about me, I saw an Indian crossing the river in a canoe. As he was making towards me, I supposed he intended to attack me; and, although my gun was empty, I took aim at him in the idle hope of intimidating him.

"To my surprise, the fellow became alarmed, scuttled out of the canoe with all his might and swam towards the opposite shore. He reached it very soon, and, springing to his feet, disappeared in the forest.

"With a thanksgiving for the cowardly disposition with which Heaven had seen fit to endow this savage, I watched the canoe in hopes it would drift ashore.

"After waiting about half an hour, my hopes were

realized. The little skiff, directed by a merciful Providence, floated very near me. I sprang into it, pushed it into the river, and paddled quickly down the stream.

"It was now my intention to pursue my journey as far as possible in this canoe. I found that the savage had probably been engaged in fishing when I discovered him. Luckily he had left his implements behind him, and, to my inexpressible joy I discovered also the materials for striking fire. Thus I was provided for the present with the means of healthy sustenance.

"For two days I floated easily and pleasantly down the stream; at night I hauled my canoe upon the banks, and contrived, by filling it with dry leaves and moss, to convert it into a tolerable bed.

"In the day time I succeeded in taking a sufficiency of fish to satisfy my appetite, which I cooked in the evening, and was thus enabled in a measure to recover my strength and spirits. If I had only possessed a store of powder and shot, I am not sure that I should not have been satisfied for a long time with my present mode of life. As it was, I lived with the fear of starvation still before my eyes, but had it not been for this horrible fear, I should perhaps have preferred a solitary existence in the wilderness. My hatred and disgust for my fellow-men seemed to have increased rather than diminished since my separation from them.

"At last there was an end to this comfortable manner of journeying. In the latter part of the third day after the acquisition of my canoe, I became involved, before I was aware of it, in a rapid eddy of the stream, and a few moments after found myself whirling down a furious rapid with astonishing celerity.

"I sprang from the canoe, while we were yet near

the shore, and succeeded, after a few bruises from the rocks against which I was borne by the fury of the torrent, in extricating myself before the current had become irresistible.

"I dragged myself with much difficulty to the shore; the boat was whirled down the rapids, and was soon fast jammed between two rocks, in the centre of the torrent, entirely beyond my reach.

"I was now obliged to abandon of all hopes of pursuing my journey otherwise than on my feet.

"My horse was dead, my boat was swamped, and it was not probable that accident would again provide me with one or the other.

"I determined, however, to lose no time in unavailing lamentation; and after casting one wishful glance at my unfortunate canoe, I departed from the place.

"The thickets and cane-brakes, with which the margin of the river was now entangled, became at this point perfectly impervious. I was therefore obliged to strike into the woods, hoping to lose nothing thereby, but to come upon the river again in the course of a few hours.

"After a short time I perceived smoke in the air, and the atmosphere felt intolerably hot. I perceived vestiges of a fire in the woods; and, in a short time, I came upon an open space, which had evidently been cleared for many miles round by a recent conflagration. The ground was scorched and blackened; innumerable trees were burned nearly to a level with the earth, and my path lay over a soil hot and reeking with the decaying ashes and embers.

"This was the most dreadful part of the whole expedition. I was exhausted and faint, but it was impossible for me to repose for an instant. The earth glowed

beneath my feet, my mouth was parched with an intolerable thirst, and there seemed no prospect of repose or refreshment.

"After toiling for an hour in this way, I at last reached a spot which had escaped the conflagration, and, advancing a few paces, I heard again the sound of the majestic river. I hastened to its brink, and cooled my panting frame in its refreshing waters.

"I laid myself down on the bank, and fell into meditation. A misgiving, which had haunted me for a long became at length irresistible.

"I was at last fully convinced that this river was not the Connecticut. It was impossible that it could be, for otherwise, so constantly and so long had I followed its course, that I must necessarily have long before reached the region of civilization.

"Exhausted with fatigue and harassed with conjecture, I threw myself in despair upon the turf, and in a short time fell into a heavy sleep.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ADVENTURES OF PATANKO, CONTINUED.

"When I awoke, it seemed to me that I had not slept five minutes. I felt, however, comparatively refreshed, and began to gaze around me.

"What was my horror at perceiving, on first opening my eyes, that I was surrounded by Indians!

"There were at least thirty savages present, all of whom were regarding me with surprise and exultation. I found myself a prisoner after all my exertions, and I audibly execrated my unhappy fate.

"I was somewhat surprised at finding that I was not bound. I was lying in exactly the same position in which I had fallen asleep. The savages were squatting about among the trees. Some were cooking at a fire, some were busied with their hunting implements, and half a-dozen dignitaries, with important faces, were discoursing in a low tone to each other.

"I rose to my feet and walked forward to salute this latter party. I was anxious that my fate should be immediately decided. I saw that my struggles would now be indeed in vain.

"I addressed the person who seemed to be the foremost among them in the dialect with which I was most acquainted. I asked him if they intended me any harm, or whether they were disposed to protect and assist a solitary wanderer.

"The person addressed answered, in a somewhat different dialact, that their chief had not yet arrived; that he had been detained on a hunting excursion with two or three of his principal warriors, but that they were now awaiting his approach. He also grasped me warmly by the hand, assured me that I was his friend and brother, and bade me be of good cheer.

"I was so accustomed to the hypocrisy of the Indians and had experienced so little friendship or brotherhood among them, that I derived but little consolation from this plausible reception.

"I was, however, pleased to observe, from the difference of costume and of language, that I had at least not fallen into the hands of my late persecutors; and it seemed to me that any change must necessarily be for the better. In a few minutes a slight bustle announced the arrival of the chief. He was a man of great stature,

and of an athletic and commanding appearance. The moment he appeared, it struck me that I had met with him before. I advanced towards him, and the moment his eyes lighted upon me, he seemed also to reciprocate the feeling. He hesitated a moment, and then without more ado he uttered a grunt of satisfaction, and threw himself upon my breast. My recollections now became distinct, and it was with great delight that I recognized in this portly savage a distinguished chief of the Mohawks, whom I had known some years before, and whose life I had had the good fortune to save during the earlier part of our acquaintance.

"The Mohawks, and particularly the tribe of which my friend was the chief Sachem, were at that time the most determined foes of the French and the Canadian Indians, and had at different periods entered into a tolerably faithful alliance with the white inhabitants of New England.

"During one of my predatory excursions against the blood-thirsty marauders of the Connecticut, it had been my fortune to fall in with this chief, who had been desperately wounded in an encounter with our common enemy. I had succoured him, physicked his wounds with a skill superior to the Indian pharmacy, and had taken care of him in my own hut, till his health was perfectly restored.

"The chief hugged me with great affection; and then, releasing me an instant, turned to his comrades and uttered a few rapid exclamations.

"In consequence of this oration of the Sachem, I was immediately surrounded and welcomed by his adherents. Some caught me by the hands, some clasped me round the waist, half-a-dozen clung to my neck, a great many kissed my nose, and all vied with each other in testifying their respect and affection.

"As all these gentlemen, however, seemed to be more or less in the habit of heightening their natural charms by a copious use of grease and charcoal, and as the red paint with which they had illustrated their bodies was more calculated to please the eye than the olfactories, I confess that I was glad when these violent demonstrations of friendship were concluded.

"As soon as I was left to myself, the chief seated himself at my side, and entered into a little private conversation. I now found that while I supposed myself following the course of the Connecticut, I had in reality been wandering farther at every step from my real direction. Instead of being anywhere in the neighbourhood of our village, I was informed that I was in the heart of the great valley of the Mohawk. I was astonished that I had so completely mistaken my route; but my woodman's skill was not then so great as by practice it has since become.

"The chief now assured me, that he would make a business of guiding me directly and safely to my home; he observed, however, that from what he had seen of my talents and propensities, perhaps an Indian warrior's life would not be altogether unacceptable to me. He was polite enough to offer me various pleasing compliments upon my bravery and industry; and concluded by offering me brotherhood and a Sachemship in reversion, if I chose to adopt this course of life.

"I told him I needed a short time to deliberate; for I confess that my passion for an unshackled and wandering life had not yet been weakened; and I could not help acknowledging that I had suffered as much injustice and injury from the white man as the red. While I was communing with myself, the chief went on with his oration,

"He informed me that his name was Goschgekelemuchpekink, which being interpreted was the 'Sneaking-snake.' I knew from this that he was a great warrior, for his title and his 'totem' implied craft, which in the Indian estimation is the first military virtue. He assured me besides, that he had a lovely daughter, who was called the 'Full-moon,' and was the most beautiful woman of the tribe. In the overflowing warmth of his heart, he offered her to me in marriage, if I would accept his invitation, and join his tribe.

"I confess that the prospect of possessing the most beautiful virgin of the Mohawks, and of becoming son-in-law to so renowned a warrior as the 'Sneaking-snake,' at once put an end to all hesitation on the subject. I accepted his offer accordingly, with many expressions of gratitude. The Snake embraced me with great ardour, and immediately made a second speech to his adherents. To my dismay, this was followed by a repetition of the terrible hugging and kissing.

"When this was over, we feasted and had a grand jollification. The next day we set off for the village, which was the seat of government of our chief.

"As this was not more than forty miles distant, we reached it betimes the next afternoon. The chief conducted me with much solemnity to his wigwam, while the rest of the warriors dispersed to their own abodes.

"The preliminaries of a marriage, I found were very soon adjusted among the Indians, and the next day was appointed for the ceremony. It was with no little chagrin, however, that I discovered that I was not to be indulged with a sight of my bride till the moment I was to be united to her.

"As I learned that the ceremony of wedlock was rather

more a matter of show among my new friends, than of real solemnity, I determined, while I was still a favoured person, to exert as much authority as I could, for the sake of the next generation. I had suffered too severely for my former transgression, to be willing to betray another victim, even although I was protected by the laws of the society into which I was now adopted.

"I inquired of the Snake if there was no christian priest in the village, and was informed to my great satisfaction, that a worthy missionary from Massachusetts, who had even succeeded in making several converts, had been residing there for some time.

"I expressed my determination to the chief, that I would be wedded according to the form of my own religion, or not at all. He approved of my resolution, and gratified me still further, by observing that his daughter, 'Full-moon,' had already inclined her ear to the precepts of the missionary, and that it was not improbable that this union would prove the means of her entire conversion.'

"I sought out the missionary accordingly, and it was arranged that the ceremony should be performed early the next day.

"Accordingly on the next morning, I was formally united to the beautiful Cushcushka, the beloved and lovely daughter of the 'Sneaking-Snake.'

"As soon as the marriage had been solemnized, the whole tribe assembled on a spacious green, in the centre of the village, to celebrate our nuptials by a grand and most elaborate dance.

"After the whole population of the village had hopped about, and thrown their bodies into the most abstruse contortions, till they were entirely exhausted, a select

party of eight, of whom one was Cushcushka, advanced to execute a more intricate and artificial dance.

"I confess that I regarded the 'Full-moon' with much satisfaction. Your mother, my dearest son, was a woman who would have graced a court.

"Her stature was tall and of faultless symmetry; her features were regular and handsome, and the wonderful wildness of her eyes, surpassed all the charms of the daughters of civilization.

"She was dressed in a purple tunic, which, confined around her waist by an embroidered girdle, just reached her knee, and displayed rather too bountifully her exquisitely-proportioned limbs. Her arms were bare, and glittered with bracelets; her ears were hung with jewels, and a heap of necklaces and medals adorned her throat. Her feet were clad in embroidered sandals, and the wing of a scarlet bird glanced in her raven hair.

"She moved towards the dancers with a majestic grace befitting her lineage; for she was the descendant of a countless line of royal and martial ancestors. At her arrival the wild and fitful, but not inharmonious music commenced; and I watched her movements, nimble, lithe, and graceful as those of a panther of the wilderness, with inexpressible delight. As soon as the dance was finished, the whole population again resumed their grotesque capers, during the continuance of which, they refreshed themselves from time to time with draughts from a pot of boiling water, placed hard by. As soon as this was finished, the assembly was dissolved.

"The next day, to compensate for the meagreness of the wedding festivities, I was informed that the ceremony of my investiture as a chief of the tribe was to be celebrated with unusual solemnity.

"Accordingly, at the hour appointed, all the chiefs of the tribe were invited to a sumptuous entertainment at which my father-in-law, 'the snake,' presided with unutterable dignity. Your maternal grandfather was certainly a man of commanding exterior. He was tall and powerfully moulded, and his countenance was expressive of intelligence and craft. He wore his royal robes on this occasion, with a ring in his nose, and a bunch of feathers in his head. Two long belts, or scarfs, curiously wrought in wampum, with birds, flowers, and other devices, hung round his neck. His face and breast were painted with unusual ingenuity, and a scarlet blanket adorned with pewter fringes, was wrapped gracefully around his portly person.

"The feast, consisting of dog's-flesh and huckleberries boiled in bear's grease, was now distributed with the most punctilious regard to etiquette. The guests received a larger or smaller platter full in exact proportion to their respective ranks. For myself I sincerely regretted that the nobility conferred upon me was of so exalted a grade, for it required all my respect and consideration for the feelings of my benefactors to overcome the loathing with which I swallowed the enormous quantity of the infernal mixture which was allotted as my portion.

"After they had glutted their appetites with these choice viands, they commenced a tremendous war-song, the execution of which occupied many minutes. After this they seated me upon a beaver skin, threw an embroidered wampum belt around me and caused me to smoke a war-pipe, which they presented to me. The warriors then squatted upon the ground around me, and the pipe passed from one to the other, till the tobacco was exhausted.

"I was then led to what they called a sweating-house, which was a hut constructed of skins stretched on poles, and spacious enough to accommodate three persons. I entered, accompanied by my father-in-law and another eminent chief, and was instantly stripped completely naked. The hut was then immediately filled with a prodigious quantity of steam, created by pouring water upon some large stones placed upon the floor, and previously heated for the purpose. This process, added to the enormous meal of which we had just partaken, of course threw us into a violent perspiration.

"As soon as the object of this most imposing ceremony was thus accomplished, I was ordered to rush from the hut and plunge into the lake, which was close to the village.

"As soon as I returned from this refreshing operation, I was conducted to the wigwam of my father-in-law, there to undergo the last act of the investiture. This was no less than my baptism, a ceremony which is accomplished by the agency of fire instead of water. I was informed that it was thought good for me to retain the Indian name of Patanko, by which I had been long distinguished; and which as they informed me, was equivalent to the 'grisly wolf.' I was now stretched upon my back, and my father-in-law, taking a pencil dipped in vermillion, proceeded to sketch upon my breast the effigy of the beast that was my sponsor, with a very artist-like dexterity. The figure was then indelibly imprinted by means of a number of needles dipped in vermillion, and fastened in a frame. As soon as this irritating and painful operation, which lasted several hours, was concluded, I was led forth to be invested in the costume appropriate to my rank.

"They would have commenced by shaving my head, with the exception of a small spot upon the crown, according to their own fashion, but I resisted desperately, and was at last permitted to retain the long locks, for which I was ever afterwards distinguished.

"They contented themselves, in consequence of my remonstrances, with decorating my head with a tuft of scarlet feathers. My face was then painted in fancy colours. My body was endued in a shirt of a tag-rag-and-bobtail fashion, with medals and fringes depending from its skirts, and two embroidered belts of wampum wound gracefully round my waist. My arms were decorated with silver bracelets, my legs covered with leather leggins, and a scarlet blanket thrown over my whole person.

"As soon as I was thus attired, I was surrounded by the most important chiefs, and after a deal of hugging and kissing, was formally greeted as a brother.

"From this time forth I considered my lot in life as settled. I felt no inclination to rejoin my countrymen, among whom I had forfeited my reputation, and from whom I never experienced sympathy or affection. The mutual esteem between myself and the gentle savage was increased and cemented, about two years after our union, by your birth. It is impossible for me to express the love which I bore to you, my son, from the first moment of your birth.

"A few years wore on, and our tribe was engaged in frequent warfare with the French and northern Indians. By means of my agency, the Mohawks, or at least a considerable portion of them, were united in a strict alliance with the English. Our arms were of course constantly directed against the French, with whom at that period there was never a cessation of hostilities.

"The most useful period of my life now commenced. I made myself secretly known to the English generals commanding on the frontier; and the services which my connection with and influence over the powerful tribe that had adopted me, enabled me to render, were of immense importance. The name of Patanko became famous both in the English and French armies, and the hostile tribes of the north whom I had worsted in many an encounter, learned to tremble at my name.

"I was, however, at this period, afflicted with a misfortune, which, although time and reflection has since rendered it less poignant, for a time prostrated all my energies.

"In one of our many expeditions against the very tribe by whom I had been formerly captured and nearly murdered, my wife and infant child (yourself, my dear son) had accompanied me. We had a pitched battle with a detachment of the enemy commanded by the very Wahquimacutt or Captain 'White-cat,' who figured in the early part of this sketch. I endeavoured in vain to single him out, and to repay the ancient grudge I bore him. I was unsuccessful; the subtle villain evaded me; his party were routed, and I saw him no more.

"On the termination of the battle, my wife encountered me with streaming eyes. She informed me that you had been stolen from her arms, during the hottest part of the fight; that her frantic supplications had been disregarded by the inhuman robber; and that she had in vain implored death from his hands. She gave me a description of the kidnapper of our cherished infant, and I felt convinced that the scoundrel was no other than Wahquimacutt.

"Accompanied by several of my most trusty warriors

I commenced the strictest search. After being baffled, however, for several days, I was obliged to relinquish all hope, and we returned mournfully to our abode.

"After several months had elapsed, I received information while engaged in a war party which led me into the interior of Massachusetts that the "White-cat" had found means to deliver my child to my brother Joshua.

"The subtle villain had learned, from what source I know not, a large portion of my early history.

"His savage nature led him naturally to suppose that he could not confer a greater favour on my brother than thus to enable him to wreak the vengeance he owed the father, upon his defenceless child. This joined to the hopes of a large reward, and the gratification derived from thus wounding me in the tenderest point, were sufficient inducements for this piece of villany on the part of Wahquimacutt.

"I know not whether my brother Joshua learned then for the first time that the redoubtable Patanko, whose renown filled the colony, was no other than his unfortunate and guilty brother. At any rate he found means to inform me that he had received my infant; and although time and meditation, had both taught him that he neither could nor ought to forgive the manifold crimes, which had been productive of so much misery to himself; yet he was willing to adopt and cherish the child received in so wonderful a manner, for the sake, he bitterly added, of saving it from the contamination of its father. If I was willing to relinquish all pretensions to him, he pledged me his honour that he would educate and bountifully provide for him; but that if I refused my consent he was ready to restore the infant in any manner, or at any place that I would designate.

"He urged me however, to relinquish my claims with much eloquence, and made use of all possible arguments to convince me that the welfare of the child would be more consulted by placing him within the reach of civilization, than by suffering him to grow up a blood-thirsty and savage Indian.

"On receiving this information, I wrestled long and desperately with myself. The longing to see you, my son, whom I loved beyond the whole world beside, was opposed to the irresistible conviction that my brother had counselled well. Although I considered my own lot in life irrecoverably cast, and neither hoped nor wished for any farther change; yet I knew too well, and abhorred too utterly the Indian character, to endure with composure the prospect of my son's growing up a savage and untutored denizen of the wilderness.

"After a desperate conflict with myself I decided, as I was ever afterwards convinced, for the best. I contrived to convey to my brother my permission to retain you in his house, and then I returned to my adopted home.

"Some years after this, in the course of the year 1760, I received from the English general, who commanded in the northern provinces during the French war, which was then raging, a highly-important commission.

"I was engaged to take command of a large body of Indians and provincial troops; and by a forced march through the wilderness to Canada, to subdue and exterminate, if possible, a large number of Indians, half breeds, and Canadians, who inhabited a few villages on the French border, and whose marauding exploits, and horrible daily murders of their English and provincial captives were the terror of the whole country.

"As it was thought, not unwisely, that the tenor of

my past life, my influence with the Indians, and my acquaintance with the forest had peculiarly fitted me for such an expedition, I received a letter from the general appointing me to this command. I was moreover presented with a colonel's commission.

"I entered upon the employment with alacrity. The sphere of my usefulness was now increasing, and I determined to prove that the confidence now almost for the first time reposed in me, had not been displaced.

"Finding it necessary, however, to lead a detachment of my troops through the settled part of Massachusetts, I was enabled in the dusk of evening, and accompanied by two faithful Indians, who were to give the alarm, if there was danger of discovery, (for you may judge that I was inexpressibly anxious that this nocturnal adventure should not be publicly known,) to make a visit to 'Morton's Hope.'

"Before setting out upon my grand and dangerous expedition, I felt irresistibly impelled once more to embrace my child. While I was reflecting upon this subject, I became seized with the frantic determination to seize you at once, and carry you away. Nothing else, however than the conviction that if I took you from my brother without his consent, your fate would be irrecoverably sealed, and the advantages derived from his adoption entirely forfeited, would have prevented me from at once possessing myself of my child, without the knowledge or consent of any one. As it was, I endeavoured by tears, and the most frantic supplications which paternal love and agony could suggest, to induce my brother's consent to your absence for a short time. Nothing else than an entire renunciation of his adopted son, would, he assured me, be the penalty. In the midst of this to me inexpres-

sibly harrowing interview, I received warning that my immediate flight was necessary.

"The signal, which at first I disregarded, was again and again repeated, till at last one of my trusty adherents was almost obliged to enter the apartment and drag me away.

"When I had at last succeeded in tearing myself from the place, and with a crushed heart had turned my back on all that I most treasured on earth, I was informed by my companion, that my absence had already been discovered in the advanced party of my warriors; that treachery of some kind or another was suspected; that many mutinous expressions and actions had already transpired, and that my presence was imperiously necessary. It was for this reason that my visit at 'Morton's Hope,' of which (from your age at that time) you ought to remember something, was so abruptly terminated.

"I shall not weary you with the details of my expedition. Suffice, that after incredible fatigues and danger, it was at last crowned with success. We were enabled entirely to destroy the tribes against whom the expedition was directed, and completely to avenge the atrocities which they had committed upon my countrymen.

"After accomplishing this undertaking, I joined Amherst at Montreal, and had the good fortune to be present at the final surrender of the Canadas, to which happy termination of the war, I had had the honour in some degree to contribute.

"After this cessation of hostilities with France, I returned to the country of the Mohawks. I had reasoned myself into a determination no longer to interfere with

the education of my child, but consoled myself with a vague hope of embracing him at some future period.

"At the termination of the same year in which the events happened which I have just recounted, I had the happiness again to become a father. It was a daughter, and received the name of Neida.

"I was still, however, doomed to be the sport of my infernal destiny. Judge, my son, of the anguish of my mind, when within a year after the birth of this second dearly-cherished treasure, and just as it was fairly bound up and entwined in all my gentlest and holiest feelings; this child was also torn from me.

"The circumstances which attended this second misfortune, were similar to those which marked your loss. My wigwam was entered at the dusk of evening, by two savages and (as my wife thought) a white man, at a time when we were making a foray on the Canadian frontier, and when I was absent many miles from our encampment. My suspicions of course were at once directed to Wahquimacutt; but the mystery has never been entirely solved.

"Soon after this miserable catastrophe, my wife, who had long been converted to the Christian religion, and was the sweetest and loveliest of her sex, died broken-hearted with this double loss.

"Had I not cause, my son, to believe that I was indeed the slave of destiny; and to acknowledge with tears of blood, that all my prospects of happiness and virtue were doomed to eternal blight.

"I fled again heart-stricken into the wilderness. I abandoned myself a long time to the most consuming sorrow.

"After a time I succeeded in rousing myself; and

endeavoured by leading my warriors to the most desperate encounters with the beasts of the forests, and their no less savage human foes, to banish the gloomy meditations which continually overshadowed me.

"During the many years that succeeded, my life was wild and wandering. In the course of our hunting and our warlike excursions, I traversed nearly the whole of the continent. My days were passed in war and in the chase, and the constant activity of my body had a beneficial effect in quieting the agony of my mind.

"At last, not many years ago, as I was returning from an expedition to the far West, the thrilling blast from the trumpet of Revolution stirred the depths of my spirit.

"For the first time for many years my heart was excited, and the inmost energies of my nature were aroused. You will not be surprised, my son, that I embraced at once, and with rapture, the cause of the oppressed colonies. I saw instantaneously that another and a most glorious opportunity of distinguishing my name, and of perfecting the reputation which any services in the French war had acquired me, was now within my grasp. Neither, to say the truth, had I any scruples against contending with the English standard under which I had formerly served.

"Although I had fought for the English and the colonial cause (which were then one,) my companions-in-arms had been all provincials, and I hardly recollected a single native of the mother country with whom I had been even on terms of acquaintance. Besides, even in the depths of the wilderness I had been fully conversant with the injuries and insults which had been heaped upon the colonies by the mother country; and my hatred of tyranny demanded no excuse for my determination to assist in avenging it.

"I profferred my services immediately to the authorities. My first attempt was to effect a negociation of alliance, or at least of neutrality, with the Indian tribes more immediately under my influence. Although I was not very successful in my diplomatic attempts—for a negociation with Indians, particularly one of neutrality, amounts to an impossibility—yet my services were nevertheless of much importance. Finding all hopes of inducing them to entire abstinence from the conflict, out of the question, and finding, moreover, that many of the savage tribes were already enlisted under the English banner; I enrolled at once a chosen and effective band from among my adherents, whose valour, intelligence, and acquaintance with the country, have proved of incalculable importance in the corps to which they have been attached. My commission of colonel was confirmed, or rather a new one was presented to me by the Colonial authorities; and although I have now consumed too much time, to enter upon a history of my subsequent career, yet I shall die with the hope that my services will not be entirely forgotten by my countrymen.

"The disappearance of Neida has not yet been satisfactorily accounted for. I have, however, received information upon which I think I can rely, that she is yet living, and in Montreal. Her history, much of which I have learned, and to the remainder of which I have a clue, is far too long for insertion, and is besides not relevant to my purpose. Suffice, that I still cherish the sweet hope to be once more embraced by my son and daughter. I am sure, my dearest Uncas, that you will cherish your sister when she is restored to you, for your father's sake.

"I have forgotten to inform you, that on receiving the

commission which was presented to me by the British general, I thought proper in my intercourse with the whites, to assume another name than my Indian appellation.

"I was unwilling to resume our family name, which it was supposed (whether justly or not you are now qualified to judge,) that my youthful conduct had disgraced.

"I accordingly adopted the name of my mother's family; and in short, dearest Uncas the Colonel Waldron who has been your companion for the last few weeks, is now anxious to embrace you as

YOUR FATHER."

I finished the paper. The interest with which I had perused it, had rendered me unmindful of the lapse of time. As I raised my eyes, I perceived that my lamp was nearly exhausted, and that its feeble rays were paling in the morning's dawn.

I shall enter into no analysis of the feelings which the persual of my father's letter had occasioned. Relief—relief from mystery, relief from an occasionally self-exaggerating and incomprehensible fear, was, perhaps, the first characteristic; but pity, sympathy, respect, and the strongest and deepest sensation of filial love were the natural and happy result.

However much the censure of an indifferent world may condemn my unfortunate parent; a son will be pardoned that he extenuated his errors, and regarded his virtues with an indulgent eye. I determined, however the character of my parent, might be estimated by the world in general, that his son would at least, to the utmost of his ability, repay him for his love, and assuage the melancholy which had been the result of his youthful follies and misfortunes.

There are, however, motives in our hearts, and passages in our lives which are not fit subject for publicity or comment. Among these, I feel that my sentiments towards my father, and the passionate scenes which immediately followed my perusal of his letter, are eminently included.

Suffice, that I could not rest till I had sought him out. I found him in his tent—alone and melancholy—awaiting with harrowing anxiety the effect which his communication would produce upon his son. I flew into his arms, we embraced each other in an agony of tears.

Let me draw a veil over the rest.

In the remaining portion of these memoirs I shall, whenever I have occasion to introduce my father, speak of him as if there was nothing remarkable in our intercourse, or in his previous history. It is even probable that I may often designate him by the name of Colonel Waldron, by which appellation rather than Patanko, he was most familiarly known in the ranks which now surrounded him.

Now that I have explained all that is necessary with regard to my father, I consider it unnecessary again to refer to the particulars of his history, and shall resume the thread of my own adventures, which I am now anxious to bring to a close.

CHAPTER X.

THE MAJOR-GENERAL.

"WELL, squire," said Welcome Dodge to me the second morning after the conversation recorded in the first chapter of this book; "I suppose you've heard the news!"

"What news?"

"The Hampshire milishy, under General Stark, have arrived!"

"Arrived where?"

"I expect they are in Bennington."

"Why do you think so?"

"Why, you see, squire, I ris rather early this morning, and thought I'd go to Bennington to see about that job as soon as possible. I calculated that the men were considerably fatigued, and so I guessed I'd buy up these blankets afore we took up our line of march. So when I went to Bennington, the first thing I knew, the whole town, from the meeting-house down to Major-general Budd's tavern was full of milishy-men."

"So you saw that they had got there yourself?"

"I shouldn't wonder."

I really believe that the inquisition could hardly have tortured Mr. Dodge into a direct affirmation or denial of any proposition whatever.

"Well—we shall probably not continue our march to-day," said I.

"Well, I guessed you wouldn't, after consideration. I suppose, squire, you wouldn't have any serious objection to settling up my remuneration for that blanket-job right away; because you see my commissions are dreadful low, and the fact is—"

"I will attend to it directly, Mr. Dodge. I will see you in the course of the day. In the mean time you must excuse me."

Mr. Dodge was satisfied, and made his exit whistling yankee doodle.

On the day before, it had been my intention to push directly to the Hudson, and to join the main army at

their encampment near that river. On receiving the intelligence of the arrival of the New-Hampshire general, I determined to join him. I knew that he was on his way to the same place, and there was no reason why I should not, at once, put myself under his orders.

It was the 16th of August. It was still very early in the morning. I left my corps encamped about half a mile from Bennington, and proceeded myself to the town. I arrived and inquired for the house where the general was stationed. I had no difficulty in finding it. I knocked at the door. I received no answer for some time. I knocked again. At last the door was opened by a man in his shirt sleeves. My European notions (of which a vestige still remained) were a little shocked, at the slovenliness of this attendant on the major-general. Drawing myself up and looking as military as I possibly could, I asked if General Stark was visible.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder," was the answer.

"Evidently a relation of Mr. Dodge," thought I, to myself.

"Can I see him?" said I, aloud.

"Well — I expect you can — if you've got no nat'ral defect of vision. I am General Stark."

Now experience had not taught me to form any very brilliant notions of the appearance of the Continental officers. I knew that their worth lay rather in their spirit, than in their outward shell; but still I was a little taken by surprise at the appearance of the Hampshire Cincinnatus.

However, he waited very patiently till I had recovered from my amazement, and then very civilly invited me into the house.

He preceded me into the room, and being apparently

desirous of atoning for the negligence of his original equipment, put on a blue and buff coat which hung on a peg by the window; and seemed perfectly to approve its harmony with his pepper-and salt small clothes.

This important preliminary adjusted, he proceeded to the business which brought me there.

I stated concisely my intentions. They were approved. My directions were given me, and I prepared to return.

The general was good enough, however, to request a little more conversation, with which of course I complied.

After half an hour I returned to my troops, full of admiration at the simplicity, courage, and shrewdness of the revolutionary general.

CHAPTER XI.

BENNINGTON.

It was about noon. It was very hot. I entered my tent. I sat down to arrange some papers which I had with me. In about half an hour my father suddenly entered my tent. He informed me that we were all ordered to join the general.

"Why?"

"A body of Hessians have made their appearance a short distance from Bennington."

"Are they marching towards the town?"

"They have halted and entrenched themselves."

"What do you take to be their object."

"It is very plain. They are part of the expedition

which, as we heard yesterday, was contemplated by Burgoyne. This detachment was probably sent against our magazines. The main object of the whole expedition was to forage the country—to obtain all the cattle, stores, ammunition they could; but above all to feel the pulse of the country; and to gain as many provincials to their cause as possible."

"How are they likely to succeed in the latter part of their intentions?"

"About as well as in the first. They have found but few adherents. We are the strongest here."

"What are the gentlemen in the intrenchments about?"

"It is evident, that they have found more than they expected. It is by chance that Stark is here. They are probably Hessians, British, Indians, and all, not more than five hundred strong, and they find the magazines guarded by nearly two thousand. They have got themselves into a scrape."

"What are we to do?"

"The general has ordered an immediate attack. They will be cut to pieces."

My father left me. There was no time to be lost. I marshalled my men. We proceeded to Bennington. The whole American force, amounting to nearly 2000 men, was under arms. The general made a pithy speech, in which he represented the necessity of cutting off the detachment (which was the well-known force commanded by the Hessian Colonel Baum) before the other party, which was a much stronger one, and which according to intelligence he had received had advanced as far as Bea[illegible]n Hill, should come up to the rescue.

His proposal was favourably received. At four in the

afternoon we advanced against them in good order. They waited quietly for us in the intrenchments. They were as firm and silent as bull-dogs. Just as we were reaching the breast works they poured in their fire. It was deadly. Our men dropped on all sides. We returned it, and the blaze of the contending muskets intermingled. We were close to each other. We could see their grimaces of anger. We heard their oaths and cries. We gave them another volley. We sprang over their intrenchments. We beat down their breast-works. They fought like devils, but our numbers overpowered them. The carnage was dreadful. It was over in an instant, and all that were left of the corps surrendered. The victory was bloody but complete.

The prisoners were secured. The militia dispersed. They were soon engaged in the agreeable business of plunder. It was impossible for me to restrain my own men from participating in the amusement. Some of them, however, remained to guard the prisoners. I walked round to look at the captives

"Tausend donnerwetters!" swore a familiar voice near me.

I looked round. A stout Hessian corporal was seated composedly on the ground, a little apart from the other prisoners. He had his pipe in his mouth and was engaged in striking a light. There was no mistaking him—he was close to me.

"Tausend donnerwetters!" said I, in my turn. The corporal looked up. A slight expression of surprise was visible on his features. He rose, took his pipe from his mouth, extended his hand, and gravely saluted me on either cheek.

It was the veteran student Dummberg! I entered

into conversation with him of course. There was nothing very surprising in his transformation. He had continued a student till the university at last hinted that they would dispense with his services. He cast about for an employment, and happened to hear of a Hessian recruiting party. He thought an old student would make a very good corporal. He tried the experiment accordingly. He manifested no regret at his captivity. He, as well as his whole party, had fought as long as they could. The enemy had permitted him to retain his pipe. He was accordingly provided with a resource during his captivity, and after the peace he intended to squat.

While I was engaged with my old acquaintance, Mr. Dodge approached me.

"I say, squire," said he, "I guess the job aint quite finished?"

"How so?" said I, "what do you mean?"

"There is a considerable number of sogers marching up from the south'ard and west'ard, said Dodge.

"Soldiers!" said I, in surprise. "Is it possible they can be the enemy?"

"I shouldn't wonder."

"The Devil! I suppose they will attack us immediately, and here are our men dispersed in all directions," said I.

"It does look a leetle ugly," said Dodge.

"Are they English," I asked.

"Why, I some expect they are Hessians. They are led on, I believe by General Bergmann. I seen him once last year. He's a homely creetur!" said Dodge sententiously.

"Well we must collect as many as we can, and keep it up, if possible till we are reinforced. Colonel Warner cannot be far distant," replied I.

"Well, in my opinion, squire, I guess we'd better clear out. 'Taint reasonable to waste so much powder and shot, when we are sure to be licked after all," said Dodge, who was really brave; but was very discreet and economical.

"Yes, and lose not only the advantage we have already gained, but suffer the magazines to fall into the enemy's hands after all. Is that good economy, Mr. Dodge?" said I.

"Well, I didn't take that view of the subject. I guess you're nearly night. We'll have another go at 'em, on the whole. 'Twould be sinful to let all that good ammunition and cattle, besides, I dare say, barrels of pork to the amount of——." With this, the contemplative Dodge set himself to collecting the troops in the most heroic manner. Now that he was convinced of the propriety of the thing, there was no doubt he would fight like a tiger.

My father now rushed furiously up. He confirmed the tidings brought by Dodge.

"There are hardly three hundred men on the field," said he, "and the scouts represent the enemy as more than fifteen hundred strong. But it would be an eternal disgrace to surrender the advantage we have gained without a struggle."

We hastily mustered our forces. There were about two hundred of my corps on the field. About as many more were marshalled under Waldron.

We swore to sell our lives as dearly as possible.

Straggling parties of militia now rushed in, in great disorder. They had been in pursuit of the few of Baum's regiment who had escaped. They had met the reinforcement under Bergmann, and were now flying before

them. Others rapidly approached us. We sought in vain to rally them. They were panic struck and in total confusion.

Our little phalanx stood firm. The enemy soon appeared in overwhelming numbers. They rushed rapidly upon us, and rent the air with their huzzas. Our column wavered not. We reserved our fire till the enemy were nearly upon us. My marksmen then discharged their rifles with unerring aim. A number of the enemy, nearly equal to our whole handful, bit the dust. The rest closed upon us with clubbed muskets. We abode the onset—we resisted to a man, but we were nearly crushed.

At that moment there was a sudden change. Our numbers were suddenly increased. The tide of battle was turned. A reinforcement rushed vigorously to our aid. Again we charged the enemy. Their line wavered. A body of militia arrived. The enemy gave way on all sides. We followed them up like bloodhounds. They were completely routed. Impelled by the eagerness of the pursuit, I rushed hastily forward. Suddenly my foot slipped—I prepared to rise. I was attacked by two savages. I received a blow on the head. It stunned me for an instant. When I recovered, I felt the hand of one the wretches in my hair; in the other he waved his scalping-knife. My brain reeled—I felt sick—it was horrible. Another instant, and a loud voice startled my savage foe. Something like an execration was shouted in a language I did not understand. I looked up and saw the athletic and threatening face of my father. The next instant, the savage's brains were knocked out. The other cowered at Patanko's feet.

"Thank God," said he, as he assisted me to rise; "*you*, at least, should not have been the wretch's victim. The scoundrel's perfidy is repaid at last. I knew that the hour of my vengeance would arrive; but I hardly dared to hope it would be so sweet. That scoundrel, Uncas, is Wahquinacutt, the 'White-cat,' of whose thousand crimes I have informed you."

He then turned to the other savage, who remained in his crouching position, and said something to him in the same unintelligible tongue and with a threatening accent.

The savage rose, and retreated in the direction of the flying army.

The fight was over.

I hastened to express my gratitude to my father. He embraced me affectionately, and assured me that it was the happiest moment of his life.

He then informed me that it was Colonel [illegible]rner's regiment, which was on its way to join General Stark, that had arrived so opportunely; and that owing to this unexpected relief, the broken militia had had time to rally and again to face the enemy.

Night had now come down. The enemy had abandoned his artillery and baggage, and vanished in the darkness. We of course secured much valuable booty, particularly arms and ammunition. Our victory was complete.

CHAPTER XII.

STILLWATER.

THIS action, although of no great magnitude in itself, was productive of very fortunate results. The revolutionary party appeared the stronger. The wavering were encouraged. The timid were emboldened. Our ranks filled up.

Very soon afterwards we received the news of the abandonment of Fort Schuyler. General St. Leger, finding the resistance beyond his expectation, had at length thrown up the siege and retired to Canada.

Immediately after the affair at Bennington, our whole force joined the main army at Stillwater. On the 21st of August, General Gates assumed the command. The army was reinforced in all directions.

Soon afterwards, the whole British army crossed the Hudson, and encamped directly opposite us at Saratoga. We were within half-a-dozen miles of each other.

The plot thickened, the affairs of the north were narrowed down to a single point. The whole action of the northern campaign was now concentrated at Saratoga.

The military melo-drama, of which General Burgoyne was the author and stage-manager, now assumed a beautiful unity.

Although it proved an unsuccessful piece, it was not deficient in stage effect. He determined to act it out.—On the night of the 17th he advanced to within four miles of us. He meditated a grand coup-de-theatre.

The hostile armies were now only divided by a deep

ravine. It was evident that we were to be attacked.—We waited quietly.

On the 19th, at high noon, General Gates received intelligence that the English were already advancing on our left. They were led on in person by their own brave, but unfortunate general, the brilliant, gallant preux chevalier, Burgoyne. Our left was commanded, by the heroic traitor, Arnold.

Colonel Morgan was sent forward with his riflemen to annoy them as they advanced; and my whole corps of sharp-shooters were united in the service. We came up with the advanced guard of the enemy. We drove in their pickets—we advanced rapidly—the pickets were, however, immediately reinforced. General Frazer came up and sustained them with his whole brigade. We fell back in some disorder.

Suddenly the whole line of battle was [illegible]ed.—Nearly all our troops had been directing their [illegible] force upon the enemy's extreme right. We took advantage of the country. The whole American army suddenly disappeared as if the earth had swallowed them. There was a pause. It was of short duration, and then the whole force of our army rushed furiously upon the enemy's left. The attack was desperate. The defence determined. The melée was dreadful—British, Americans, Indians, Germans, all fought hand to hand. Execrations, fierce shouts, oaths, and shrieks rent the air.—The confusion of tongues and of nations was appalling.

In the thickest of the contending throng I marked my father's waving plume. I struggled after him. Suddenly he was struck down. He was surrounded by foes. Excited by the conflict, I felt the force of a giant in my single arm. I burned to save his life, to repay the debt

I owed him. I cut my way through the crowd of friends and foes that opposed me. I reached his side. He lay on the ground bleeding desperately. I succeeded in dragging him out of the throng. I laid him by a little thicket, as I supposed, in temporary safety. Suddenly there was a yell, and three painted savages sprang from the other side, waving their tomahawks in the air. I stood over my father's bleeding body, determined to sell my life for him. The fiends uttered frantic whoops, and bounded towards us. I was about giving up myself for lost—when, lo! they paused—they gazed on the countenance of the fallen warrior, and interchanged rapid and unintelligible exclamations. They lowered their weapons and approached me with peaceful gestures. Instead of attacking me, they assisted me in removing my father to a place of safety. They bound up his wounds, laid their hands upon their breasts, and disappeared.

After I had seen that my father, who was dangerously wounded, was bestowed in safety, and attended as well as circumstances would permit, I returned to the affray. I had been absent but five minutes. I encouraged my men—the battle raged. The main force of both armies was engaged in the desperate conflict. My corps suffered with the rest. We had lost fifty men. I perceived at some distance a company of British regulars which had become detached from the main body, and were endeavouring to cut their way to our camp. I resolved to intercept them. I led my men through a thick wood.—When we emerged, we met them face to face. I recognized the features of their captain. It was Carew, whom I have spoken of in the first part of my memoirs. An old feeling of hate came over me. I cheered my men—we rushed furiously forward. I singled out Carew. He

did not decline the challenge. We engaged in desperate conflict. It was soon over. Fortune favoured the avenger's arm. The Englishman fell—suddenly I heard a shrill cry—my arm was arrested—it was too late—I had passed my sword thrice through the prostrate body of Carew.

"Spare him! for the love of God, spare him! He is our enemy—but even I forgive him."

The supplication and the voice stole upon my heart like magic. I looked, and beheld the youthful form of Eliot kneeling over the body, and seeking in vain to stanch the life-blood of my fallen enemy. I approached him closely, that I might read the features which I had never distinctly seen. He raised his head. A crowd of mingled and unutterable sensations rushed across my brain. My heart trembled as I gazed upon the youth. Suddenly his cap fell off, and a flood of raven tresses floated down his neck. I sprang forward. I did not mistake. The youth was Mayflower Vane!

At that moment I received a sudden blow from behind. I fell. I felt myself trampled upon by the contending throng. The tide of battle rushed over me. Dark, indistinct shadows of a struggling host floated before my vision. They faded, and all was blackness. I lost all recollection.

CHAPTER III.

FIFTH OF OCTOBER.

"It was soon found," says Burgoyne, in his letter to Lord George Germain, "that no fruits, honour excepted, were obtained by the preceding victory."

The action of the Nineteenth of September, was exactly one of that sort of battles in which both parties have a right to claim the victory, because there is no victory to be claimed.

The British had the shadow, and the Americans the substance of exactly one reason for calling it a victory at all.

The British remained on the field of battle, and slept with arms in their hands. The Americans went comfortably to bed in their secure encampment. The British had attempted to force them from their position—they failed; the Americans retained it, and there was hardly any reason why they should not make use of the very camp which they had been fighting to secure. The possession of the field of battle was not, in this instance, a type of success; because it was not the thing contended for.

Burgoyne was playing a desperate game. He was losing it, but he did it heroically. He was present in the hottest of the fight, and so constantly exposed his person, that for a time, he was believed to have fallen at Stillwater.

If it had been possible for Burgoyne and Burgoyne's army to effect the minister's plan, they would have effected it. It is impossible to contemplate the misfortunes of that gallant and unfortunate general, without admiration and pity.

If he had succeeded, he would have been canonized; and yet, in failing, he had exhibited as much bravery, as much perseverance, and as much soldiership, as if he had succeeded.

An impracticable plan was laid. He obeyed his orders in persevering. He was willing to devote himself and his army.

On the day after the action, the British camp was pressed forward to nearly within cannon shot of the enemy. The Americans remained in their strong position.

Retreat to the Canadas was not to be thought of by the British general. He had forced his army like a wedge into the heart of the country. He was immoveably fixed; but so long as he remained, the cloven parts were prevented from coalescing. In case of his removal, the junction between Washington and Yates would be immediate. It was not to be thought of. He was willing to devote himself.

On the twenty-first, he received a letter from Sir Harry Clinton. He was informed of the intended attack on Fort Montgomery. The messenger was sent back to apprize Sir Harry of his situation. He solicited a diversion in his favour, which should oblige Yates to detach from his army.

In the meantime his soldiers were straitened for provisions. He was obliged to diminish their rations. They submitted to it willingly.

This was the state of affairs up to October the fifth.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ESCAPE.

When I recovered from my swoon, I felt weak but comparatively well. I opened my eyes and looked around. The horrible images, with which my fevered brain had been filled, had vanished. I was reclining on a bed of leaves, over which a sort of awning was stretched.

A young girl, with large black eyes, sat near me; she was murmuring in a low tone to herself. At a little distance I saw half-a-dozen dusky forms squatting near a fire. Besides these, I saw two others who appeared to be prisoners. The face of one was familiar to me; it was Welcome Dodge. Those near the fire appeared to be British Indians. Besides these, I noted two or three soldiers. Judging from their uniform, I took them to be Hessians. The truth now burst upon my mind. It was evident that I had been taken prisoner.

I sought to raise myself a little. For the first time I perceived that my head was supported on the lap of some person. I looked up. I saw the sweet eyes of Mayflower fixed with ineffable tenderness upon my own. I stretched out my arms and clasped her neck. She bent down. Our lips met in one long embrace. Overpowered by the throng of my emotions, and weak with my loss of blood, I again fainted.

I revived soon afterwards. I heard from Mayflower's lips the detail of our situation. She had saved my life; she had tended my wounds; she had been my champion, my guardian, my nurse. Even now I lay powerless as a child in her arms. None of my wounds were dangerous; though some of them had been very painful. The fever into which I had been thrown, had however prostrated my strength.

While Mayflower had been succouring me upon the field of battle, night arrived; she would not leave me, and we had both been made captive by a straggling party of Indians and Hessians.

I am determined not to profane the holiness of the feelings which surrounded and hallowed the image of Mayflower in my mind. I am determined not to en-

large upon the course of our love after this moment. I feel that I have no longer the nerve to lay bare my own mental anatomy. I feel that there are fibres in my system which shrink from the scalpel. They shall not be exposed.

Accordingly, as I know that the case is likely to prove less interesting to the world than to myself, I shall say no more on the subject; and shall confine myself to recording whatever important event may happen, until I arrive at the point where I intend to close my biography.

We remained where we were for a day or two. We were strictly guarded, and our captors did not seem to have made up their minds as to their destination. Before we left our present encampment I was able to walk about. I succeeded in holding an interview with Quarter-master Dodge. Neither of us had any exact knowledge of our position, or of the events, the principal part of which I have recorded in the preceding chapter.

Dodge informed me of the event of the battle, but knew nothing more. He had been taken by the same party that had captured us; but the coalition was by the purest accident. He had remained on the field with the economical intention of collecting and carrying away a quantity of swords and muskets. While he was thus occupied, he had been suddenly taken prisoner.

To my surprise, I found that the young girl, who was very beautiful, was a perfect mistress of the English. Furthermore, I observed that she had enjoyed and profited by the best education that the Colonies could afford. Moreover, she was in the entire confidence of Mayflower, who of course still retained her uniform and man's apparel. She was the only one who was aware of the secret of Mayflower's sex. All this surprised me. Her name was Neida.

The name excited my wonder. I was curious to know her history. She informed me that she believed herself to be of English parentage, but that there was a mystery about her birth and education, which she had not been able to solve. Her earliest recollections were of a convent in Montreal; it was there she had been educated.

Judging from a variety of causes, but more than all in obedience to the promptings of my own heart, I felt that she was the sister of whom my father had spoken. I clasped her in my arms, much to her surprise, and to the chagrin of Mayflower.

I explained my feelings and my hopes as well as I could. Their feminine imaginations were exactly of that construction which lends a ready faith to any thing which is at once plausible and romantic.

We resolved to call ourselves brother and sister, even if the event should prove that I was mistaken.

But it will soon be seen that I was not mistaken.

I shall not enter, however, into a detail of my sister's history, because in the first place it is unnecessary; and secondly, because it is so long and complicated that it would fatigue rather than interest, an indifferent reader.

I already fear that I have trespassed too much upon my reader's forbearance by introducing the prolix narrative of my father's adventures, and I feel that I have no excuse for again imploring their patience.

Let it suffice then, that I had the satisfaction of embracing my long-lost sister, and that the hopes of my father were indeed realized.

It is perhaps not inexpedient to add, that the agent of my parent's second bereavement, was not (as the reader may suppose,) the Indian Wahquimacutt, but the French priest, Father Simon.

At night, Dodge and I were enabled to hold a conference. We concerted various means of escape. When I was again by myself, I heard the Hessian officer, who appeared to be the commander of the party, giving his directions.

It seemed from his conversation, that we were not far from the enemy's camp; but that they had lost their way. Besides this, they were sadly in want of *provisions*. They were to disperse in search of forage, and to reconnoitre; the next morning they intended to steal away for an hour or two unperceived, and before their prisoners were awake. They intended to leave only two Indians (one very old man and a boy,) to guard us. They had a number of pistols, and some ammunition, more than they required to take with them. They mentioned to each other a hole in the stump of a tree where they intended to conceal them. All this conversation was carried on in German. They spoke in a low tone, but as they were without suspicion that the language could be understood by any but themselves, it was loud enough to be intelligible.

When I heard all this, my heart bounded within me. I watched anxiously till they slept, and I was then able to convey by a few whispers to the sagacious Dodge, the principal part of the conversation I had heard. We waited anxiously for the morning. By daybreak, we heard them rouse themselves. They went to the tree they had spoken of. They set the guard over us. We still pretended to sleep. They came up to us, and bound our arms and legs, and then they went away. Soon after this, Mayflower and Neida came out of the hut. They awoke us, and dressed my wounds. They were nearly well. In the meantime I had grown toler-

ably strong. I communicated to Mayflower and Neida what I had heard, and our intentions. The beautiful savage was enabled to deceive the Indians. They were not aware of her treachery. We waited till time enough had elapsed for the Hessians to be some miles distant. Our bonds were then suddenly cut by Neida; with one bound we sprang upon the two remaining Indians. They were dozing, and unsuspicious of the attack. We had no difficulty in binding and gagging them. We fastened them to a tree. We searched out the pistols and ammunition, and then we started on our retreat. Our "*partie carrée*" consisted of Neida and Mayflower, Welcome Dodge and myself.

We wandered the whole day through the woods. We hardly knew which way to turn our steps, for we were totally ignorant of our situation. We were also convinced that the savages would be on our trail the moment that the Hessians returned. Towards nightfall, we saw the figure of a man at some distance. We hesitated whether we should advance or retreat. We feared an ambush. We dreaded to fall again into the enemy's hands.

We stole a little nearer. We could distinguish the gleam of a musket. It was a sentinel, and directly afterward, we saw indistinctly the forms of half-a-dozen more, It was evidently the advanced picket of a camp. We feared that it was Burgoyne's; and we were retiring that we might again reconnoitre.

Suddenly the sentinel perceived us. He hailed us — it was decidedly an English voice. We attempted to retreat. He levelled his musket.

"You'd better come in, stranger, or I guess I shall shoot you right-away?" said he.

We were delighted. It was after all the American camp. We all advanced.

"Why!" cried the sentinel, lowering his musket, "Ain't that Quarter-master Dodge?"

"I shouldn't wonder," was the reply.

At the conclusion of this pithy dialogue, we entered the camp, and reported ourselves to the General.

I went immediately in search of my father. He was in the hospital. The surgeon informed me that his wounds were very dangerous. I had been absent more than a week. It was the evening of the fifth of October. He had frequently inquired for me, and had manifested so much anxiety for my fate that the surgeon had been afraid to tell him, I was among the missing.

I entered cautiously—my father was awake—he embraced me affectionately, and I then entertained him with a detail of my adventures.

He was overcome with rapture, when he was informed of the discovery of my sister. For that it was my sister, the information which he already possessed, united to various other evidence, enabled us in a few moments to decide. The door opened. The lovely Neida sprang into the room, and was soon locked in her father's arms.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SURRENDER.

I APPROACH the termination of that part of my memoirs, which I intend for the public.

It has been seen, that we reached the American camp on the evening of the fifth of October.

I was happy that my wounds were sufficiently healed to allow me, at the head of my corps, to participate in the memorable action of the seventh.

It is hardly necessary to observe, that I at once compelled Mayflower to abandon her masquerade, and to refrain from any participation in the action.

Our meeting and our betrothal had revived the woman within her. Moreover as her sex was now generally known, she shrank from the publicity, to which her successful disguise had previously rendered her indifferent.

It was natural that she should endeavour by force of entreaties to induce me to abandon the army; but her entreaties made no impression upon my mind.

I had the good fortune to render essential services in the second and conclusive action at Stillwater.

On the nineteenth I had the satisfaction of seeing the grand denouement of the whole plot.

I was present at the surrender of Burgoyne. The whole history of this campaign, and of the subsequent events is too well known, to afford me the slightest excuse for lingering any longer upon their history.

The re-appearance of one important, and by the reader I hope not unforgotten, personage is the principal circumstance which I wish now to record.

Two days after the surrender of the British army, I was turning over the list of their officers. I had taken temporary lodgings in the village of Saratoga.

We were, however, on the point of leaving our present situation, for a more southern theatre.

I was informed that a British officer was below, and wished to speak with me. He had mentioned to the attendant that he was an old acquaintance of Colonel Morton's.

While I was wondering what acquaintance I could possibly have in the British army, the door opened.

I turned my eyes to my visitor, and beheld Sansterre Lackland!

Our greeting was almost rapturous. After the first surprise was over, we sat down and entertained each other with our adventures.

His appearance upon the stage was perhaps not very surprising. It was even singular that I had never before contemplated the possibility of beholding him.

His, was in fact, exactly the sort of nature which feels at last the necessity of a powerful stimulant, and which cannot remain long quiescent, without rushing at last into action for relief.

I reminded him that I had often told him how much he mistook his own nature, and how wrong a moral he had deduced from a contemplation of his career.

"You were right, my dear fellow, after all," said he. "But to think of my being captured in my old age by a parcel of d—d Yankees! However, you have the laugh upon me after all, Morton, and hang me if I have not a great mind to turn rebel myself. Here are you, a Colonel in the victorious army, and I am nothing but Captain Lackland of his majesty's surrendered 33d. Promotion is certainly more rapid in your undisciplined ranks. How is pay?"

"The less we say about the pay, the better," was my reply.

"It seems then that it is an expensive amusement, to serve in a rebellious army," said Lackland.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Mr. Dodge, who had just then entered the apartment, and unceremoniously joined in the conversation.

CHAPTER XVI.

PENULTIMATE.

My father's health did not improve. The surgeon gave me small hopes of his recovery. It was to be feared that the wound would eventually prove mortal.

He himself considered his death as inevitable. He looked forward to the event with composure and resignation. He repeatedly assured me that he had long been wearied with his life; and that although the clouds which had rendered his life-time gloomy and tempestuous were now rolling away, and his evening was cheered with a glowing and tranquil sunset, yet he felt no repugnance, that his life had reached its close. He saw himself surrounded by his children—he saw that they were happy; and more than all, he saw and felt that the country of his love was at last upon the verge of independence and success.

Again and again he assured me that he now welcomed with gratitude the sweet repose of death. He was animated, despite his errors, by the true and heartfelt faith of a Christian, and he revelled in the sweet conviction that he should one day meet his children in another and a happier world.

As the army were soon to go into winter quarters, and as my father's health experienced a temporary re-establishment, sufficient, in the opinions of the physicians, to enable him to undergo a journey; I succeeded in obtaining leave of absence for some months. Lackland accepted an invitation to my abode, and together our whole party set out for "Morton's Hope."

We reached that place, in due time, without further adventures, and had the satisfaction of making more comfortable arrangements for my father than I could possibly have done at Saratoga.

It was but a few weeks after our arrival, at my old and happy home, that I perceived indications of a growing and a mutual attachment between my sister and my friend Lackland.

A short time afterwards I received the agreeable communication that the preliminaries had been satisfactorily settled, and my own and my father's consent were now all that was necessary.

It is needless to say that these were most joyfully granted.

"I need not observe," said Lackland, on concluding his communication, "that I have no very brilliant establishment to offer Neida."

"Her education has hardly led her to form any extravagant expectations," I replied.

"However," he resumed, "as I am prohibited from serving any longer against your friends the rebels, I may as well turn my attention to something else. Land is cheap in your country. Why should not I squat as well as our old friend Dummberg?"

"Very well," said I, "I hope you will indeed remain with us for the present; and I am certainly glad that our present connexion, as well as the situation of your regiment, makes it almost impossible for you to serve against the cause in which I am so deeply interested. Although we may be politically enemies, yet there is no reason why we should not be friends and brothers. This, however, could hardly be the case if our swords were actually turned against each other."

"I promise you," said Lackland, "that whether I am exchanged or not, I shall serve no longer in this cause.—Although an Englishman and an American can never agree about the justice or the causes of this conflict, yet my present situation renders it unpalatable to me to be exchanging broken heads with my own relations. I had always an abhorrence of family jars, and this civil war of ours partakes too much of that character."

"I am glad of your determination," I replied, "but as to the matter of squatting, I neither expect nor wish you to expatriate yourself. No, my dear fellow, remain where you are for the present; but, I assure you, you will find in the sequel that my advice is correct."

Here our conversation ended.

It remains for me now to inform my readers that my father exacted one condition with regard to the projected union between his daughter and Lackland. It accorded with the determination already taken by the Englishman —that his son-in-law should not again bear arms against America.

As my father felt himself rapidly sinking, he expressed a wish that our marriages should take place while he was yet able to behold them.

Accordingly, a few days afterwards, at the same time and in the presence of my father, Lackland was united to my sister, and I to Mayflower Vane.

A few days afterwards, our parent breathed his last. His end was tranquil, hopeful, and happy.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LAST.

About one month after these events I retired one morning to the "pagoda." I had several important letters to write, and as I was determined to suffer no interruption, I locked the door as soon as I entered the room.

I was in the midst of the first epistle, when I heard a thundering at the door.

"Let me in immediately," said Lackland, from without.

"You must wait exactly three hours and a half," said I, coolly resuming my pen.

"If you make me wait three minutes and a half, I shall immediately kick your door to pieces," was the determined reply.

Being unwilling that the ghost of my revered uncle should be disturbed by so sacrilegious an outrage upon his favourite "sanctum," I sounded a parley, and finding he had really something important to communicate, I opened the door.

"You see," said Lackland, entering, "that it is only necessary to bully a rebel to force him to capitulate."

"Perhaps the less you say about capitulation the better," I replied. "But I am really engaged now, so do *tell* me your business and take yourself off."

"I believe I shall be obliged to take myself off farther than you think," was his reply. "I have just received some letters, for I have correspondents as well as you, which will require my presence on the other side of the

Atlantic. Look at the superscription of that letter, old boy!"

I took the letter which he held out to me. It was directed to "the Earl of Agincourt."

I looked inquiringly at my companion.

"Read it, old fellow, read it. You will find it as entertaining as any of your fusty epistles about camp-kettles and flannel blankets."

I read the letter. It was to inform my friend that by a succession of sudden and unexpected, but after all not very wonderful demises, the various individuals who stood between him and the title, had been taken off, and that the last Earl had just broken his neck in a steeple chase.

"In short," said I, "you are now the Right Honourable the Earl of Agincourt."

"I shouldn't wonder, as the quarter-master would say," was his reply.

"And now what do you think of squatting?" said I, gravely.

"Why—ahem—why, on the whole, I will first take a look at Castle Lackland. Besides you know it will be necessary to consult the countess. Poor little Neida! how ridiculous that the little savage should receive such promotion."

"After all," I replied, "you ought to be obliged to Father Simon for her education."

CONCLUSION.

It is hardly necessary for me to add that we were soon afterwards separated from my sister and her husband.

Although for some time we were rendered unhappy by their absence, yet frequent letters, the knowledge that

they were happy, the afterwards fulfilled expectation of meeting them again, and above all the stirring national events in which I was deeply engaged, all combined to prevent us from giving way to our unavailing regret.

The war was soon resumed upon another theatre. It was necessary for me again to leave the arms of my bride. I had the good fortune to remain not altogether undistinguished, and to rejoice that I had been permitted to make a true estimate of the times in which my lot was cast.

I had the glory and the happiness to be present at the political birth of my country. Cradled, like a Spartan child, upon the shield, and amid the din of arms, I had the happiness, in the sequel, to find the progress of the youthful giantess well worthy of her triumphant birth.

As I have reached the period which I always proposed to myself, as the limit to the present portion of my memoirs, I shall now take farewell of my readers.

NOTE TO BOOK V.

It will be observed by those who take the trouble to investigate the subject, that much of the matter relative to the Indians, their habits, ceremonies, and so forth, has been derived from the standard works on Indian history.—See, in particular, Hoyt's Indian Wars. Heckewelder's Narrative, and B. B. Thacher's Indian Biography.

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